THE SATURDAY EVENI POST

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NOV. 1, 1930

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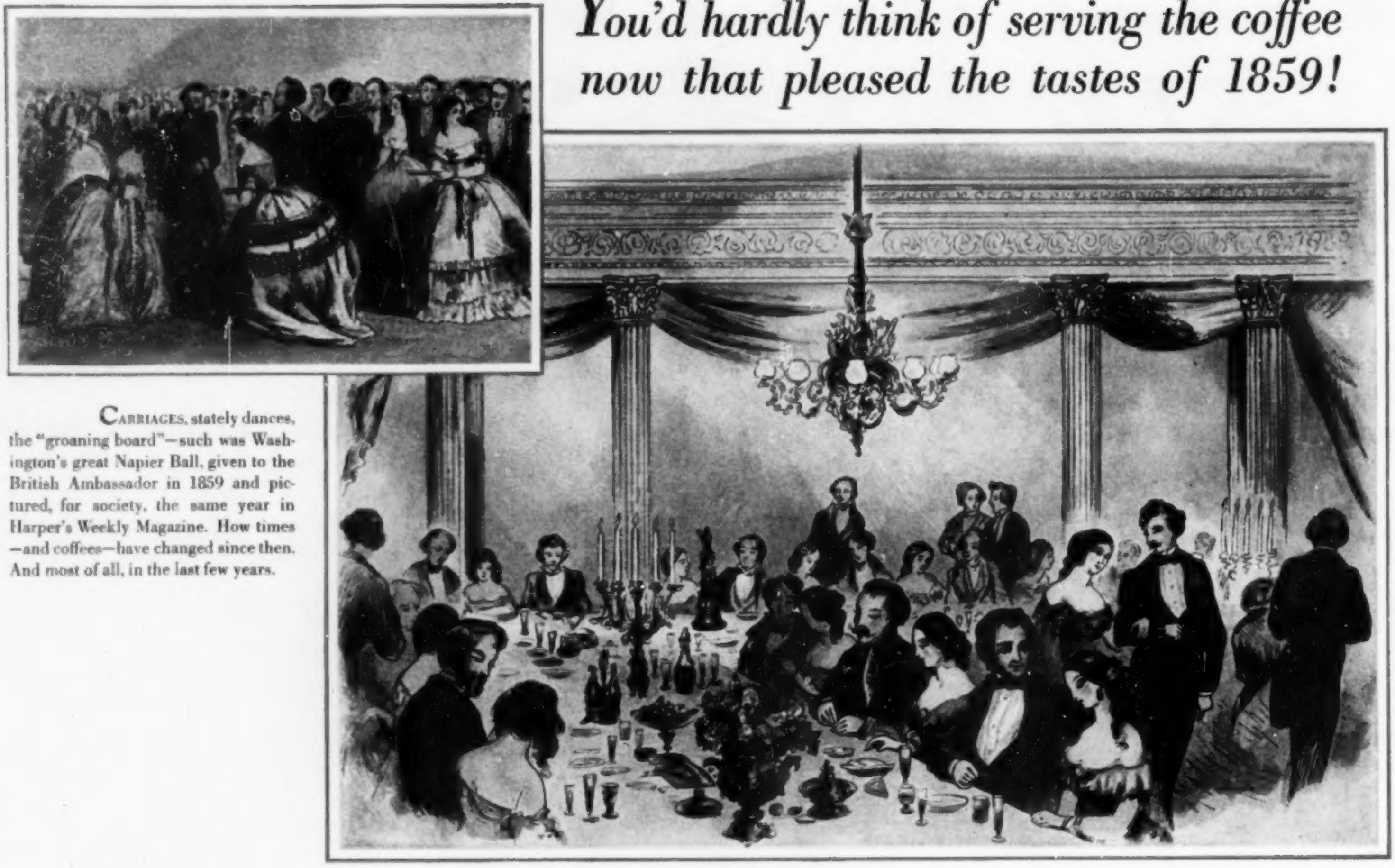

You'd hardly think of serving the coffee now that pleased the tastes of 1859!

CARRIAGES, stately dances, the "groaning board"—such was Washington's great Napier Ball, given to the British Ambassador in 1859 and pictured, for society, the same year in Harper's Weekly Magazine. How times—and coffees—have changed since then. And most of all, in the last few years.

But how about the coffee on your table today~~does it bring you *all* the better flavor this 20th century owes you?

Serve DEL MONTE Coffee tonight—and enjoy a coffee that only modern resources and modern skill could have brought to your table!

True—DEL MONTE *is* a brand new coffee. It is *not* a coffee that older days made famous.

But think what that means to you!

DEL MONTE Coffee was created for today—to satisfy the most critical, exacting age in history—under the finest conditions the world has ever known for growing, selecting and roasting a better coffee!

We didn't have to take an older blend and improve it to keep pace with modern opportunities—and modern tastes. We had no established prejudices for any one type of coffee, no old equipment, no older type of package. We were able to start clean and fresh—to take advantage of every modern improvement—to combine them all in creating a new and finer coffee flavor.

This coffee is now on your grocer's shelf—marked with the familiar red and green DEL MONTE label you know so well. A coffee fully up to the best flavor-traditions of DEL MONTE. A coffee expressly created to bring you the finest coffee enjoyment the world can produce.

If you love good coffee, don't fail to try it. Ask your grocer for it today. Make it just as you think coffee should be made. Add just the amount of sugar or cream you are accustomed to use. Then lift this 20th century nectar to your lips.

Here at last is the coffee the 20th century owes you—the coffee you'd expect DEL MONTE to bring to your table.

Time stops when this modern can is sealed

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—quite a different package from any old style container. It is not cardboard. It is not a tin can with a loose lid top. It is not paper sealed. Its lid is "spun on" in a vacuum chamber—it can be opened only by cutting the tinned-steel can itself with the convenient key you find on every package. Air-tight, air-proof. You hear the rush of air as the seal is broken.

When you lift the lid, you are welcomed by all the rich aroma of a finer coffee—at its best. Not a *week* fresh, not a *few days* fresh, but coffee as fresh as it came from the roaster.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
VACUUM PACKED
COFFEE

Always fresh

IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE COFFEE

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A MODERN COFFEE - FOR MODERN TASTES

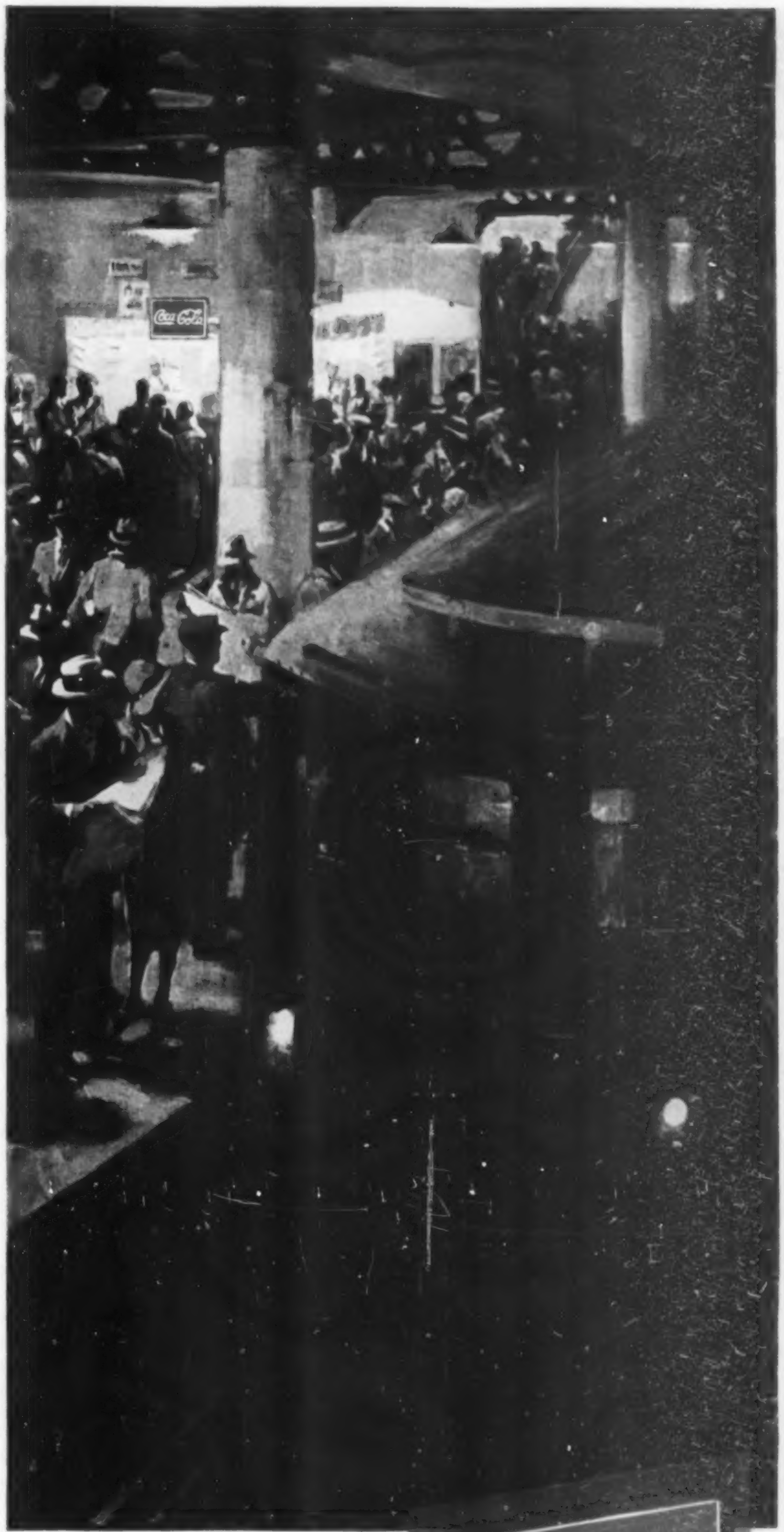
Bright spots
IN THE SUBWAY–
Cheerful fountains
invite you
to
the pause that refreshes

FOR only a nickel you buy the fastest, farthest and most efficient urban ride on earth. For another you pause, relax, break the mad rush, and refresh yourself with a tingling, ice-cold Coca-Cola. Be careful but be quick—and even in the biggest crowds and the greatest rush, there's always time and an inviting place for *the pause that refreshes* • • • Coca-Cola is the one great drink because: It gives you that delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment. It is always ready around the corner from anywhere. The little minute it takes rests you for a fresh start—gives new zest for the hours ahead.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN → Grantland Rice → Famous Sports Champions → Coca-Cola Orchestra → Wednesday 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Standard Time → Coast-to-Coast NBC Network.



Under the ground in New York—a scene suggested by the Atlantic Avenue Subway Station, one of the city's great transfer points.

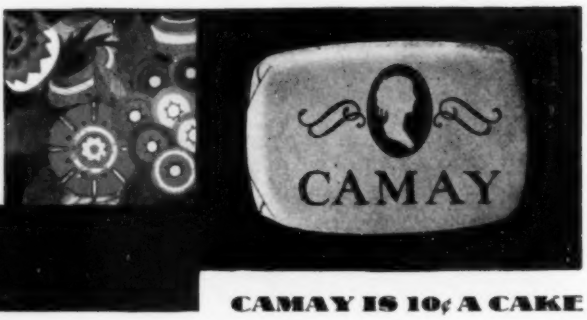
9
MILLION A DAY

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is

The Round Robin

brought me very personal complexion news about Camay from all over the country



CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

I STILL get one of those grand Round Robin letters from some of my classmates. This letter makes a regular twice-a-year trip to all of us, each one adding her news as she sends it along.

We're all scattered to the four winds now. Lucile is in Los Angeles. Ruthie is in St. Paul. Jane is in Fort Worth. Crys and Ann are in Kalamazoo. Fran and Cherry are in Boston. Betty is in Washington. And *I'm* in New York.

The last time the Robin perched upon my mail-box, it brought me, among items about Betty Junior's new teeth and Fran's new car, news about Camay and these complexion articles of mine from all of the girls. So you can see there was hardly any section of the country that wasn't represented.

Jane, who went to Fort Worth from Michigan, said she'd been finding Texas sunshine rather drying for her delicate, blonde skin. *She* told me Camay was the first soap she'd found that didn't make her skin burn.

Cherry, who has just gone to Boston from Tennessee, is finding New England winters rather severe. She says Camay's mildness is nothing short of wonderful for wind-chapped skins.

In fact, in all *eight* of the letters I found the *greatest* enthusiasm for Camay's mildness and delicate fragrance.

But what *I* think is so unusual is that anything so lovely as Camay should also have the highest medical approval in the land. For, as you all must know by this time, Camay has been tested and unanimously approved for delicate complexions by 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America. And what is more, no other complexion soap has ever had such authoritative approval.

If there's any one of you who isn't by now convinced that Camay is the perfect soap for *your* complexion, I want you to write me at once. And I'll promise you immediate and personal attention to your case!

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Department YS-110, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval . . . Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

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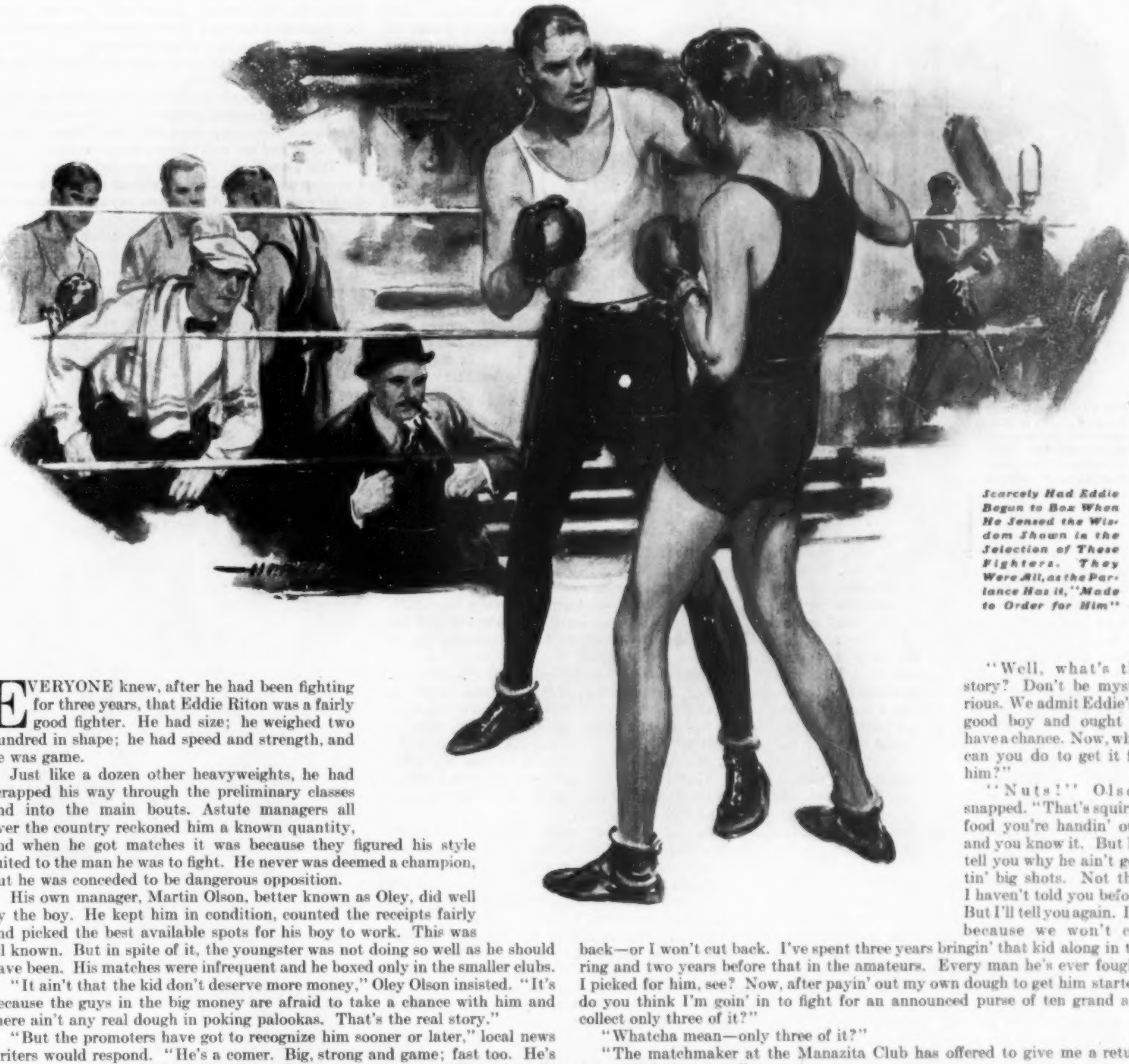
CHAMP

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



Scarcely Had Eddie Begun to Box When He Sensed the Wisdom Shown in the Selection of These Fighters. They Were All, as the Parlance Has it, "Made to Order for Him"

EVERYONE knew, after he had been fighting for three years, that Eddie Riton was a fairly good fighter. He had size; he weighed two hundred in shape; he had speed and strength, and he was game.

Just like a dozen other heavyweights, he had scrapped his way through the preliminary classes and into the main bouts. Astute managers all over the country reckoned him a known quantity, and when he got matches it was because they figured his style suited to the man he was to fight. He never was deemed a champion, but he was conceded to be dangerous opposition.

His own manager, Martin Olson, better known as Oley, did well by the boy. He kept him in condition, counted the receipts fairly and picked the best available spots for his boy to work. This was all known. But in spite of it, the youngster was not doing so well as he should have been. His matches were infrequent and he boxed only in the smaller clubs.

"It ain't that the kid don't deserve more money," Oley Olson insisted. "It's because the guys in the big money are afraid to take a chance with him and there ain't any real dough in poking palookas. That's the real story."

"But the promoters have got to recognize him sooner or later," local news writers would respond. "He's a comer. Big, strong and game; fast too. He's already beaten Flaker and Scripps. They're up in the big money. Why ain't he?"

Olson, an old fighter himself, and possessed of integrity almost incompatible with success in the managing profession, shrugged cynically. "You ask me?" he queried. "You birds that write the news every day and are supposed to know what goes on ask me that? Don't make me laugh!"

"Well, what's the story? Don't be mysterious. We admit Eddie's a good boy and ought to have a chance. Now, what can you do to get it for him?"

"Nuts!" Olson snapped. "That's squirrel food you're handin' out, and you know it. But I'll tell you why he ain't gettin' big shots. Not that I haven't told you before. But I'll tell you again. It's because we won't cut back—or I won't cut back. I've spent three years bringin' that kid along in the ring and two years before that in the amateurs. Every man he's ever fought, I picked for him, see? Now, after payin' out my own dough to get him started, do you think I'm goin' in to fight for an announced purse of ten grand and collect only three of it?"

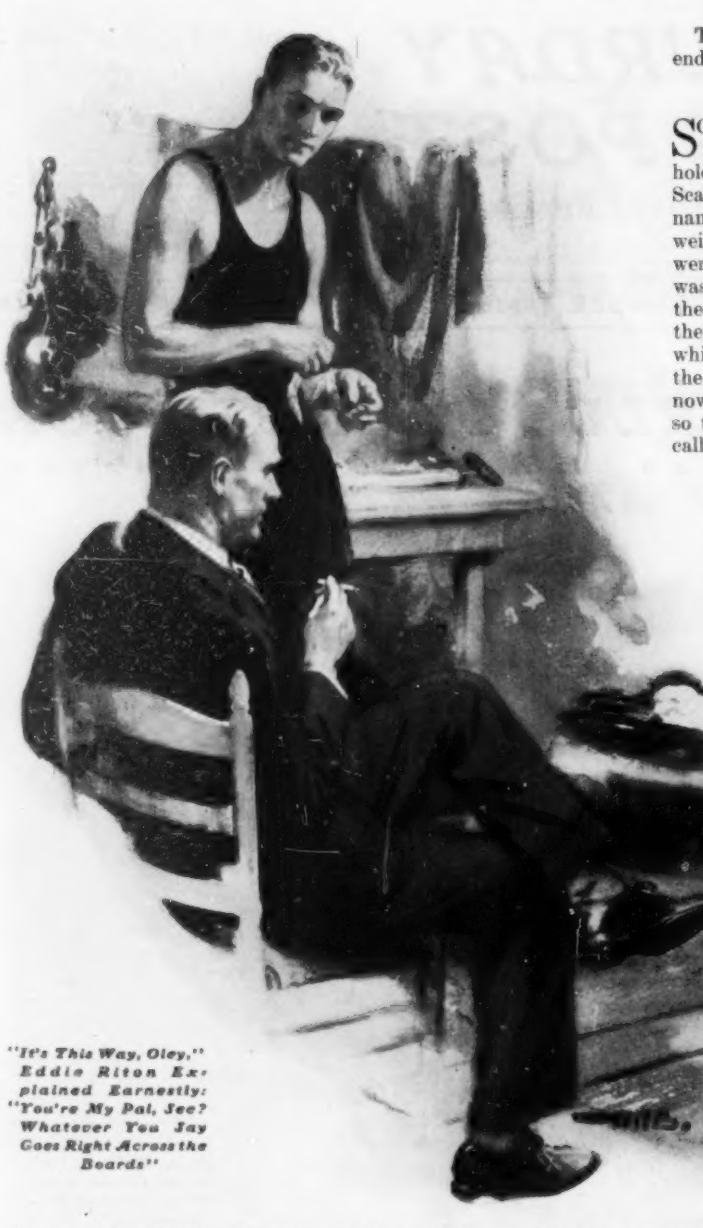
"Whatcha mean—only three of it?"

"The matchmaker at the Manazita Club has offered to give me a return shot with Scripps ——"

"I didn't think Scripps would fight Eddie again," someone interrupted in surprise.

"That's just it!" Olson exploded. "They wanted Eddie to go in the tank."

"Quit, you mean? Fake a knock-out?"



"It's This Way, Oley," Eddie Riton Explained Earnestly: "You're My Pal, See? Whatever You Say Goes Right Across the Boards"

"That, and nothin' else but that," Oley growled. "He was to collect ten grand as his end. When I told them nothin' doin', the matchmaker gave me the bum's rush. Two days later he called me up and said he had another shot for me; one that was on the level. I went down there, hot for business. He offered me Connie Mellin. It wouldn't do us any good to beat Mellin, but I agreed we'd fight him. Then he offered me seventy-five hundred for my end. Mellin would be soft for Eddie, so I took it. After that he put it to me cold to cut back thirty-five hundred dollars for his own pocket or he'd give the fight to Billy Walton!"

"Well," one of the newspapermen grunted, "there's something to be said on the other side too. Four thousand bucks ain't to be sneezed at, Oley, and it would have given Eddie a start with the Manazita bunch."

Olson sneered.

"I don't look at fighting that way. If I got a champ, why shouldn't he and I profit without payin' a lot of cheese matchmakers that have to kick in politically all along the line? Nothin' doin'. They're starvin' for a heavyweight champion. They'll throw anybody in with anybody else to get a build-up. But before they build anybody up, they got to own him body and soul."

"If they built the kid up," one man mused, "he'd make a fortune for himself and you too. But he ain't a champ, Oley. He lacks that little thing. He's just another good fighter."

"The one that cuts back the most is the one that's goin' to be champ," Oley snapped. "I do all the work and the kid does all the fighting. Why should some heel matchmaker collect all the dough?"

There followed a silence which ended in dispersal of the gathering.

II

SCALE MURPHY, matchmaker of the Manazita Club, was holding forth to a group of cronies. Scale liked to attribute his nickname to his close association with weighing machines, but the initiate were commonly agreed that this was dust thrown in the eyes of the credulous. The name had come, they knew, from the manner in which Murphy scaled money off the top of fighters' purses. He was now important enough, however, so that the wise ones did not recall this to his mind.

"We got to get somebody colorful," Scale said to the group. The men represented the more important fight managers, two of Scale's directors and three politicians. "That's what we need—color. We got to dig up a heavyweight that's got the stuff. He don't have to be so good, either, considering what he's got to lick."

"Run down the list," one of the directors suggested. "Who is a prospect? Who are the ten best of the lot?"

"It ain't so much that," Scale cut in. "The thing we got to know is, who'll play along with us? These fighters ain't in the racket for love. Anybody we take up will make a fortune if he fights for us half a dozen times. What we got to do is play along with fighters that'll stick to us after they get known and others start to bid for their services. It costs dough to make a champ."

"Well," the director insisted, "take the first ten. Who are they? Out of the first ten, certainly, will come the next champion."

"Mebbe so, and then again," Scale grinned insinuatingly, "I could take the first ten and match 'em with each other so's they eliminate themselves in exactly five nights. What then? No," he went on thoughtfully; "it ain't only fighting that counts. It's color. We need ballyhoo that'll fill the box office. Something about a kid that gets the crowd pulling either for or against him. The rib-up is what we want. Just the old army rib-up."

"Why not rib up my man Scripps?" a manager suggested eagerly. "I admit he ain't no John L., but he's as good as most of 'em around today."

"Not a chance," Scale snapped. "He's a big stumble bum, that egg of yours, Tommy. Why, that young punk, Riton, beat him!"

"I admit," Tommy answered, "that Scripps ain't no Mike Mazo. But Riton ain't so bad, Scale."

"I had that kid in mind," the director interrupted suddenly. "That very kid—Eddie Riton. Why not take him? Throw him in with Scripps and Flaker. If he beats them both he's a card."

"He ain't a champ," Scale growled. "Not by a long shot, he ain't. And another thing, try to do business with that manager of his! He thinks he's the Duke of Connaught, that Oley Olson. He starts tellin' me just who he'll fight, and when and how."

"Why not buy him out?" a politician suggested. "After all, this town is ripe for a big fight year, and that's all we want. Get some kid that'll steam the people up and we'll make a fortune. This is a business we're running, not an athletic association. We got rent to pay, and dividends to stockholders."

"But I don't think Riton's a champ in the making," Scale protested. "We'd just get him built up right and along'd come a real fighter. Then we'd see our investment spattered all over the walls of the arena and start paying big prices for the new card."

"Nobody'll come along very quick to do that," Scripps' manager grunted. "This Eddie Riton ain't such a bad fighter. He's got everything for looks, even if he is a little slow in the belfry. If you guys won't give me a break and take Scripps, then Riton is your best bet."

"He's never even fought here," Scale complained.

"All the better," the director offered. "New blood, a new face to offer at the box office."

"I'm tellin' you," Scale growled, "you'll never get anywhere with that Oley Olson."

"Buy him out," the politician repeated. "After all, it's a fighter we got to have, not a manager. Pay Olson off. Get the kid in here and put him under Tommy's management. We're sure of Tommy all the way. That'd be a break for everybody."

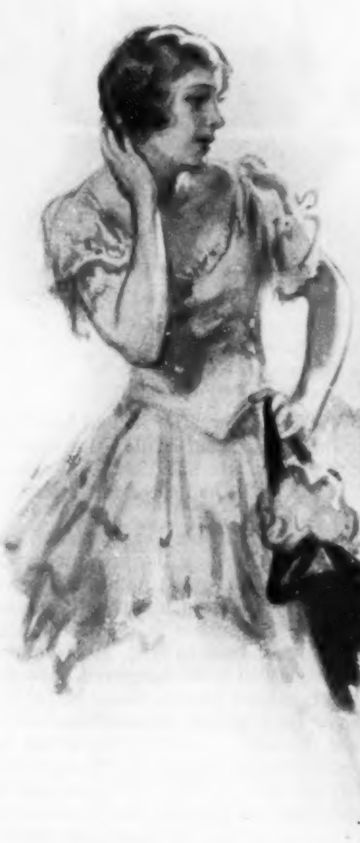
"That means layin' out dough on a fighter," Scale went on argumentatively.

"Well, why not? Fighting is our business, ain't it?" the director cut in sharply. "For my part, I'd like to see this thing tried out. Let Tommy go to this Olson and see what terms he can make."

"Don't send me," Tommy grunted. "Oley knows I'm cozy with you fellers. He'd see right away what the scheme is an' he'd make you pay straight through the nose with plenty pieces of eight!"

"That's a small matter. Get somebody else to sign up the kid. After he gets him, he can turn him over to you."

Tommy, the manager who had managed half a dozen champions and still relied upon his daily earnings for a living, swelled pompously. "That's



It Was a World Apart, One That Left Eddie in a Perfect Whirl of Self-Consciousness. He Clung to This Girl Who Led Him Through the Maze So Skillfully. "Stand Here," She Whispered. "No Matter What Happens, Don't Move"

O. K. with me," he avowed. "You can't make me sore handin' me a champion. But I tell you this: You got to play the game with me before this Riton ever'll make the grade. He's the kind of a fighter that looks great against a slow man, but he looks bad against a bird like Flaker. He ain't a champ unless we make him one."

"You could throw him in there with Scripps for the first shot," the politician suggested. "We'll build up a ballyhoo about you and Scripps havin' a bust-up, see? Then it'll be a grudge fight, with a new kid comin' into the club."

"It ain't a bad idea," Tommy nodded. "Scripps'll do anything I tell him to. He's got a brain almost as big as a boil on a gnat's instep. If I tell him to go in the tank, he will."

"That might not be bad," the politician grunted. "Give us a heavyweight with a few sensational knock-outs and we'll clean up a fortune this year."

III

"IT'S this way, Oley," Eddie Riton explained earnestly: "You're my pal, see? Whatever you say goes right across the boards, and I wouldn't run out on you, even if George Washington was going to manage me. But they put it to us pretty straight, don't they?"

"They do, at that, kid," Oley agreed with him. "It's a case of makin' money or not makin' money, and we never kidded ourselves that we were fighting for fun."

"That's it," Eddie nodded. "I guess it don't make any difference who's managin' me, so long as I get the dough."

"You want to watch that gang," Oley warned. "They'll frame you if they get a better break that way than they would framin' the other guy."

"I ain't such a bad fighter, though," Eddie said thoughtfully. "I can handle my dukes with most of 'em."

"Sure. But you ain't a champ, kid. You got a lot to learn. That dome of yours runs down in the ring; you ain't learned to think fast enough yet. You ain't got the right change of pace either. It ain't your fault. Them things come with experience."

"The way we're goin' now," Eddie muttered, "some palooka might just by luck bounce one off'n my whiskers an' stretch me flatter'n a broken punchin' bag. Then we'd have to start all over."

"Well," Olson grunted, "what do you say?"

"I know what I think," the fighter rejoined, "but I don't wanna say it. We're pals ——"

"Business is business, kid," the manager grunted. "Do you want I should sell out?"

"Get a big price, Oley."

"I told 'em twenty-five grand. It won't be no less either."

"That's a good bank roll," Eddie Riton allowed. "Cop them for that an' I'll throw in with them. We can still be pals."

"Well, you bet you my life we can!" Olson chortled. "I'm for you, Eddie. I'll pick me up a couple of stumble bums and get by with 'em. But you're the last kid I'll ever bring along from the puppy days. Not with that mob runnin' the fight game. The better a man gets, the less chance he has of fightin'. With me managin' you, that'll be your break. With them ribbin' you up, you ought to get to the top pretty fast. You'll make a good deal of dough, even though they do rob you."

"Yeah," Eddie nodded. "We see things the same way, Oley. Will you read over my contract with them before I sign it?"

"No," Olson grinned. "I'll take it to the best lawyer this side of the pearly gates and have him read it."

IV

SCALE MURPHY once again faced the select group in his office at the Manazita Club. There was something akin to satisfaction apparent in his demeanor.

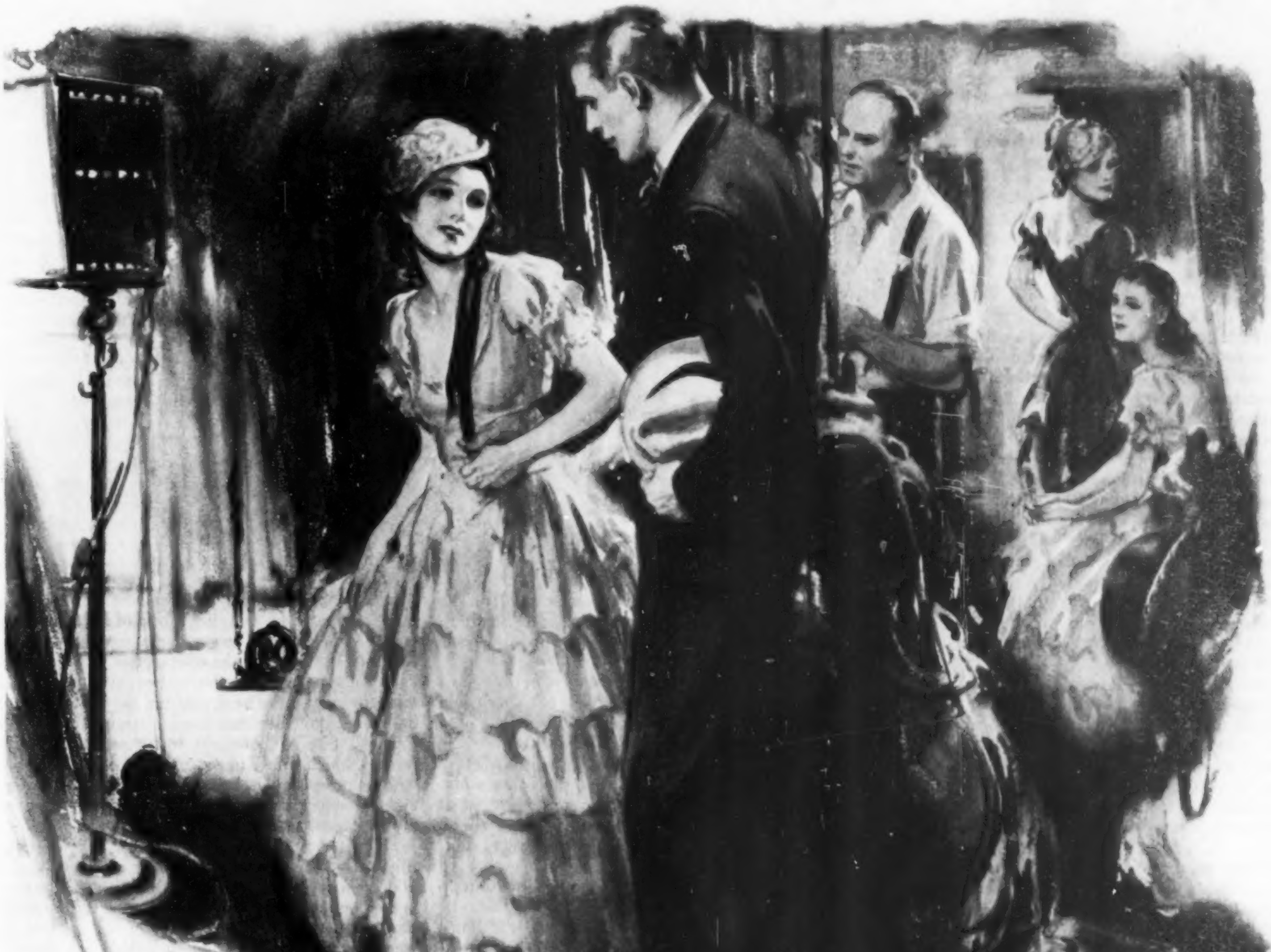
"I told you you'd pay plenty," he gloated. "Twenty-five grand for a stumble bum!"

"This kid ain't a stumble bum," the politician insisted. "I've seen him work out in the gym. We got a good fighter there."

"There's four guys I can name that'll knock him inside out!" Scale argued. "At least four I'm sure of. For all I know, there may be a dozen others. The trick now is to keep him away from them."

"Eddie ain't a bad kid," Tommy, his new manager, grunted. "He'll waddle through with the best we got kickin' around now."

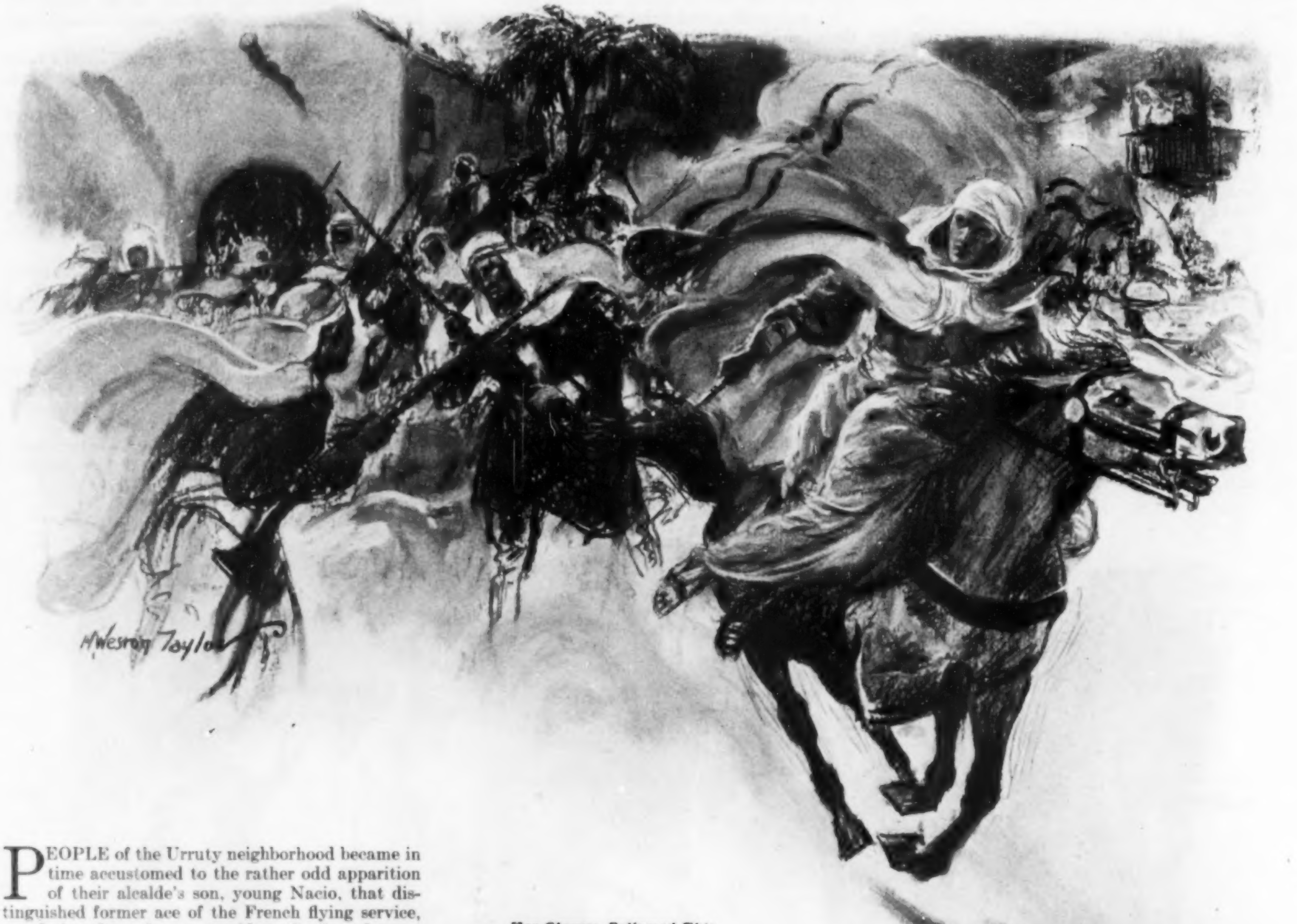
(Continued on Page 39)



INSHALLAH

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



Her Glasses Followed This Same Figure Disappearing Rapidly Among the Rabbit-Warren Streets, With Something Flung Across His Saddlebow Which Looked Like an Enormous White Cocoon

PEOPLE of the Urruty neighborhood became in time accustomed to the rather odd apparition of their alcalde's son, young Nacio, that distinguished former ace of the French flying service, wandering about the countryside patiently endeavoring to moderate his free Basque stride to the skipping pace of a little foreign girl child; further attended by a rather ferocious Briard she dog, and, surprisingly, by a large unwieldy Berkshire hog, nosing and grunting along at heel, as the villagers were wont to comment, like any Christian. This was the pig Pinky, who, though no longer the engaging curly-tailed shote Nacio had once abstracted from the family hogpens as a gift to Rosemary's child, retained still his sentimental craving for human companionship. Young Mariflor took her affections where she found them, the more the better.

Nacio and his *fillette*—it was a combination that rather touched those whom it did not annoy; among which latter might be counted his outspoken grandmother.

"Books, music, infantile society—what occupations for a full-grown man of the Eskualdunak, who has won his *croix de guerre!*" she muttered to her American granddaughter-in-law. "*Peste*, the *fainéant!*"

"Give him time, *madre*," sighed Emily. "He is grieving still for those poor, lost friends of his."

"*Sans doute!* But to grieve for what is beyond help is not our custom," said the old Basquaise stoutly. "One burns the necessary candles, one has a proper number of masses said—more is inutile. *Tiens*, he was not even the unfortunate woman's lover!"

"How do you know that?" questioned the other.

"Has he not confessed as much to Tubal Etcheverray? The boy does not lie!"

"Not even in such affairs?"

"*Pas possible!* He has not," shrugged the old woman, "sufficiently the habit of the world."

"Perhaps," suggested Esteban's wife quietly, "he was her lover in a sense you Europeans, even Basques, seem unable to understand—the American sense, *madre*."

"*Zut*, you fancy love to be a question of nationality? Either a man so desires a woman as to take her when possible, or he does not so desire her."

"Or, perhaps he loves her enough not to take her, and goes on 'desiring' all his life," mused Emily.

A smile of incredulity narrowed the other's old, shrewd eyes. "When you have borne and nourished as many of the sex as I, *ma fille*, you will comprehend that such a charming fidelity is the property of dogs and females, not of men."

"What about Etcheverray's lifelong devotion to his Madame Pilar?"

"Ah, that!"—the smile broadened kindly. "Since she never became his Madame Pilar, he has transformed her into a book, a poem; the most treasured of his volumes, *hein?* With flowers of souvenir pressed between the pages. . . . Our Nacio runs blood in the veins, one hopes; not ink!"

Whatever ran in his veins just then ran heavily enough. It is said by people who know battlefields that at first the shock of a deep wound anæsthetizes its pain. Not till Rosemary was gone from him irretrievably did Nacio suspect how closely she had been knit into the weaving fabric of his life. He had but to close his eyes to see, far more clearly than he had seen in the flesh, the courageous, wistful smile of her; the sweet lips; the burnished, vital gleam of her hair; and whenever he thought of her it was to haunting echoes of her music—Debussy, Grieg, César Franck. She had brought to his sensitive youth a beauty which would never quite leave it, that beauty whose undertone is minor, the tragedy of eternal evanescence which makes of spring a season so much more poignant than autumn.

From the first there had been, as Nacio knew in the retrospect, the unmistakable presage of doom about his summer's idyl in the Val Caché. Rosemary herself must have been conscious of it; he recalled her odd fear of the displeasure of the ancient gods whose sanctuary they had invaded, her prophetic writing of farewell when she left him her child: "My Maryflower will be safe with you—safer than with her mother now." Nor did he find himself greatly surprised, despite the shock of it, by news which presently came back to them. The ship upon which Rosemary, with her husband, had sailed for America to face his punishment—a small Spanish liner out of Vigo—had been wrecked in a fog collision off the

Newfoundland Banks. Though most of the passengers were saved, Mariflor's parents were not among them. The little creature had at least one thing to remember with pride of her unhappy father—the manner of his death. It had its brief moment in the world's press: The story of how an American passenger, pulled unwillingly into a rescue boat, had immediately jumped back into the sea in search of his missing wife, had gone swimming about desperately among the floating wreckage until at last he could no more be seen. The name entered in the passenger list was not the one written in books and papers and other things reclaimed for Mariflor from the little house in Andorra, but neither Nacio nor Etcheverray, who had also been their friend, felt any doubt as to the identity of this man who sacrificed his life for the girl who had sacrificed hers to him.

Not many rather bashful bachelors in their twenties find themselves called upon to be mothers to homesick little orphan girls, yet it was a rôle Nacio did not care to relinquish to others more expert in maternity. He came in time to feel that the child was indeed his child, the one Rosemary should have borne to him out of their secret spiritual union there in the Val Caché; so that he kept the little creature always near him, rarely out of his sight in that first year; and would have taken steps legally to adopt her had not his shrewd grandmother, for reasons of her own, bade him wait.

"It has never been our custom, nor our necessity, to adopt children not of our blood, my son. Also, her own people may yet arrive to claim her."

"They will not—and they need not!" replied Nacio jealously. "She belongs to me by gift."

"That is as may be," was the guarded reply. "One conceives that a young woman—particularly a young woman out of America, *mon fils*—may very well one day resent having been given as gift to a family not of her own choosing."

"But it will be a long while before the little one becomes a young woman, *madre!*"

"The thing is nevertheless inevitable," commented his ancestor dryly.

Adopted or not, Mariflor regarded herself as entirely Nacio's property. No matter how agreeable others made themselves to her—and there was marked rivalry in the family for the favors of the lovely, confiding little creature—no matter how contentedly she happened to be playing with the more sturdy Urruty young, who regarded her as a superior sort of Queen Titania materialized from picture books for their benefit, at sight or sound of Nacio approaching, she left whatever she was doing to attach herself to his person as unobtrusively as a shadow. In fact, there were times when he appeared to regard her as though she were indeed a shadow; which troubled Mariflor not at all. She was quite content to be his favorite companion, if only for the reason that she interfered less than others with the current of his secret dreaming.

The Urruty family, unaccustomed to lovelorn mystics in their midst, were somewhat relieved one day when further companionship arrived for Nacio in the form of a friend he had made during his late service in Africa—one Nasir ben Hamed, a smart young Spahi officer clad in the smartest of civilian dress, even to eyebrow mustache and chypre-scented handkerchief; who tenderly embraced his companion-at-arms on either cheek in Gallic fashion, salaamed Orientally before the matriarch, shook hands heartily in the English manner with Esteban and Bette's husband, John de Maytie; and on the appearance of Pedro Urruty and Monsieur Etcheverray, their neighbor, seized each of these older gentlemen to kiss him respectfully upon the head—somewhat to the dismay of modest Basques unaccustomed to Oriental demonstration.

"But name of a name, what do you do here, my Hamed?" cried Nacio, under whose delighted back-thumpings the more slenderly built young Moslem staggered. "And why no longer in uniform?"

The other remarked with a shrug that one could not go on forever serving the wars of France, particularly since there were at present no such wars to serve.

His military usefulness ended, he was at present a man of peace, who sought to amuse himself as such a one should. "And are not you the cherished companion of my soul, without whom time has been but as the empty desert?" he demanded, with unblushing Eastern fervor. "Where else should I be than here? Especially," he added, composing his cheerful features to a suitable degree of melancholy, "since, from what your letters tell me, and do not tell me, I guessed that you also have need of some amusement! Yes?"

"I have need of something, certainly," admitted Nacio soberly, "but I think it may be of work, Hamed, rather than of amusement."

"Work? What an idea!" the African protested, shrugging to his ears. "Is a man, then, no better than a dromedary, to run and run upon the world's errands until he expires upon the sands out of sheer ennui? *Na, na*, friend of my soul! One has nobler aspirations than the camel; eh?"

While he spoke, the eye of this noble aspirant—a bland, guileless black orb that moved in its socket with singular ease and smoothness—had missed no feminine detail about him—not the slim American *chic* of Esteban's wife, nor the sweet, grave young maternity of Bette, nor the somewhat excessive plumpness of Nacio's French mother—upon which it lingered for a moment's approval; and came to rest finally, with warm attention, upon the shyly staring little girls of the family, particularly upon Mariflor.

"*Allah kerim*, what a hair!" he murmured fervently. "Our *hennayas* would give their lives for the secret of such dye. *Mezian bezzaf!* What beauty! A little more enlargement of the contours, a few kilos of increase upon the frame, and you will have there one day something very nice," he murmured to Nacio thoughtfully. "Something very nice indeed!"

Nacio smiled, frowning a little at the same time. "This is my *fillette*," he said, drawing the child close to him. "My foster daughter, Hamed. We find her very well as she is."

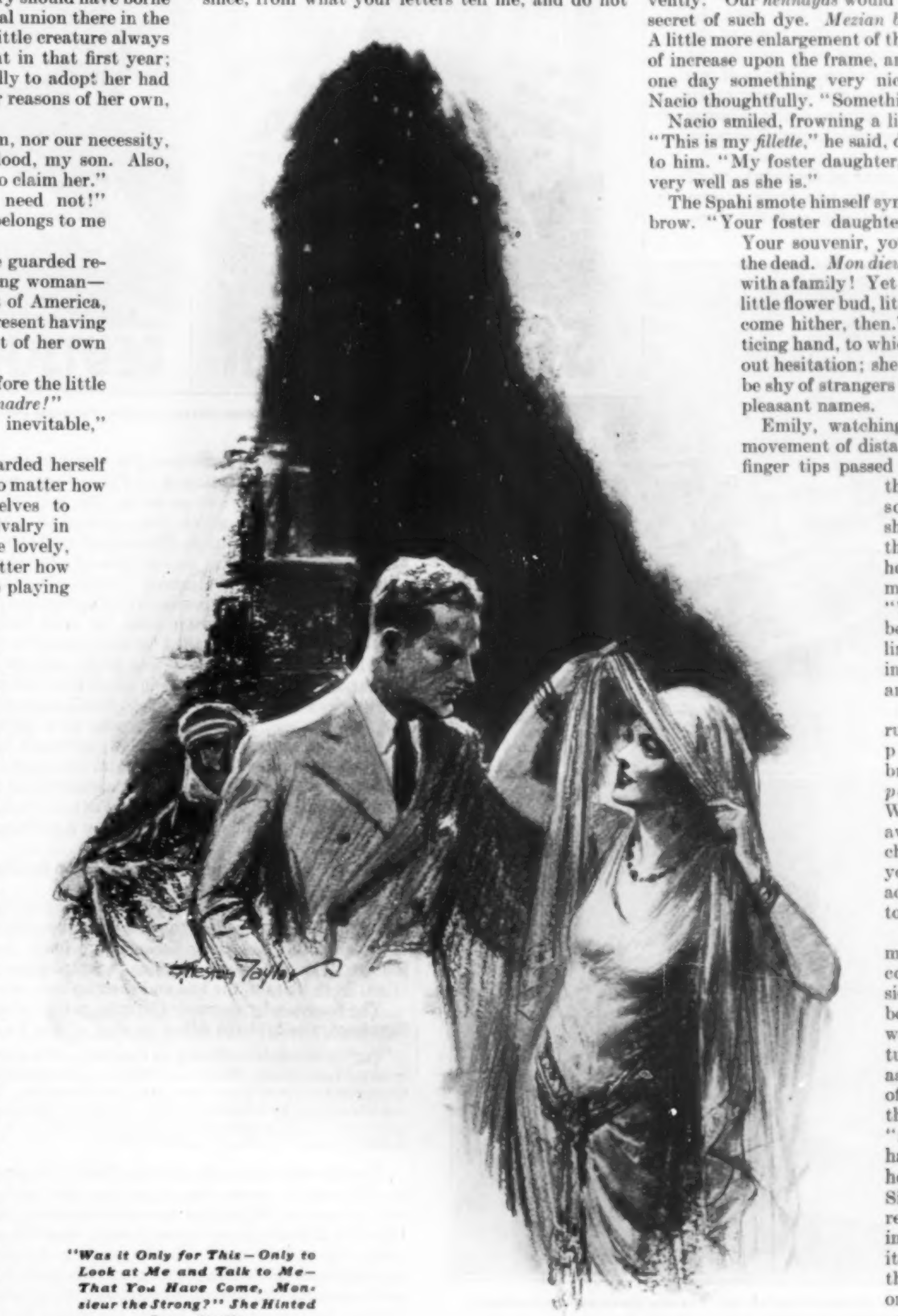
The Spahi smote himself sympathetically upon the brow. "Your foster daughter? But I remember! Your souvenir, your little present from the dead. *Mon dieu*, to be saddled already with a family! Yet what a family! Come, little flower bud, little golden lamp of love; come hither, then." He held out an enticing hand, to which Mariflor went without hesitation; she had not yet learned to be shy of strangers who called her by such pleasant names.

Emily, watching, controlled a slight movement of distaste, but the Moslem's finger tips passed quite reverently over the little girl's cheek, her soft lips, her smooth, shining head. "Firm as the flesh of lotus petals," he pronounced, with the manner of a connoisseur. "The hair purest silk, the body already of tender line, vase-shaped; nothing stiff and angular like an English *mees* ——"

It was Madame Urruty who arrested this panegyric rather brusquely: "Go now, *petite*. . . . 'Cadie, Wally, all of you, go away to your play. The child is very young, as you see, monsieur," she added, "and unaccustomed to compliment."

"She will not long remain unaccustomed to compliment!" prophesied the Moroccan; and before the children were well out of earshot, he turned to Pedro Urruty, as head of the house, and offered obligingly to take the orphan off his hands. "Since my friend Nacio has as yet no place to house her, and since you, Sidi, seem to have already many girl children in your *andurun*, perhaps it would please you to let this little copper-haired one come to my house

(Continued on Page 93)



"Was it Only for This—Only to Look at Me and Talk to Me—That You Have Come, Monsieur the Strong?" She Hinted Impatiently

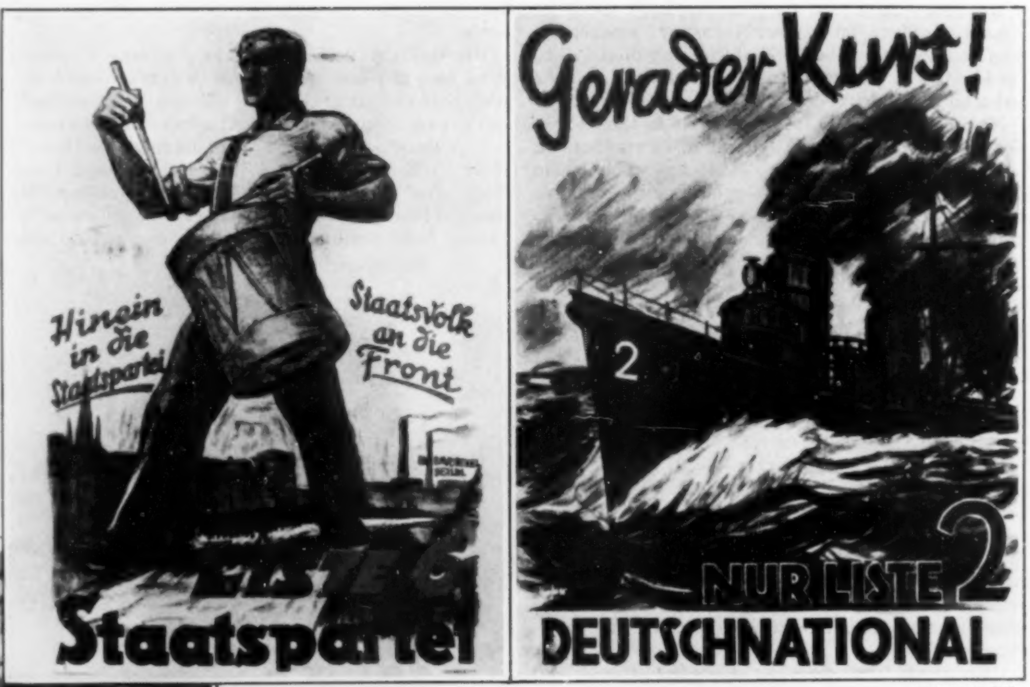
GERMANY GOES TO

WHEN Germany came up for air on the morning of September fifteenth, after having been submerged for weeks in the wildest deluge of politics that the republic has yet known, she found herself in a worse mess than during the crisis that provoked the constitutional dictatorship and a general election. Instead of being between the proverbial devil and the deep blue sea, she is, from the republican point of view, caught between two devils. These devils are embodied in the extreme Left and the extreme Right, both of which—notably the latter—registered increases in Reichstag representation. The Versailles Treaty, the Young Plan and the conciliatory foreign policy are exposed anew to every assault that bitter reaction and radicalism can devise.

The eyes of the world were on Germany during that historic Sunday nine-hour battle of ballots. Momentous events, including the integrity of the republic itself, hinge upon the action of the new parliament. The irony of the situation is that the election was held in the hope of ridding Germany of the hazards of minority government. The results can only make for a continuation of coalition if the Weimar Constitution, the mandate for the new Germany, is to survive.

The chief postwar curse of Germany, as of France, is politics. Under a two-party system such as ours a decisive majority, and, therefore, a clear-cut and consecutive governmental authority, is possible. In Germany the exact reverse is true. Herein lies the root of all the trouble. Instead of two parties, there have been a number of major groups, to say nothing of many more subsidiary political entities, each with a separate appeal. They run the whole range from extreme Right to extreme Left. As in no other country, these two extremes meet, sometimes for common and destructive action. There is—again you have the parallel with France—the pernicious perversion of economic issues for selfish political purposes. The multiplicity of German parties and the inevitable impasses which they provoked grew partly out of the peculiar composition of the republic. The old political Germany, which went into the scrap heap of the World War, was composed of various kingdoms and principalities, united in 1871, as the German Empire. Despite racial kinship, they were not altogether in accord. Prussia, which comprises four-sevenths of the Reich, was the largest and at the same time the most feared and distrusted of the units. Prussianism meant the mailed fist and aggressive domination over the sister states.

When the imperial hand was lifted and the more or less loosely organized federation which is the republic came into being, all the old prejudices had full play under the ægis of democracy. The lid was off. For the first time everybody had his say, and he has been saying ever since. This conflict, partly born of religious differences, was aggravated constantly by the complicated fiscal relations between the federal government and the states. Only the pressure of foreign problems, the solution of which was essential to Germany's readmission into the family of powers via the Locarno Pact, as well as the necessity for borrowing money abroad, made for anything like a working front these past years.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

Election Posters of the German Political Parties

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

COPYRIGHT KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y.

The Registers for the Recent Election are Thrown Open for Inspection
Above—Berlin Socialists Stage a Water Parade

Individualists Even in Their Politics

AS SOON as the country was freed of the invader with final evacuation of the Rhine by the French, the ancient animosities again sprang into life, with the result that the Reichstag became hopelessly deadlocked and the dictatorship followed. In the latest instance, unemployment insurance brought about the crisis. As in Britain, the idle and their upkeep constitute the vital issue in politics.

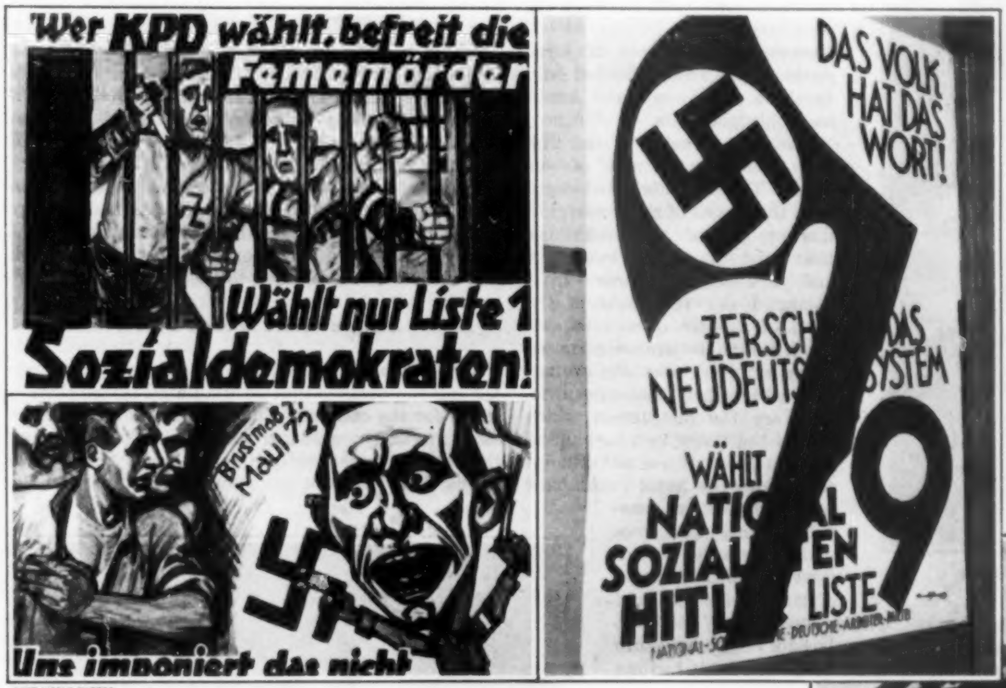
The reason why so many German parties exist was aptly advanced by Georg Bernhard, the brilliant editor in chief of the Vossische Zeitung, who said:

> Individualism is too strong in Germany. When three Germans get together a *Verein* is formed admittedly, but when twenty come together, the inclination for at least three to secede and form a new society invariably arises. There is always something they do not like about the original society. Every German is born with an outlook on life which he not only holds as a conviction and tries to utilize in guiding his career but for which he wants to secure political representation.

The German electoral system affords full play for this state of mind. Under it, 500 eligible voters can organize a new party. Hence the large number of political parties. When you have such a mixture, there can be only one consequence. It means that every government must be of the nature of a coalition. Coalitions invariably find themselves in the position of a minority government at the mercy of a sudden combination of groups, which spells disaster. It follows that practically every government since the establishment of the republic has been a makeshift. The last two governments fell for the reason that I have just indicated.

EXTREMES—By Isaac F. Marcosson

Now we reach a curious paradox. Although Germany oozes politics, she is not politically minded in the British or American sense. The people are inclined to vote blindly for parties and not for men. The parties, in turn, hold up the government through those temporary fusions which paralyze legislative power or bring about a cabinet downfall. Bismarck killed the German sense of politics for generations through the old Prussian policy of state guardianship. Everything was "by order." It was even carried to the park benches, which bore the one-time familiar sign, "*Besestzt*," which means "engaged."



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

More Posters Used to Influence the German Voters

Germany got suffrage on a silver salver, but, as Bernhard also pointed out, "the Reichstag had no power as long as it debated in the shadow of Bismarck's giant form. In this way it happened that there was no political tradition in Germany; no education of the masses in political thought." This state continues, signifying that, although inundated by politics, the average German remains unpolitical.

The Thirteen Parties in the Reichstag

IN ORDER to appreciate the new political alignment which went to the mat on September fourteenth, let us go back for a moment to May 20, 1928, when the last preceding general election was held. The thirteen principal parties offered a full assortment of political goods. Reaction, incarnated in Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, was represented by his Nationalist People's division, which included the monarchists. The Protestant People's Party, of which the late and lamented Stresemann was leader, contributed what in the United States would be called the business man's ticket. The next ranking group was the Center, composed of two entities—one, the real Center, under the command of ex-Chancellor Marx; and the Bavarian People's Party, the Right section. The so-called Democratic Party, mainly Jewish in leadership and standing for free trade, was the counterpart of our Democratic Party. The near-Left element rallied around the Social Democrats, headed by Herman Mueller, while the extremists were linked, as usual, with the Communists, whose program, then as now, is sovietization of the country.

When the votes were counted it was found that the Social Democrats had secured the largest number of Reichstag seats, which was 153. Second came the Nationalist People's Party, with 78 seats; third, the Centrists, with 61; fourth, the Communists, with 54; fifth, the People's Party, with 45; sixth, the Democrats, with 25; seventh, the Economic League, with 23; eighth, the Bavarian People's, with 17; ninth, the National Socialists, with 12. The Christian National Peasants got 9 seats; the German Peasants, 8; the Hanoverian, 4; and the People's Rights, 2.

The usual German thing happened. Though Mueller had the strongest parliamentary representation, he did not have a working majority. His position was similar to that of Ramsay MacDonald after the British general election of May, 1929. MacDonald, however, was able to form an out-and-out Labor cabinet, while Mueller had to resort to a coalition government which was called a Ministry of Personalities. Happily, it included Stresemann as Foreign Minister, who was able to speed up the negotiations which ultimately advanced the departure of the French.

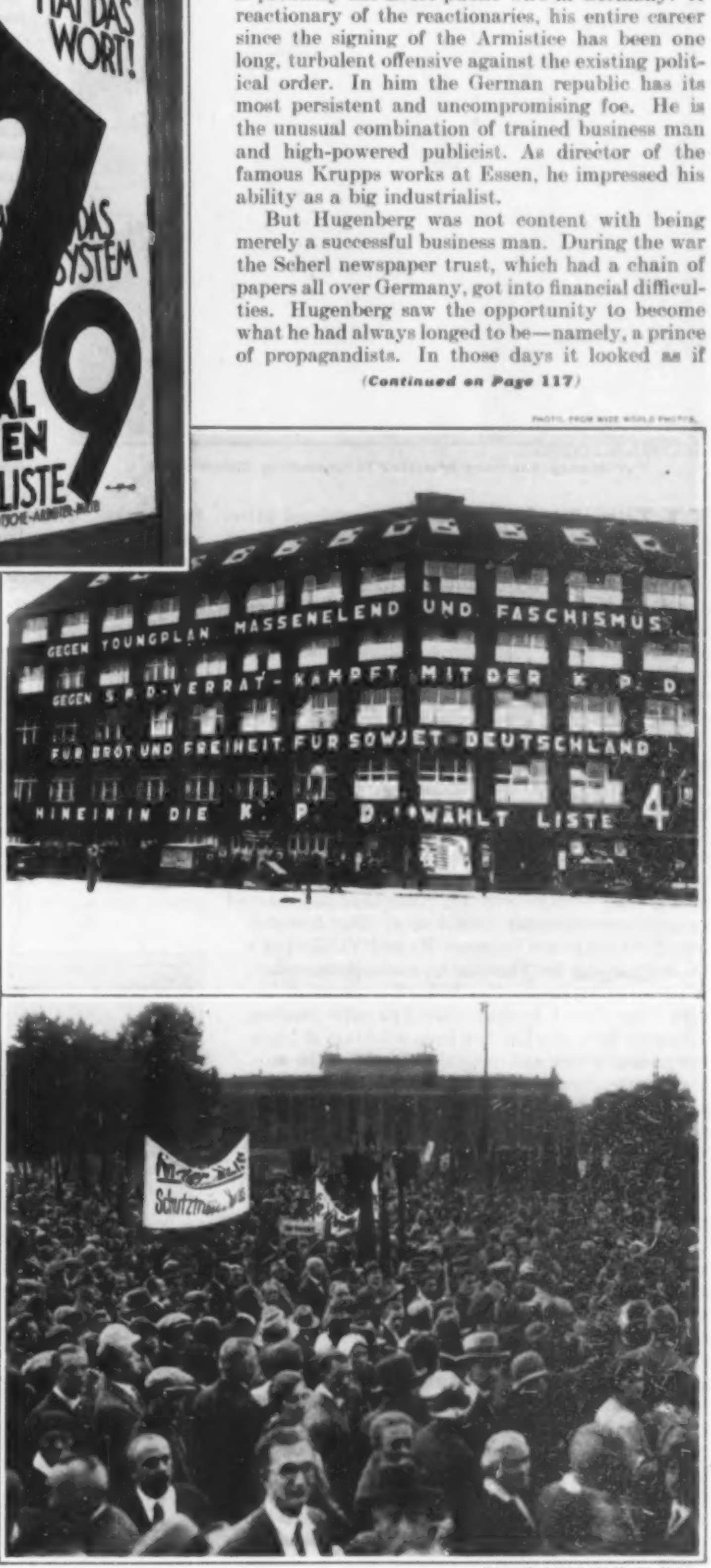
The Mueller government had hard sledding from the start. Its principal achievement was the ratification of the Young Plan in March of this year. Since this procedure was part of an essential foreign policy to maintain the stability of German credit abroad, the factional elements which ordinarily make for delay and deadlock in the Reichstag were, in the main, quiescent.

I say "in the main," because the historic instrument which finally put reparations on a business basis and projected the Bank for International Settlements was not approved until there had been a reckoning with Doctor Hugenberg. Hugenberg is probably the livest public wire in Germany. A reactionary of the reactionaries, his entire career since the signing of the Armistice has been one long, turbulent offensive against the existing political order. In him the German republic has its most persistent and uncompromising foe. He is the unusual combination of trained business man and high-powered publicist. As director of the famous Krupps works at Essen, he impressed his ability as a big industrialist.

But Hugenberg was not content with being merely a successful business man. During the war the Scherl newspaper trust, which had a chain of papers all over Germany, got into financial difficulties. Hugenberg saw the opportunity to become what he had always longed to be—namely, a prince of propagandists. In those days it looked as if

(Continued on Page 117)

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.


GEGEN YOUNGPLAN MASSENELEND UND FASCHISMUS
GEGEN S.P.D.-VERRAT - KÄMPFT MIT DER K.P.D.
FÜR BROT UND FREIHEIT FÜR SOWJET-DEUTSCHLAND
HINEIN IN DIE K.P.D. WÄHLT LISTE 4

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An Antiwar Demonstration of the Socialists at the Lustgarten on August First. Above—The Headquarters of the Communist Party in Berlin

PROFITS FROM PENNIES

By Arch M. Andrews

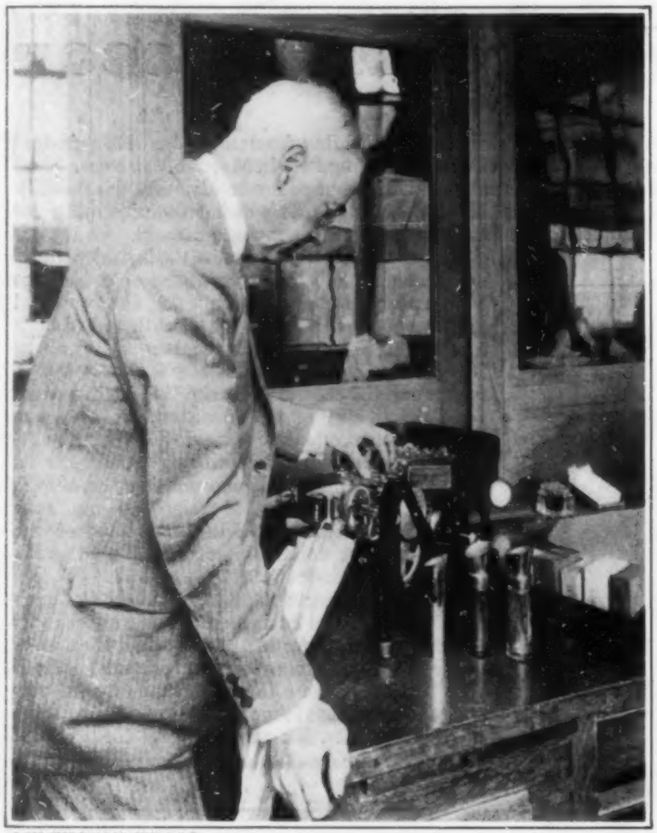


PHOTO. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Money-Counting Machine for Handling Small Coins

WHEN I was a small boy the usual and satisfactory reward for running an errand was a cent. Elders doled them out to the young with a shopworn bit of advice. "Take care of the pennies," they said, "and the dollars will take care of themselves." But if you want to see an expression of youthful scorn, just offer a penny reward to an average small boy or girl today. I cannot say I blame them, either, for the cent seems no longer to be the unit of value that it once was in this country.

Nevertheless, in recent years I have had dramatic proof that Hetty Green was right when she said, as she often did, that dollars are only pennies grown up. Quite lately, on the waters off Newport, Rhode Island, I saw a spectacle the like of which could be seen in no other country on earth. For me a fascinating part of the picture was realization that profits from pennies were the force that had created some of the splendor that I saw. The occasion was the yacht race between Harold Vanderbilt's Enterprise and Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock.

I was standing on the deck of a yacht of the first class that I bought, literally, with pennies. The gray haze of what had been a curtain of fog in the morning was suddenly devoured by the sun. Dark water became cobalt blue, and ocean space as wide as the circle of the horizon was revealed as the stage of a glamorous pageant.

The Fleet That Coppers Built

THERE were hundreds and hundreds of vessels moving in a stately, congested procession that bore a fantastic likeness to the orderliness of automobile traffic in crowded city streets. Far ahead, two triangles of sail were gray against a remnant of the haze. Trailing them was the greatest assemblage of yachts that could be imagined, a fleet by reason of a common interest in the race of the twin ghosts at the horizon. The cruiser lines of the white Nourmahal, of Vincent Astor, could be seen moving forward against the sinister gray of a pair of destroyers acting as traffic cops of the sea. Closer by, the black Corsair, of Morgan, was all but scraping paint from the vivid blue hull of a tiny ketch. There were rum runners and rum chasers respecting a week-end truce, but always the astounding thing to be interpreted was the wealth represented by the presence of a variety of large yachts that can be afforded only by those who have found America richly generous.

I saw two yachts of the first class belonging to men of one family. Those yachts were bought with the profits of a business that markets a unit of merchandise that used to sell for two cents and now sells for three—yeast cakes. I saw the yacht of the head of a chain of newspapers. Even though the pennies garnered by an army of newsboys are not the real profits of that enterprise, they are the instrument which makes the larger earnings possible. In fancy, it was not difficult to conjure the Astor yacht back into that peddler's basket of penny cakes from which it grew because of the vision of the founder of the family who sold those cakes. There were other Vanderbilt yachts in the fleet, besides that costly ship that won the race. The Vanderbilt fortune flowered from a seedling that was a penny business—a Staten Island ferryboat, which was the first transportation enterprise of old Commodore Vanderbilt.

Besides those establishments, like the packing houses of Chicago, which are thriving on a penny profit on each dollar of turnover, there are plenty of other fortunes in America built exclusively of pennies. However, I do not think I was fully conscious of the fact until I had been several years in retirement. I had gone to live in idleness—happily ever afterward, as I thought—in Pasadena. Then it happened, one day in 1924, on the golf course.

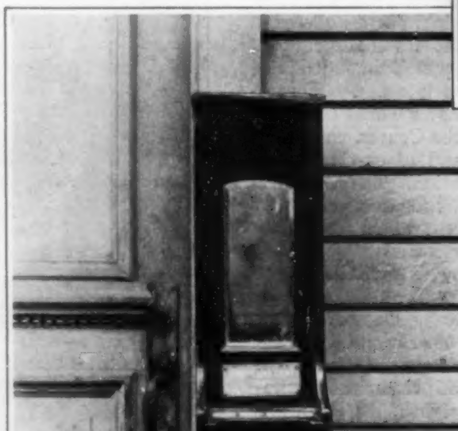


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

An Old-Fashioned Penny Gum Machine

There was another golfer, with whom I had played frequently during two years without ever bothering to ask what business made it possible for him to play golf. Then, in the course of eighteen holes, he told me. He had been a traveling salesman. One night while he was waiting for a train to carry him on the next stage of his commercial travels he stepped on a waiting-room scale and dropped a penny in its slot. The machine did not work. When a frenzied jumping on its platform failed to accomplish any result, he complained to the ticket agent.

Pounds That Make Pennies

ONE of the agent's chores was the task of collecting the pennies that accumulated in the station scales for the company that owned them. What the station agent revealed in a casual conversation caused the traveling man to quit his job and go into the penny-scale business.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

A Ride of Many Miles Can

Somehow he borrowed $10,000, and then arranged with a manufacturer to make some scales for him. He placed these around in Detroit. There was a long time during which he was the only attendant his scales had. Each day he visited them, as a Vermont farmer makes the rounds of his sap trees. At night his wife and daughter would help him to count and wrap the pennies he had collected. The business grew, and after a while he acquired some partners.

What he told me that day we played golf was that his partners were in some kind of a financial jam and wanted to realize on certain of their assets, including their share of the scale business. My golfing companion said he was in hopes of getting some syndicate to take over his partners' 47 per cent interest. He said that share could be bought for what the men had paid three years before, in 1921, when the business owned only half as many scales as at the time of our discussion.

"You need not bother with a syndicate," I told him. "I'll be the syndicate."

I asked him to bring the books out to Pasadena, but he would not do that; so I wired an attorney to look at them for me. He telegraphed that it was the hottest thing he had ever looked at. That is when I came out of retirement. Business is the finest adventuring in the world, anyway.

At the end of six months I had discovered that the business looked smaller to him than it did to me, so I decided to buy him out. We got together in a New York hotel.

"Why don't you quit?" I said.

"Too young," he protested.

"How much do you want?" I persisted. "Take your time now. There's no hurry."

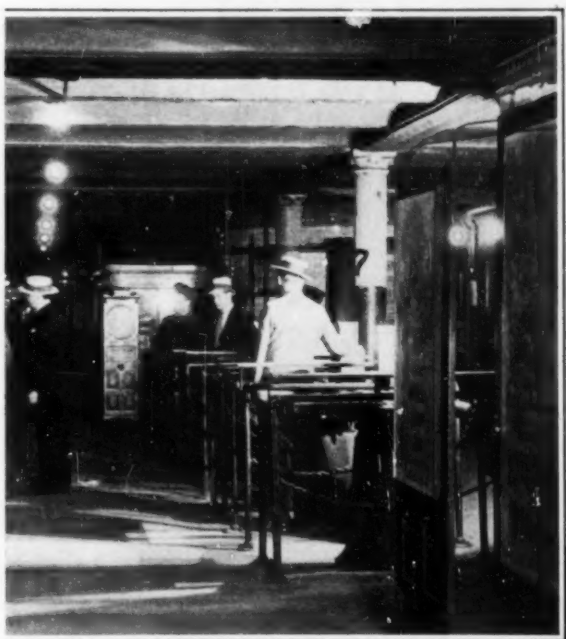
After a little while he said, "I think a million and a half."

"That's the very figure I had in mind," I told him, and sent for a stenographer. Then he got a notion he had spoken too quickly and piped up that he wanted his million and a half with the income tax paid. I swallowed and said "Sure."

Five Tons of Pennies a Day

WHEN he retired I took charge, and that was when I really went back to work. In contrast with the boredom of retirement, eighteen hours of business a day was a delight.

I had bought into the business just as ticket scales were developing. These are the kind that deliver to each user a card on which his weight and the date are printed. The popularity of this type of scale had been quickly demonstrated. As the new scales supplanted the old ones revenues increased enormously.



be Paid For With Five Cents

At the end of four years a syndicate was organized and a New York banking house bought me out. My profit was a sum equivalent to about one-fifth of all the pennies in active circulation in the United States.

A year later the stock of the company I had sold was selling on the New York Curb market at a price that gave the business a value of more than $50,000,000. In other words, that entity which had developed out of the traveling man's borrowed $10,000 had been transformed by pennies into something its stockholders valued at $50,000,000. The change had been wrought in eighteen years. The company's collectors were gathering about five tons of pennies a day.

When you stop to think about it you realize that more money has been made by sitting tight than by headwork. The Astors and their real estate are a ready example, but there are plenty of others. At any rate, I decided to get back in the scale business. I have been in many kinds of business enterprises in my life, but I have never found any that was half so fascinating.

The first penny scale to appear in this country was imported from Germany. It was brought to the United States about forty-five years ago, and was a cumbersome device that weighed about 600 pounds. It was inclosed in a mahogany cabinet and operated by what we know as a dash-pot mechanism. I understand that several thousand of them were imported before one of the native scale concerns began to manufacture and distribute a rival machine. Some of these old scales—cast-iron affairs—are still in service. After a few years the scale men began to experiment and produced an instrument that gave its patrons something besides a report on their avoirdupois. This one was equipped with a cylinder of cut tin behind a glass front, and when a cent was dropped into its vitals its music box began to play: "Oh, promise me some day you will be mine," or the Anvil Chorus from Il Trovatore, or some other tune

There are still a few of these left, but scale men have learned in the meantime that what people want when they drop a penny in the slot of a scale is an accurate report on their weight, and not entertainment.

There were a number of varieties of scales in wooden cabinets, but down the years they have taken on, first, cast-iron cases, and now steel and porcelain ones. That tough carapace is as essential as the hard coats worn by lobsters and crabs, and for the same reason—protection from enemies.

Simultaneously with the development of the slot-machine scale, penny machines began to appear as venders of chewing gum, peanuts, candy and, in more recent years, chocolate.

A chewing-gum manufacturer brought out the first of the gum machines, but in a short time there were a host of companies seeking locations for a variety of penny machines.

ALL THESE MACHINES TALK TO YOU WHEN YOU MAKE A PURCHASE

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Machines That Talk to You When You Make a Purchase

One company was operating scales and vending machines in railroad stations. Others were engaged in what is called town business, placing their machines on street corners, in drug stores and other places where they would be in contact with numerous potential customers. How many men attempted to build a fortune out of these machines I do not know, but I assume a great many discovered sorrowfully that, besides knowing how to count pennies, the operator of such a business must also know something about a thing called management. About 1911 a promoter merged thirty-two of the largest surviving concerns into a single company that is today operating about 70,000 vending machines and scales in 11,000 stations of more than 160 railroads in the United States. There are today, in my judgment, about as many prime locations unexploited as are being exploited by penny machines. Quite a while ago I went to see the head of a great chain of motion-picture theaters. Probably there are 1000 houses under his management. He would not listen to me.

"We are selling motion-picture entertainment and nothing else," he said.

An Extra Half Million in Profits

I TOLD him of a chain of five-and-ten-cent stores that installed penny scales about ten years ago and is making a net annual profit of about $600,000 from them today. I told him of one scale in a Fourteenth Street store in New York City in the slot of which forty-two dollars in pennies were dropped in one twenty-four-hour period. Still he shook his head and talked about the policy of the company.

Not so long ago this man informed me he wanted to make a test in the largest theater of his chain. It is in New York City. I sent him two scales, which were placed in the men's lavatory in the basement of the theater. At the end of the first day each of those scales had absorbed about $3.50 in pennies. Today there are ten scales in that house, and the other houses of the chain are being equipped as rapidly as possible. The profits in pennies to that organization from scales alone should be in the neighborhood of $500,000 a year. In addition, another type of penny vending machine selling a paper article has been installed in all the wash rooms of its theaters.

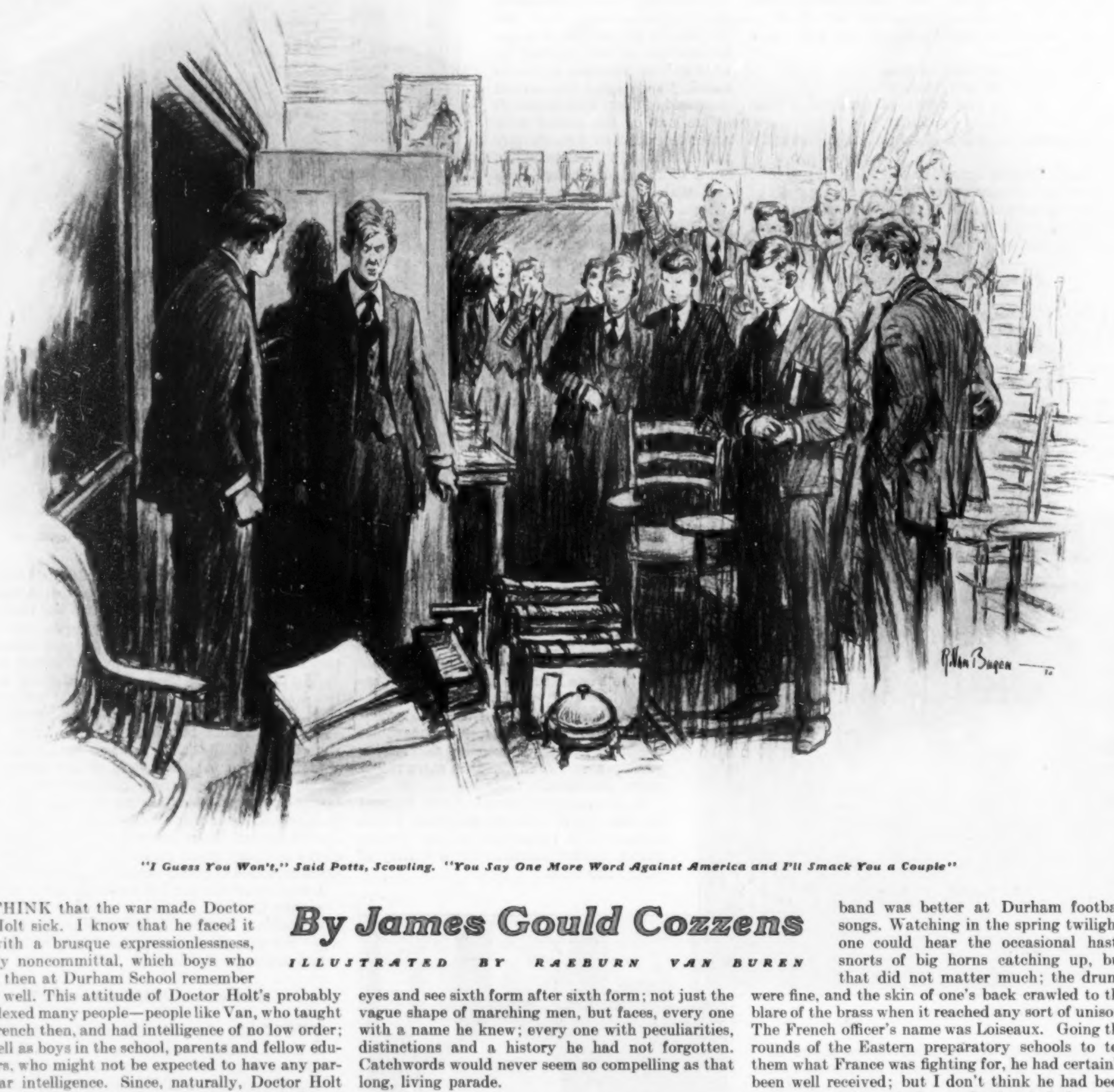
(Continued on Page 88)

Bride's Secret
Disturbed Lark
High Art

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Fun in a Penny Arcade

THE GUNS OF THE ENEMY



"I Guess You Won't," Said Potts, Scowling. "You Say One More Word Against America and I'll Smack You a Couple"

By James Gould Cozzens

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

I THINK that the war made Doctor Holt sick. I know that he faced it with a brusque expressionlessness, curtly noncommittal, which boys who were then at Durham School remember very well. This attitude of Doctor Holt's probably perplexed many people—people like Van, who taught us French then, and had intelligence of no low order; as well as boys in the school, parents and fellow educators, who might not be expected to have any particular intelligence. Since, naturally, Doctor Holt never explained himself, it was ten years before I heard—and then from Van—what really happened that fall of 1917. I only knew at the time that Doctor Holt was quicker-tempered and that it was more terrible to come athwart him than ever before, or, I believe, since.

Doctor Holt could not be expected to take the war calmly. His work, which was his whole life and endeavor, concerned itself too closely with the necessary raw material, the one essential ingredient. War's gluttonous consumption of youth must have seemed, in its unspeakable way, a joke on Doctor Holt. It reduced all he was, all he did, to futility.

Nor could Doctor Holt see youth in so dispassionate an abstract. It takes a speech maker to talk of raw materials and ingredients. Youth in solid flesh and active spirit had moved familiarly through his hands; his hands had shaped it somewhat in the passing. I suppose that Doctor Holt could shut his eyes and see sixth form after sixth form; not just the vague shape of marching men, but faces, every one with a name he knew; every one with peculiarities, distinctions and a history he had not forgotten. Catchwords would never seem so compelling as that long, living parade.

I was thirteen in 1917, a second former. Thirteen is too young for service, but not for war. For war, it is ideal. To carry thirty-nine pounds, one ounce of regulation fighting equipment and still be able to kill people requires more than thirteen's physical stature and strength; but inside, spiritually perhaps, no man any older ever had his heart in the equipment or his resolution in the killing. Neither can you—and I am not thinking merely of Van and the October of 1917 now—be much older than thirteen and give your brain or your belief to dogmatic protest or conscientious objection after the war is there. The fact is that a mature person has no proper place anywhere in a war. He is sure to find himself in Doctor Holt's hard position when they strike up the band.

What the band struck up was the Marseillaise, which is not so easy a piece as it may sound. The band was better at Durham football songs. Watching in the spring twilight, one could hear the occasional hasty snorts of big horns catching up, but that did not matter much; the drums were fine, and the skin of one's back crawled to the blare of the brass when it reached any sort of unison. The French officer's name was Loiseaux. Going the rounds of the Eastern preparatory schools to tell them what France was fighting for, he had certainly been well received; but I don't think he had been given a reception similar to Durham's before. He happened to reach Durham the day that President Wilson asked Congress to declare war.

Loiseaux—he was a major—had a fine brown face, with eyes plainly courageous. Everything that is admirable in an army stood with his uniformed figure against the light of the Pullman vestibule. He had stopped a moment; even he was startled, I suppose, to find the dusk alive with faces. Then he came quickly down, and boys who had climbed on the station hand truck could see that the top of his cap was scarlet, crossed with gold braid. The ragged roar of an unpremeditated cheer had gone up. Now the band began to play the Marseillaise.

Somehow, he recognized at once what it was going to be. He froze where he was and saluted the way the French do—that curiously awkward arrangement of palm and cap brim. The train went out two inches behind him, but he didn't flinch. He was left suddenly standing there, backed against nothing but April darkness, with the station lamps on his face. Everyone could see then that he was weeping; tears went shining down his stiff cheeks. Things like this probably do not happen twice in a man's lifetime. He knew, of course, that now France was going to win the war.

There was a special school meeting that night and Loiseaux sat on the platform of the study hall. He wore his medals and he looked, even so, as though he had fewer than he deserved. Beside Doctor Holt, he was short; and Doctor Holt was not a tall man. Loiseaux was beautifully neat and dark, too; which helped Doctor Holt to look bigger and heavier. The reserved, ponderable threat of Doctor Holt's presence, making you leap to examine your conscience, was intensified. Doctor Holt's blue eyes were more menacing than ever, smoldering under his tangled blond eyebrows. Doctor Holt's intolerant and autocratic head tilted slightly in his customary brusque concession to his slight deafness. His strong convex profile jerked now right, to speak inaudibly to his guest, now left, in impatience, to see the prefects. The schoolroom rang with a warm, bright clamor—desk covers banged, feet shuffled, excited boys pressed in. This really didn't last very long, but Doctor Holt got up before it had finished. He strode over to the buttons which rang the big school bells and pushed them himself—you could hear the violently reiterated clangors of the one in the hall downstairs. He raised his voice sharply. "Quiet, there!" he said. "Quiet!" You might have thought that he was going to ask next who had been smoking this term without permission.

Instead, he said simply that before he invited Major Loiseaux to address them, he would read—he produced a folded paper—the President's message to Congress. "You all know," he said, "that the United States is entering the European war. I would like you also to understand the reasons given." He began to read at once, loud and fast. Frequently he interjected summaries of his own. "He then speaks of submarine warfare," he would say, resuming again at a lower paragraph. "He then declares that our enemy is not the German people, but the Imperial Government." He deserted the text a moment and lifting his profile, barked: "I hope you'll understand that; keep it in mind. We have no quarrel with the German people. None whatsoever!" You could see a slight movement of Loiseaux's eyes. He did have a quarrel with the German people; they had killed three of his brothers, and forty-seven years before—showing that they did not change—they had killed his father.

This information he supplied when he came to speak. He was not saying anything directly about the German people; merely he mentioned that he came from a family of soldiers. He was familiar with war and he did not want anyone to think that war was fun. He had no words to describe the horror of it. Then, immediately, he found words. You might have wondered if his intolerable memories made him forget why he was there. You might think that this was no way to get America into the war, for in those days no one—certainly no American who had not been there—knew what sort of war they were making in France.

Doctor Holt sat heavy in his chair, the strong profile tilted, which made him look away as he advanced his ear, listening. I suppose he knew, for he was a great speaker himself; I suppose he felt, for he was miraculously tuned to youthful reactions, what the major was about, but Loiseaux took the breathless and appalled schoolroom by surprise. His voice went up like a trumpet; he stood suddenly even straighter, his hands dropped out, his fine impassioned face lifted. "My friends"—his voice was amazing—"I can say now, my allies—I am an old man—I will say, my sons—you see where America is going, where your great President will lead you, your brothers, your fathers. Not one, I think, will hold back. There are things which can make honorable men endure to live and glad to die." He was not making whatever regular speech he was intended to make—not tonight. He was talking as the French talk—out of his heart. One felt a little intoxicated. I can remember, too, the terrible concussion of our cheers. Remembering them, one turns cold; and that night on the platform Doctor Holt must have turned cold, but he applauded. I can see him sitting there on the platform and striking his hands together.

Most of the faculty attended that meeting, sitting informally along the side of the room. Mr. Van Artevelde didn't, but I imagine that nobody noticed it. The idea that anyone could take issue with Major Loiseaux was so incredible that even a noted absence would not have been considered significant. Similarly, facing our elementary French section the next morning, Mr. Van Artevelde made no impression when, at least by implication, he first stated his position. It seemed that Loiseaux would make a second speech, in French, to a meeting of all the French courses in a large classroom later in the morning. Our consequent release from the usual recitation was a circumstance so pleasant that nobody paid much attention to what Mr. Van Artevelde had to say after he had said that.

Slight, rather tall, Mr. Van Artevelde had frank and unabashed artistic tastes. His head was crowned

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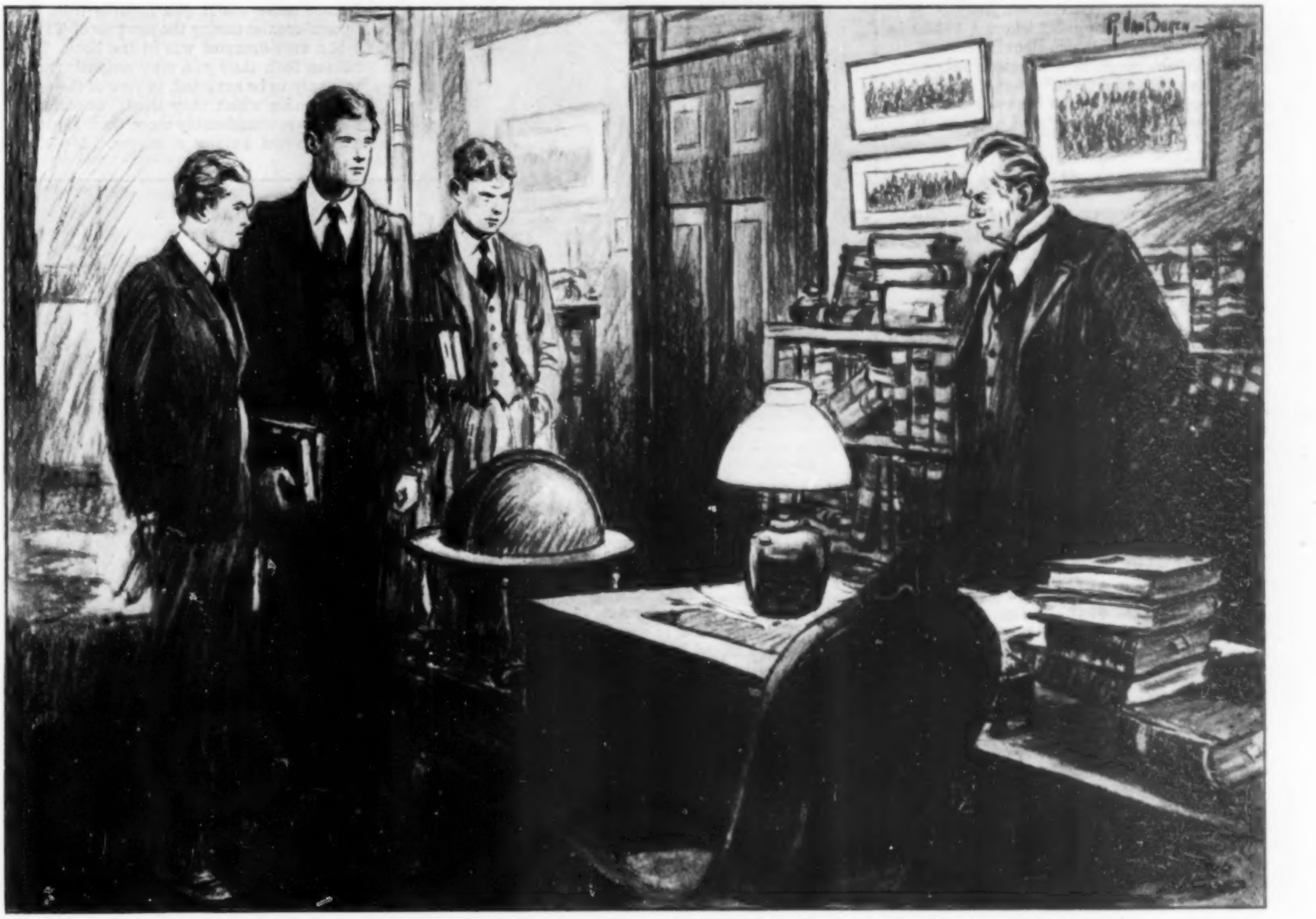


Facing These Three Cowed But Faintly Rebellious Young Men, He Probably Saw at Once That it Had Come – the War Had Arrived

GUNS AND GUNFIGHTERS

By Stuart N. Lake

KANSAS CITY of the early 70's was the playground of the frontier world, where traders, teamsters, hunters and cowmen made headquarters during their brief holidays on the edge of the encroaching East. For the buffalo hunters, Market Square was a summer resort at which they spent their months of idleness when the herds which furnished them a livelihood were in poor coat and less profitable to kill. There they lolled on benches or chairs tipped back against the walls of stores and saloons, following the shade around the square from morning until night, spinning their yarns of the hunting range, reviewing the season just closed, discussing items of information received and dispatched by the word-of-mouth grapevine telegraph of the frontier, which could spread the news of an individual or event across the Great West in an unbelievably short time, and planning expeditions for the season to come. Periodically, a group would arise from its loafing place, move indoors for a drink, then return to loaf and yarn some more.

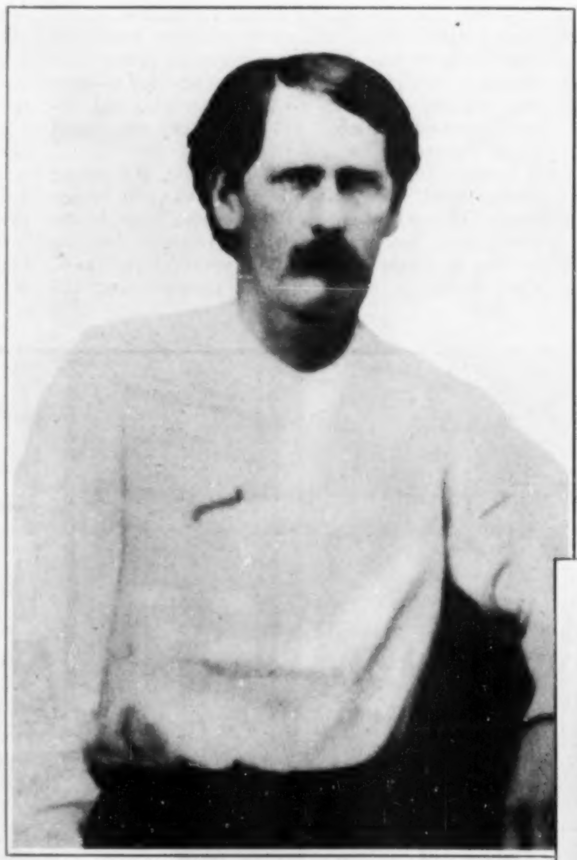
"When I first saw Market Square," Wyatt Earp recalled, "the spot favored by the men best known in frontier life was a bench in front of the police station where Tom Speers, then marshal of Kansas City, held forth each afternoon. Speers was an old frontiersman, with a wide acquaintance among hunters, overland freighters and cattlemen. An older man introduced me to this group, and because it was made up of those so well known in the country and the life which held my interest at the time, I spent most of my summer vacation on or near Tom Speers' bench. Among the men I met there were many whom I was to encounter later, pretty much all over the West, on the buffalo range, in cow towns, mining camps, and along the trails between; some of them I was to see again as far away and as much later as the Alaskan gold fields in '97 and '98."

Frontier Men About Town

"I MET Wild Bill Hickok in Kansas City during the summer of '71. Jack Gallagher, the famous Indian scout, was there, and among others were Jack Martin, Billy Dixon, Jim Hanrahan, Tom O'Keefe, Cheyenne Jack, Billy Ogg, Bermuda Carlisle, Old Man Keeler, Kirk Jordan, Emanuel Dubbs and Andy Johnson. That list of names may not mean much to another century, but in my younger days each was a noted man. Much that they accomplished has been lost to, or ignored by, the permanent records of their time, but every one of them made frontier history. Most of them, I know, were illiterate and crude in other respects; a few were well educated and well informed; all were keenly intelligent and utterly fearless of personal danger. They had to be, for they made possible the early settlement of the West.

"To the average Easterner, there probably would have been no more surprising feature about this group of noted frontier characters than their mode of dress while in Kansas City. On the plains they wore buckskin garments made by the Indians, or heavy woolen shirts, jackets and trousers, with leather leggings. But when in Kansas City for a vacation, the hunters were most exacting in their demands on the local tailors and haberdashers. They did stick to boots, which were handmade of fine black calfskin, but white linen replaced the wool or buckskin hunting shirts, and black broadcloth was the preferred material for trousers and coats. Trouser legs were pulled down over the boot tops, and most of the coats were of the long-tailed frock variety, some with velvet collars or velvet facings on the lapels. Fancy vests were the rule, of silk or brocade, or possibly a handsomely beaded buckskin garment ordered from an Indian squaw especially for show. Turndown collars with black string bow ties were the stylish neckwear. Wide-brimmed, black sombreros, creased in the middle of the high crowns, were worn by most of the frontiersmen, but a number of them, while in Kansas City, actually displayed silk hats. Some of those old buffalo hunters could get on a bigger spree in a clothing store than any saloon could inspire.

"During the hot, sunshiny days the men sat around Market Square in their shirt sleeves, and they took as much pride in appearing each morning in spotless shirts and collars as they did in the velvet-trimmed frock coats and fancy vests which they donned later in the day. Evenings were spent, probably, at the variety shows in the numerous dance halls, or at a theater where traveling dramatic companies sometimes held forth. After the show, the real sport of the day—monte, faro and poker—got under full steam at the gambling tables. Play was available day or night, but the big games rarely got going much before midnight; once started, they might run well into the following morning.



Wyatt Earp, in the Early Seventies, When He Was Youthful Marshal of the Kansas Cow Towns

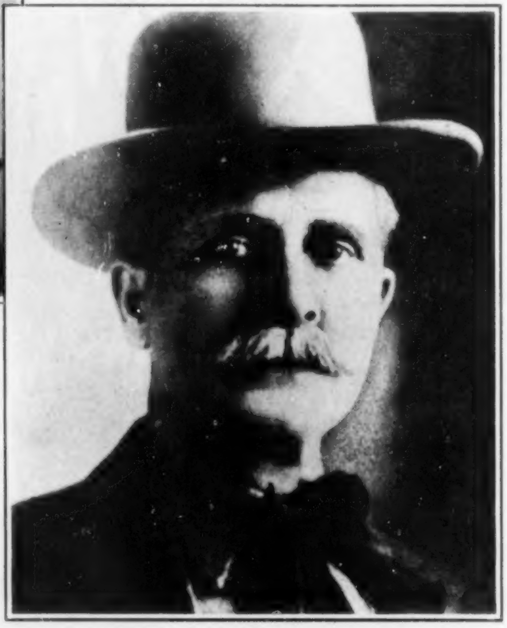
"Of course there was a steady consumption of liquor. Kansas City offered opportunity for change from the raw whisky of the camps, and men made the most of it. The saloons were as well stocked with beers, wines, cordials and fine whiskies as the choosiest drinker could require, and the best in the land was none too good for the frontiersman who could pay for it. Some of the men went on sprees which lasted for days and weeks, but for the majority one protracted session immediately after hitting town appeared to suffice; then they would be satisfied with an occasional drink in the daytime, and what you might call a fairly reasonable amount of sociable drinking after supper. That was the general custom; there were exceptions, of course.

"As I recall it after all these years, when the Market Square conversations were not concerned with buffalo, they most often dealt with gun play of another sort, with the sudden end to which some well-known character had come, or with some desperate stand against heavy odds by some fighter with whom most of the hunters were acquainted. Such discussions quite naturally led to arguments over the merits of weapons and methods of bringing them into action. Supporters of any theory advanced were willing and able to demonstrate their points.

"There were few gun fights in Kansas City that summer, none between men of reputation that I recall; and, unless participants in a killing were well known, no one paid much attention to what they did or to what happened to them. The prominent characters were not trouble hunters, as a rule; moreover, their relations with Tom Speers placed them under obligation to save him from the embarrassment which was certain to follow if a pair of topnotchers went to shooting. On the other hand, it was a dull day when we were not entertained by at least one exhibition of gun play by some past master in the art, or a match between two of them, with some inanimate target."

Working at Gun Play

"I CONSIDERED myself a fair hand with pistol, rifle or shotgun, and I could make a creditable showing in target matches, but I learned more about gun fighting from Tom Speers' cronies during the summer of '71 than I had ever dreamed was in the book. Those fellows took their gun play seriously; which was only to be expected, in view of the conditions under which they lived. Shooting, to them, was considerably more than aiming at a mark and pulling a trigger. Models of weapons, methods of wearing them, means of getting them into action and of operating them, all to the one end of combining high speed with absolute accuracy, contributed to the frontiersman's shooting skill. The sought-after degree of proficiency was that which could turn to most effective account the split second between life and death. Hours upon hours of practice and wide experience in the actualities of the art supported the arguments over style.



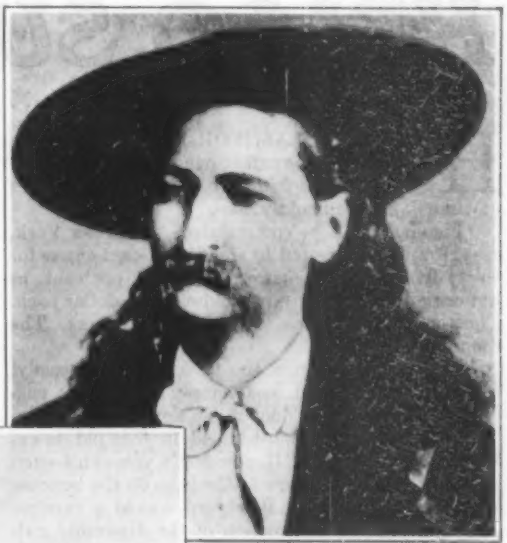
Bill Tilghman, a Graduate of the Buffalo Range, and U. S. Marshal of Oklahoma

"Paradoxical as it may seem, the most important lesson I learned from those proficient gun fighters was that the winner of a gun play usually was the man who took his time. The second was that if I hoped to live long on the frontier I would shun all flashy trick shooting—what in these days would be called grand-stand play—as I would poison. Later, as a peace officer, I was to participate in certain rather desperate battles against some notorious gunmen of the Old West, and some wonderment has been expressed that I came through them all unscathed. Certain outlaws and their friends had it that I probably wore a steel vest underneath my shirt when I went after them. Though there have been times when I might have welcomed the opportunity to wear such a garment, I never saw one in my life outside of a museum, and I very much doubt that any other frontiersman has either. Luck was with me in my gun fights, of course, but so were the lessons learned in Market Square during the summer of '71.

"Jack Gallagher's advice summed up about all the others had to say. It was to wear my weapons in the position most convenient for me—in my case, as far as pistols were concerned, in the regulation open holsters; one on each hip if I was carrying two, hung rather low, as my arms were long, and with the muzzles a little forward on my thighs. Some men wore their guns belted high on the waist; others carried one gun directly in front of the stomach, usually inside, but sometimes outside the waistband, and another gun in a holster slung just in front of and below the left shoulder; still others wore two of these shoulder holsters. Style was a matter of individual preference."

A Riding Arsenal

"WHEN mounted on a horse and, 'armed to the teeth,' as the fiction writer would have it, a man's rifle was slung in a boot just ahead of his right stirrup, his shotgun carried on the left by a thong looped over the saddle horn. With the adoption generally of breech-loading weapons, a rider who was equipped with two pistols, a rifle and a shotgun customarily had one of the belts to which his pistol holsters were attached filled with pistol ammunition, the other with rifle cartridges, while a heavier, wider belt filled with shotgun shells was looped around the saddle horn underneath the thong which held that weapon. He was a riding arsenal, but there might well be times when he would need all the munitions he could carry. Bowie knives were worn largely for utility's sake, in a sheath fixed to the belt just back of the hip; when I came on the scene their popularity for purposes of offense was on the wane; although I have seen old-timers who carried them slung about their necks and who preferred them above all other weapons in the settlement of purely personal quarrels.



James B. (Wild Bill) Hickok, in 1871

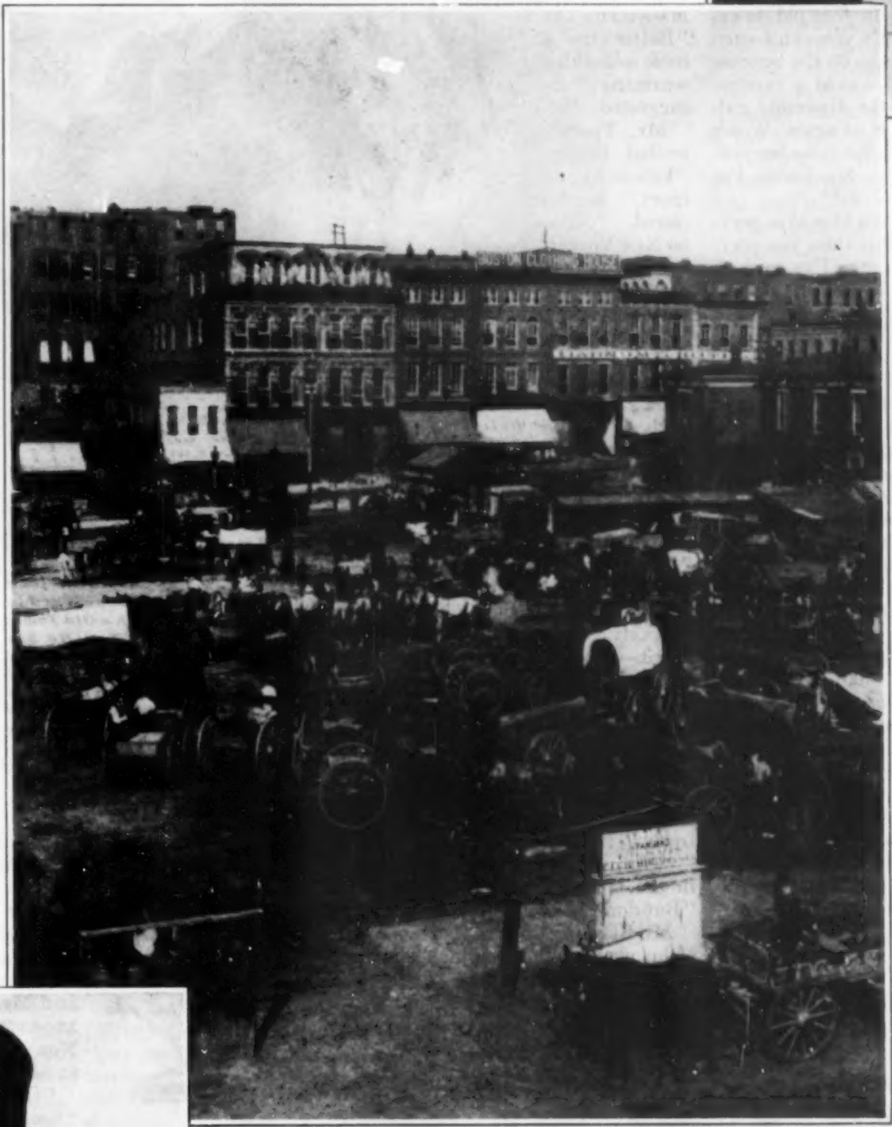
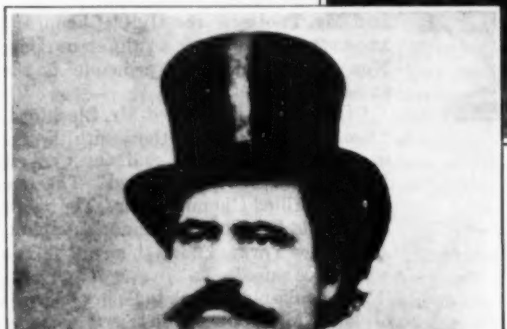


PHOTO. BY PHOTOGRAPHIC AND VIEW CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Market Square, Kansas City, Missouri, in 1872, When it Was the Summer Playground for the Most Famous Characters of the Western Frontier



Rowdy Joe Lowe, a Kansas Dance-Hall Owner

"When I stress the fact that I learned to take my time in a gun fight, I do not wish to be misunderstood, for the time to be taken was only an infinitesimal fraction of a second that meant the difference between deadly accuracy with a six-gun and a miss. It is hard to make this clear to a man who has never been in a gun fight. Perhaps I can best describe such time-taking as going into action with the greatest speed of which a man's muscles were capable, but at the same time mentally unflustered by an urge to hurry or the need for complicated nervous and muscular actions which trick shooting involves. Mentally deliberate, but muscularly faster than thought, is what I mean.

"In all my life as a frontier peace officer I did not know a really proficient gun fighter who had anything but contempt for the gun fanner, or the man who literally shot from the hip. In more recent years I have read a great deal about this type of gun play, and of the success with which it was employed by men noted for their skill with a .45."

Gun Fanning

"FROM my experience and from the numerous six-gun battles which I witnessed, I can only support the opinion advanced by the men who gave me my most valuable instruction in fast and accurate shooting—which was that the gun fanner and the hip shooter stood small chance to live against a man who, as old Jack Gallagher always put it, took his time and pulled the trigger once.

"Cocking and firing mechanisms on new revolvers were almost invariably altered by their purchasers in the interests of smoother, effortless handling in emergencies, usually by filing the dog which controlled the hammer, but some going so far as to remove triggers entirely or lash them against the guard, in which cases the guns were fired by thumbing the hammer. This is not to be confused with fanning, in which the triggerless gun was held in one hand while the other was brushed rapidly back and forth across the hammer in a fanning motion, thus cocking the gun, and firing it by the weight of the hammer itself. A skillful gun fanner could fire five shots from his .45 so rapidly that the individual reports were indistinguishable, but what could happen to him in a gun fight I'll tell when I come to the point where I describe several examples that I witnessed.

"I might say here that in later years I saw Jack Gallagher's theory borne out so many times that I was never tempted to forsake the principles of gun fighting as I had them from him and his associates.

"For speed and accuracy with a six-gun there was no man in the Kansas City group who was Wild Bill's equal. Bill's correct name, by the way, was James B. Hickok. Legend and the imaginations of certain people have exaggerated the number of men whom

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HELLO, SUCKER!

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

HORACE W. BLASHFORD, sales manager of a New York manufacturing company, looked up into the melting orbs of the cigarette girl and shook his head coldly.

"Listen, baby," he commanded, "I'm New York, see? I'm not interested in any fifteen-cent cigars for thirty-five cents or cigarettes plus 40 per cent, or ten-cent flowers for my buttonhole at a dollar each. Cheerio and good luck. Stick to the suckers. The room is full of them."

The little man across the table stirred uneasily. Mr. Blashford smiled reassuringly at his best customer, good old J. J. Toobey, of New Athens, Ohio.

"You have to be hard-boiled in this old town, J. J.," he explained. "If you don't you can't even keep a pinfeather to show to the boys on the benches along the river." Mr. Blashford waved a careless hand in the general direction of the departing girl. "Take that kid. She won't bother us again. Won't feel bad about it, even though she did raise her eyebrows when I sent her on her way. She knows I'm wise to the racket. Get the idea, J. J.?"

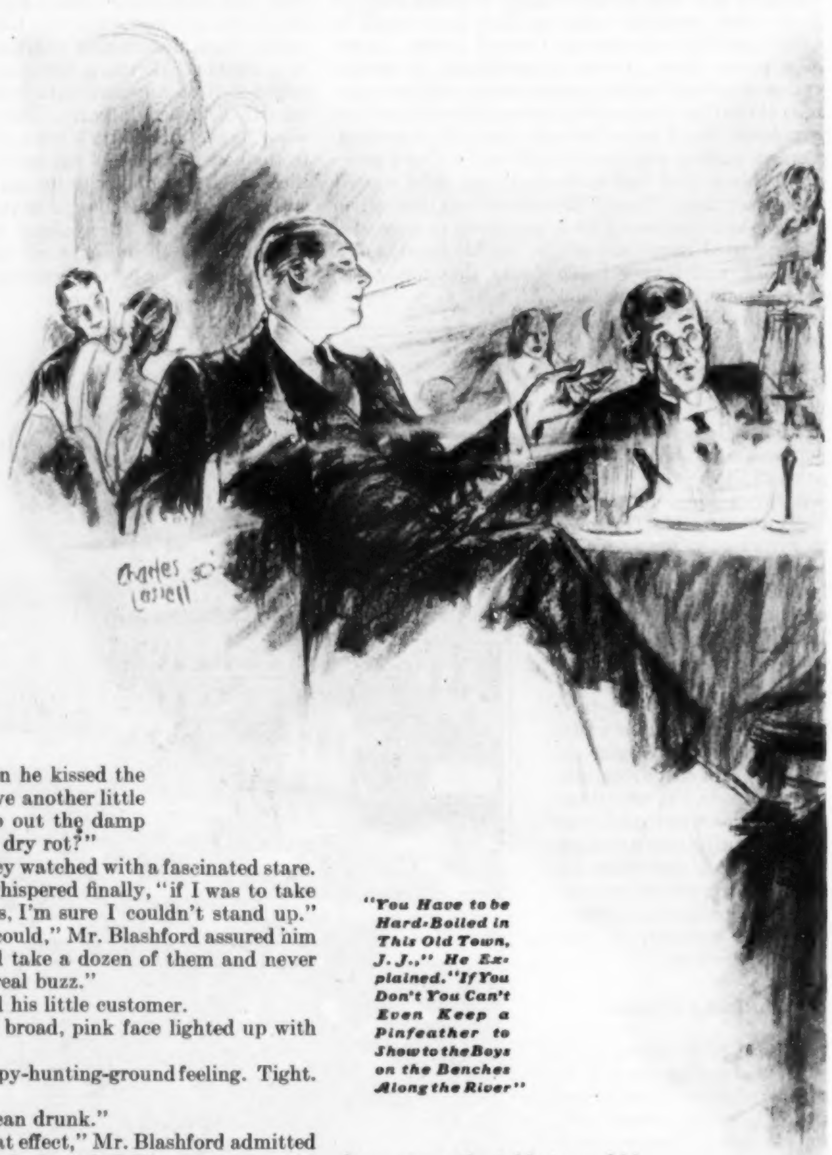
Little Mr. Toobey blinked his mild blue eyes nervously and admitted he didn't. "But then you see," he apologized, "this is all new to me. I've read all about it, of course. Night life in New York and all that. You know how it is—just getting here once a year or so. This is the first time I've ever been in a night club."

Mr. Blashford surveyed the tall glass of lemonade tightly clutched in the thin fingers of his customer through the golden radiance of his own tall glass and nodded benignly. Lemonade seemed to go with old J. J. Old J. J. with his twin damp horseshoes of brown hair looping away from the middle of his ivory forehead, and his imitation pearl-and-ruby stickpin popping up from his black knit necktie, like the head of a startled giraffe. Mr. Blashford took a long, contented pull at his glass, fingered the burnt-orange cravat which set off his hundred-and-fifty-dollar brown tweed suit and went on:

"New York is full of rackets, J. J. A man in my position gets to know them all, like every New Yorker. After the sun goes down the open season for suckers is on. A real New Yorker like myself, born and bred, you might say, in the midst of it, knows all the little wrinkles. They don't fool us. Not for a minute. We don't pay twenty-five dollars a quart for carbonized cider and think we're drinking bubble water. We don't ride in taxicabs that haven't got their meter rate plainly painted on the door. We don't pay a buck to ride through Chinatown and see a paste imitation of the yellow peril ——"

"I went to Coney Island once on a bus," said Mr. Toobey dreamily. "Mrs. Toobey and I. Really, it was quite wonderful, the crowds and the lights and everything. Mrs. Toobey said it was like nothing she ever saw—even the World's Fair at Chicago."

Mr. Blashford covered his amusement with another long pull at his glass. Down in the warming fluid a picture of Mrs. Colletta Toobey, in her black taffeta and collection of cameo brooches and coral necklaces, formed against the tinkling ice. Two hundred pounds of asthmatic breathing and home-made hats. Mr. Blashford hastily gulped the remainder of his drink.



"You Have to be Hard-Boiled in This Old Town, J. J.," He Explained. "If You Don't You Can't Even Keep a Pinfeather to Show to the Boys on the Benches Along the River"

"Have another lemonade, J. J.?"

Hesitatingly, Mr. Toobey explained why he was taking it slow. "Lemonade gives me acid stomach."

Mr. Blashford patted his coat pocket meaningly. "Better try a little something warming," he suggested.

Mr. Toobey smiled feebly. "I guess I'm no sport," he declared. "No—no New Yorker, I mean. The—the stuff makes me sick."

"Every man to his own taste," said Mr. Blashford gayly, "as the Irishman said when he kissed the pig. Mind if I have another little touch just to keep out the damp and sweep out the dry rot?"

Little Mr. Toobey watched with a fascinated stare. "You know," he whispered finally, "if I was to take five of those drinks, I'm sure I couldn't stand up."

"Of course you could," Mr. Blashford assured him solemnly. "I could take a dozen of them and never feel it—I mean a real buzz."

"Buzz?" echoed his little customer.

Mr. Blashford's broad, pink face lighted up with amused tolerance.

"Buzz. The happy-hunting-ground feeling. Tight. Squiffy. Lit."

"I guess you mean drunk."

"Or words to that effect," Mr. Blashford admitted freely. "Have a fresh cigar, J. J.?"

"Not now." Mr. Toobey eyed the cherry lurking in the bottom of his glass with a troubled stare. "But don't it—they—make you sick? I mean ——"

Mr. Blashford interrupted him with a careless wave of his glass, a motion which sent a spray of golden drops across the table toward his customer. The little man drew back hastily.

"Only a sucker gets drunk in New York," Mr. Blashford explained. "Good fellowship is one thing; drunkenness is something else again."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Horace," said Mr. Toobey earnestly. "Of course I know that New York is different than New Athens, but the principle is the same, isn't it?"

"Of course it is," agreed Mr. Blashford. "See that fat man over there with the girl in the light-blue dress and the eyes of United States Steel preferred? The one with the Allied Chemical hair? That isn't New York, J. J. That's just another racket. A real New Yorker knows them all. That's why we're safe."

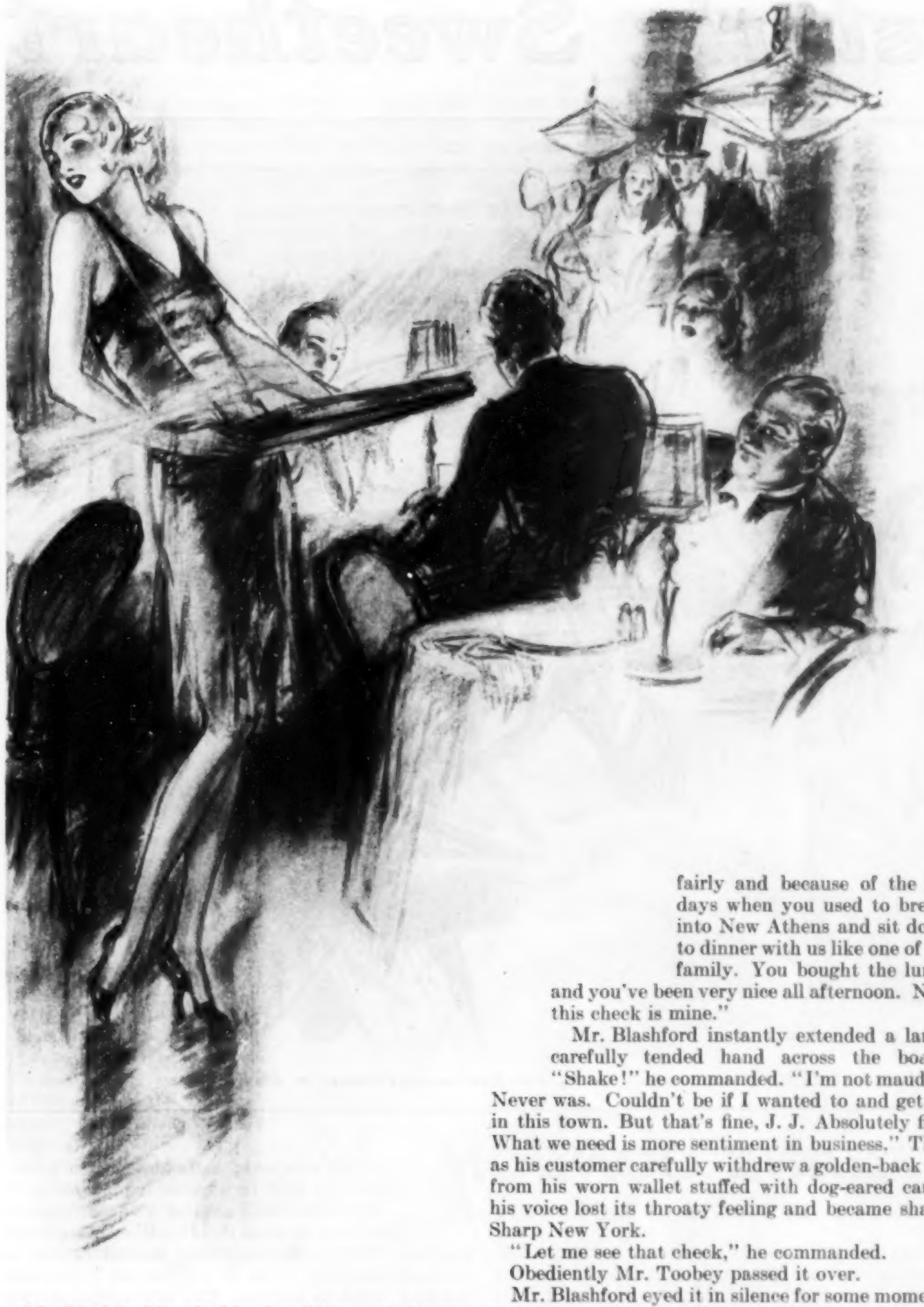
"He looks old enough to be her father," observed Mr. Toobey, and raised his fuzzy eyebrows disapprovingly.

"That's what he thinks, J. J. As a matter of fact, she is old enough to be his grandmother."

Mr. Toobey was sorry for that. Mr. Blashford took another long pull at his glass and was sorry too. Mr. Toobey noted the inroad made by the pull and took an old-fashioned watch out of his vest pocket.

"I—I think I better be getting along, Horace. It's eleven o'clock. Pretty late for an old innocent in the big wicked city."

"Drive Me There, and Make it Snappy"



Mr. Blashford laughed loudly. "You stick by me, J. J.," he advised, "and I'll see that you don't get back to the hotel with a deed to the Public Library in your pocket. One more lemonade? No? All right. Hey, waiter! Mind if I finish up the rest of this water while the waiter fixes up our check? Right."

Mr. Toobey watched the compounding of still another snifter, taken by his friend in the nature, as he gayly expressed it, of stirring up the gastric juices, with mingled fascination and alarm.

"Horace," he began tremulously.

"Don't tell me," begged Mr. Blashford, "that this last little dose of rare old vintage, taken for purely medicinal purposes, is worrying you. As I told you, I could take twenty-five of them without a touch of fuzz."

"You told me a dozen and you said buzz," said his customer primly.

"Good-Old-What's-What-and-That's-That," applauded Mr. Blashford and then, as the waiter carefully placed the tray with the check in a neutral corner: "Here, none of that, J. J.! This is my little party."

Gently Mr. Toobey continued to draw the tray to his side of the table. "Listen, Horace," he said quietly. "Please! I don't like to be treated like a customer. I do business with you because your firm treats me fairly and because of the old days when you used to breeze into New Athens and sit down to dinner with us like one of the family. You bought the lunch and you've been very nice all afternoon. Now this check is mine."

Mr. Blashford instantly extended a large, carefully tended hand across the board. "Shake!" he commanded. "I'm not maudlin. Never was. Couldn't be if I wanted to and get by in this town. But that's fine, J. J. Absolutely fine. What we need is more sentiment in business." Then as his customer carefully withdrew a golden-back bill from his worn wallet stuffed with dog-eared cards, his voice lost its throaty feeling and became sharp. Sharp New York.

"Let me see that check," he commanded.

Obediently Mr. Toobey passed it over.

Mr. Blashford eyed it in silence for some moments and then nodded in evident satisfaction. "Just as I thought," he announced. "Here, waiter, take this check back and have the cashier take five dollars off it."

"But ——"

"Don't 'but' me," snapped Mr. Blashford. "My friend and I didn't get off the 10:15 from Moline. We don't think that Greenwich Village is the place where all the watches are made. We aren't in the market for Grant's Tomb and we don't let the wife buy our neckties. Now get busy and take that cover charge off our bill. There's no cover charge here for dinner and we're not staying for the sucker whoopee. Now get busy with your erasure."

Out in the taxi, Mr. Horace Blashford leaned back and lighted an expensive cigar.

Once again Mr. Toobey was frankly admiring. "They're pretty slick, aren't they, Horace?"

"When they get away with it," admitted Mr. Blashford with a grin.

"You saved me five dollars, Horace," said Mr. Toobey.

Mr. Blashford patted his little customer's thin knee kindly, but with a hint of patronage. "Listen, J. J.," he chuckled, "you just stick by a real New Yorker for a day and you'll soon be picking out your own neckties."

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Toobey soberly, "I like to have my wife pick out my neckties." Then he grinned. "But we fooled them, didn't we?"

Mr. Horace Blashford removed his cigar from his wide mouth, stared in astonishment for a full minute at his smiling little customer, then grinned too—into the slipping darkness.

II

AS THE taxi stopped in front of the Hotel Miradore, Mr. Horace Blashford discovered that his gold-cornered wallet of pale-brown ostrich leather contained nothing less than a fifty-dollar bill. Mr. Toobey reached for his own funds.

"Nothing doing," protested Mr. Blashford. "Besides, I need change. It'll only take me a minute to get a bill changed. I'll be back in a second."

Before his customer could prevent him, Mr. Blashford was out of the cab and up the steps, stumbling only at the last one in his haste. Mr. Toobey paid the fare, added a ten-cent piece and stood waiting.

In the lobby, having changed one golden note for a handful of green ones, Mr. Blashford stopped for a moment to speak to a short man in a heavy double-breasted blue suit who commanded a complete view of the lobby from the elevator alley.

"How's old Sherlock Holmes tonight?" he inquired. "Everything pretty quiet in the house-detecting line?"

The short man smiled and nodded. "All quiet, Mr. Blashford," he reported. "Going out for a little party?"

"Not at all," Mr. Blashford corrected him gravely. "Not at all," he repeated and shook his head sadly. "In fact, I am going out to pay off a taxi and bring in one of my oldest friends. Friends are rare things, Pat. Especially business friends. Am I right?"

"Right," assented the short man instantly.

"Old J. J. is a man in a hundred," asserted Mr. Blashford.

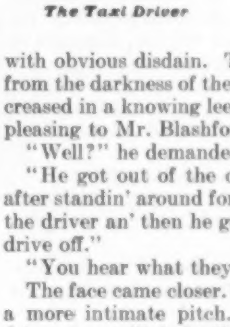
"Of course he is," murmured the short man gently. "Is he staying here, Mr. Blashford?"

"Of course he's staying here," said Mr. Blashford impatiently. "Don't I live here? Do you suppose I'd let a good old pal like J. J. get the hex put on him by some of these smart guys? Not old Horace Blashford. I'm watching out for my old friend."

"You ought to know how," admitted the short man. "But won't your friend get tired of waiting?"

"Not old J. J.," said Mr. Blashford confidently. "He knows when he's around that the boys on Broadway sit up suddenly and sniff the air."

But Mr. Toobey was nowhere in evidence when Mr. Blashford came down the Miradore steps a few minutes later and stood swaying gently at the curb. Gone, too, was the cab. Mr. Blashford lighted a fresh cigar uneasily.



The Taxi Driver

A taxi, parked beyond the entrance, pulled up along the curb in front of him. The driver leaned out.

"Lookin' for your friend, mister?" he inquired.

Mr. Blashford eyed the ancient vehicle, pretending to vivid youth with its green and yellow stripes, with obvious disdain. The face that peered at him from the darkness of the driver's seat was young and creased in a knowing leer. The combination was displeasing to Mr. Blashford. He frowned.

"Well?" he demanded coldly.

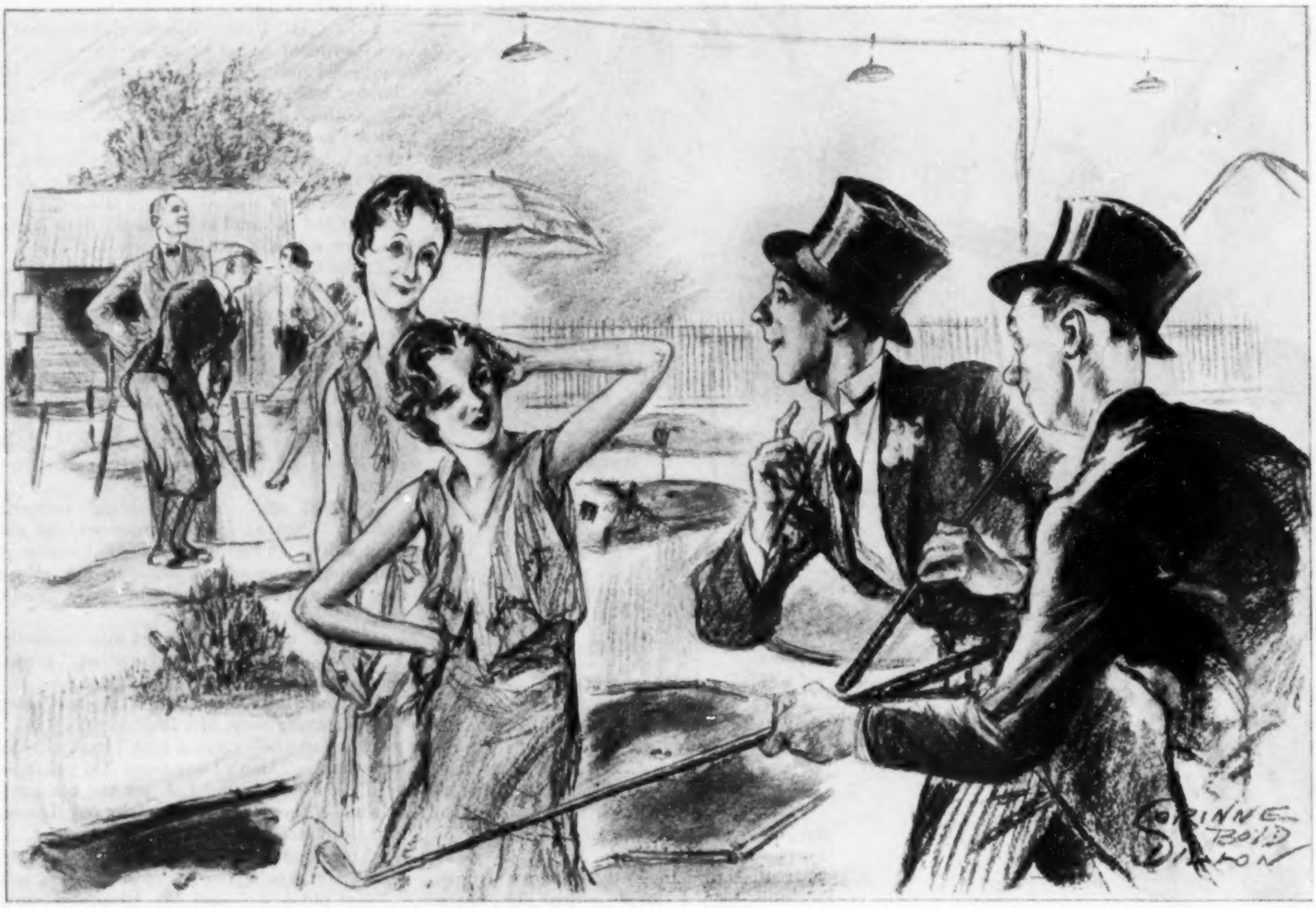
"He got out of the cab right after you did, and after standin' around for a minute he gets talkin' to the driver an' then he gets back in the cab an' they drive off."

"You hear what they said?"

The face came closer. The husky voice dropped to a more intimate pitch. "Sure I did, mister. The driver was tellin' the little guy about a swell place that he knew up on Fifty-seventh Street. Music an' a little something to drink." An eye closed. "You know, mister."

(Continued on Page 82)

The Gangster's Sweetheart



"Good Evening," I Said Politely, as Wilmot Fumbled With His Mental Gears. "Do You Play This Game of Peewee, or Atomic Golf?"

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY CORINNE BOYD DILLON

EVERYONE said it was a lovely wedding. Those present were smartly dressed in afternoon frocks, swallow-tail coats, silk hats and spats, and one was conscious of participating in a ceremony of class and distinction. Colored candles burned, and there was a wealth of damask napery. It was quite impressive, yet the event was spoiled for me by the presence of Alfred Crowder. I do not like tripe à la Creole, and I do not like Alfred Crowder. Wilmot despises him, and I suppose there must be in the world three or four hundred people who look upset at the mere mention of his name. Yet there he was, chatting with the invited guests, behaving as if he were a guest himself, which he was not, as nobody would invite Alfred Crowder to attend anything. He probably wormed in through a window, disguised as a man about to repair the lamp shades.

"Alfred Crowder is here," I announced to Wilmot, who, after a fashion, was attending the wedding with me. Wilmot and I generally attend functions together.

"As if I didn't know it," he replied sulkily.

"You better move farther away from that little pool," I advised. "You're entirely too near the water."

"How would it be if you attended to your own affairs for the rest of the afternoon?" he inquired unpleasantly.

He was perched precariously upon the stone rim of a small hotel pool, or fountain, with his feet drooping inside, and on ordinary hotel days the house detective would have made short work of him, but as the hostelry was completely given over to the wedding, Wilmot was undisturbed. He remained, with his feet dangling, one toe just touching the pool. Without further comment I left him and returned to the Pink Room, which was devoted to the punch bowl. There was no need to add further wedding punch to Wilmot's cargo, as he was already in a bright pink condition and moved in long, regular circles.

The punch was amazing and perfect, and tasted like nothing under the sun of heaven. It seethed in a cut-glass bowl one size smaller than a dry dock, and was composed of peaches, pineapples, apricots, mint leaves and other solids, which had been cunningly liquefied by a famous liquefier. The result was impressive, and after three visits to the Pink Room, spots began to gather before the eye, the temperature increased and Democrats hurried away to vote the Republican ticket. There was a small group jostling politely to remain near the bowl, and, sure enough, there was Alfred Crowder. He immediately buttonholed me and put on the sickly smile that so annoys people. He is a pale fellow with a movie mustache.

"You don't like me, do you, Mr. Hogue?" he asked, beaming at me over his glass.

"I do not. I never liked you and I wish you would go away."

"I have never done anything to you, Mr. Hogue," he said reasonably. "Why do you dislike me?"

"Probably because you breathe through your teeth," I replied. "Others may dislike you for various reasons, but I presume that's mine. And now, if you will walk away and hide yourself under a plank, I shall turn to the happier things."

He buttonholed another inoffensive guest and I had in two or three tumblers of liquefied peaches, after which everything seemed better. I returned presently to see if Wilmot had fallen into the pool, which he had not. The hotel clerk and two idlers were watching him intently, making wagers on whether he would or would not.

"If I were you, Wilmot," I said in a kindly tone, "I would take a walk in the hotel gardens and get the air."

"You can take a walk without being me," he said gloomily. "I didn't want to attend this wedding. I don't like weddings. What have I to live for now?"

He referred to the ceremony going on in one of the hotel rooms. Somewhere in the building Dora was being married to Freddy, and although we made courteous inquiries, we were unable to find the bride, or the groom, or the minister, or anybody connected with the actual wedding. Wilmot once imagined Dora would marry him, though nobody else thought so, least of all myself. I had a thorough understanding with Dora. She and I were to be married, and this arrangement endured until Freddy came along. Wilmot's moaning over the lost Dora was just plain silly.

"I met Alfred again," I remarked.

"And I don't want to hear any more about him," said Wilmot, rising from his stone slab and disappointing the gamblers.

"Let us take a walk in the open air," I suggested.

"What for?"

"I've had enough of this wedding."

"You haven't had hardly any of it yet. You haven't seen Dora or Freddy."

"The open air," I pleaded, "would do us a world of good. We can return later."

"Seeing we cannot locate the bride or any of the people, and as my day is spoiled anyhow, we may as well go outside," Wilmot grumbled, and I took him firmly by the arm and steered him between rows of hotel palms.

Once in the fresh air, we recovered rapidly from the faintness caused by the warm rooms, and immediately proceeded down Lexington Street, with Wilmot in a state of dejection.

"If you would keep away from girls I like," he said bitterly, "everything would be all right. Dora liked me until you poisoned her mind."

"Wilmot," I informed him, "Dora never would have married you and you can cease recriminating. She told me what she thought of you, and it is nothing for one friend to repeat to another."

In discourse we strolled down Lexington Street, refreshed by the early afternoon breeze, confident nobody would miss us during the remainder of the Dora-Freddy nuptials. At the corner of Ninth Street we paused and glanced across a wire fence, beyond which one hundred Americans were playing at peewee, or midget golf, the game everyone is wondering about. The players were gayly bedecked in blues, greens, reds and scarlets. Gentlemen moved about in the neatest of white-striped trousers, and the ladies wore golfing costumes never seen on a regular course. Old people lolled in hammocks, looking on with the fatuous smiles of old people looking on. Water cascaded over rocky glades and gurgled down a babbling brook. The place seemed to be full of pretty girls, about nineteen years old and very beautiful.

"Suppose we stroll in and rent a putter," Wilmot suggested, and as the notion appealed to me, we hurried to the entrance and purchased two tickets for our first essay at thimble, or minikin golf. At real golf Wilmot and I are both fair players.

"Seems quite interesting, doesn't it?" said Wilmot, who was commencing to see clearly out of both eyes. "We should have taken this up before, Clyde."

The name of the place was Pocahontas Gardens, and it was filled with concrete bird walks, tiles from Spanish roofs, synthetic fairways, croquet wickets, broken rocks, water sprinklers, stove pipes, iron hoops, posts, pegs, punch bowls, domes, vaults, hummocks, arches and notched boards. On the third hole was a bear's cage with a living bear, and by smearing honey on golf balls, the man had trained the bear to reach for them. Skill on this hole consisted in rushing your ball through the bear's home while he was looking away.

"Rather fascinating," said Wilmot. "When and where do we commence to play this game?"

There was instantaneous reply.

"Good evening, boys," said a voice of unutterable charm.

As these words were spoken, I turned and perceived the prettiest red-headed girl in the United States, including the islands of Java and Ceylon. Her loveliness was like that of a delicate rose opening its petals to the soft caress of a summer dawn. Very bright eyes she had, and a nose slightly *retroussé*, but not enough to annoy the most fastidious. She was unmistakably addressing us, speaking more to Wilmot than to me.

"Good evening," I said politely as Wilmot fumbled with his mental gears. "Do you play this game of peewee, or atomic golf?"

"Oh, yes indeed," she replied heartily, "and so does Norma."

I had not observed Norma until this moment, but Norma was standing at one side, wearing the quiet smile of a tall girl. Norma was six feet high and three inches thick, and I reflected it always seems so when two girls team together. If one of them is a heavenly dream, the other is invariably a cluck. Norma was a complete cluck, but amiable.

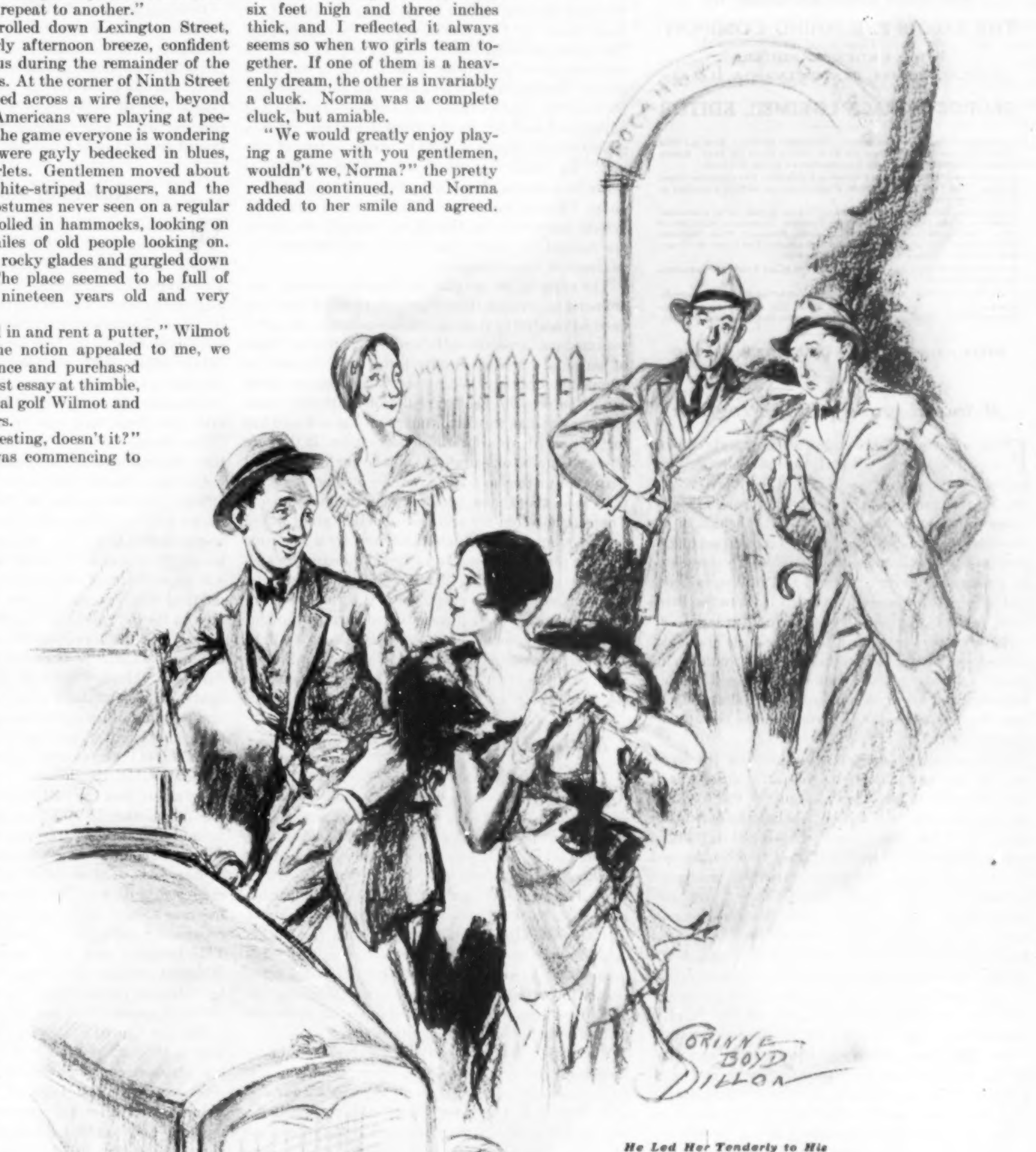
"We would greatly enjoy playing a game with you gentlemen, wouldn't we, Norma?" the pretty redhead continued, and Norma added to her smile and agreed.

Immediately we rented two more putters at thirty-five cents each, and although I never suspected it at the time, we were falling into the clutches of a recent peewee device, or stratagem. Some pin-money golf courses now hire pretty girls to lure trade. Later on we learned that Pocahontas Gardens paid Norma and the redhead a small salary to encourage backward young men to putt. When I returned with the putters, I handed one to the brick-top beauty and prepared to be her partner, but, as usual, Wilmot was out in front.

"Miss Cox and I," he declared brightly, "will play you and Norma."

"Then I am playing with Norma!" I exclaimed, peering up at her. "It is a strange thing, but when you are around, I am always playing with the Normas of this world."

(Continued on Page 50)



He Led Her Tenderly to His Automobile and Handed Her Into the Seat

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1930

A Sound Immigration Program

FOR some months a committee of experts consisting of such men as Mr. Madison Grant, Prof. Robert DeC. Ward, of Harvard University, and Dr. H. H. Laughlin, whose research work is everywhere known, has been engaged in behalf of the American Eugenics Society in the preparation of a report on selective immigration which will be presented as a program for this learned and influential body and will, in turn, be recommended by it to the President, to the Congress and to the people at large.

As this report is still in a tentative state and is still subject to alterations of phraseology, it would be improper to make textual quotations from it, but its main features are of such importance and are so near their final form that it is permissible to restate and discuss them.

The committee comes out squarely for the retention of the national-origins basis for immigration now in force. After a careful study of the workings of this plan, the committee reaches the conclusion that this is the most scientific basis yet devised, as well as the soundest and the fairest to all concerned. It is the one system which preserves from generation to generation the relative proportions of our racial composition. It not only gives suitable predominance to the older strains but allows full and fair representation to the newer ones. Its whole tendency is to check any sudden or violent change of racial values.

The experts favor the extension of the quota system now in force to the countries of the Western Hemisphere. The advisability of this step has for some time been becoming increasingly apparent. Public opinion has been growing more and more habituated to the idea and there is every indication that, sooner or later, it must come—the sooner the better, if we are really in earnest about the effective enforcement of our present immigration laws. Similar comment applies with equal force to the committee's demand for an adequate border patrol and for sufficient appropriations to effect the deportation of deportable aliens. Our laxity in these matters, and our long-continued shirking of the responsibilities they entail, not only derogate from our national dignity and lower our level of racial values but run up contingent liabilities for the care of the shiftless, diseased and criminal-alien element to a figure which cannot be even estimated with anything approaching accuracy. On the other hand, we know that every million we spend on prevention will eventually save us ten millions on the upkeep of local police forces, courts, prisons and other governmental mechanisms which we must maintain to cope with the unsocial and the unfit.

We note with peculiar interest the recommendation of the committee that a system be set up for the registration of resident aliens. In the past we have managed to get along without it, but we have managed so badly that there is a growing feeling that if we must cope on our own soil with large European-born populations and are to get any useful results, we must learn by Old World experience and employ European methods. This is the only way in which we can compile a nationwide Who's Who of our alien guests, identify those who have been smuggled into the country, protect those who are here lawfully and apprehend and deport the trouble makers. It is a means which implies no real hardship or loss of dignity. In other countries personal registration is taken as a matter of course by foreigners and natives alike. Circumstances seem likely to force some such system upon us, even though our natural prejudices are against it rather than for it. Self-defense is a paramount consideration.

The experts, we are glad to observe, strongly recommend an administrative procedure which has long been advocated in these columns—namely, the overseas medical inspection of intending emigrants. Those of unsound mental or physical stock should be stopped before they start hither. By this means alone can we enforce our health regulations with maximum efficiency and at the same time treat the sick and unfortunate with appropriate consideration. If they are obviously unfit to be admitted, it is better for them and better for us to reject them in their own ports rather than to let them come here and then turn them back. There is no room for argument on this proposition.

This whole report is characterized by a scientific spirit, a temperate tone and a broad humanity which are too often lacking in the findings of zealots, amateur reformers or professional theorists. It is an admirable expression of enlightened current thought upon our immigration problem, and we hope it will be adopted without substantial alteration. We further hope that Congress will accord it the serious consideration which it merits.

Testing Unemployment Insurance

UNEMPLOYMENT insurance in the United Kingdom, of the present type, may be said to date back to 1911. It has been gradually extended in scope and expanded to include workers in many lines, not including, however, organized employes of the railways, domestic servants and workers in agriculture. The insurance has been supported by contributions from the state, the employers and the workers. The theory of the plan was that when the worker could find no work through no fault of his own—but presumably in consequence of national policies and domestic or international economic conditions—he should be temporarily supported out of an insurance fund accumulated on an actuarial basis.

Since the war the system has been gradually modified, under pressure of postwar economic disturbances. These modifications were to a considerable extent in the direction of departure from a responsible actuarial basis. Especially the legislation of recent years has had the result of extending the outlays without proper regard for the income. The Unemployment Fund is now more than two hundred million dollars in debt, and the prospective annual expenditure from the fund is in excess of the income by a hundred million dollars. Thus, on an actuarial basis, the fund is insolvent, the plan is bankrupt.

Since the war, the dole has been added—a direct payment by the state outside of insurance against unemployment. The dole has run into huge figures and the abuses have become notorious. But, perhaps worst of all, insurance and the dole have become intermingled, or rather confounded. Through a series of overlapping acts the dole and unemployment insurance have been brought into conjoined operation. The result naturally to have been expected has emerged—the real insurance has broken down under the load. The contributing employers, workers and taxpayers now realize that unemployment insurance on a responsible actuarial basis and state relief for unemployment must be separated.

Reading between the lines of the discussions, there is little to indicate that the British have lost faith in unemployment insurance; but they have lost faith in political application and in interrelation with the dole. Europe is the testing ground of social experiments. British experiences with unemployment insurance may well become later the controlling precedent for newer countries.

Rulers of America

WIDESPREAD discussion in the public press of a list of some sixty men "who rule the United States," according to the maker of the list, has shown a welcome and wholesome understanding of American institutions. The list attracted more attention than would otherwise have been the case because the man who drew it up had himself once held a high public office. With the exception of two or three publishers and labor leaders, the list included no one but bankers, financiers and industrialists. The author said that these men rule by virtue of their ability. "They themselves are too busy to hold office, but they determine who shall hold such office."

On this ground, the author excluded all public officials, including even the President of the United States and the all-powerful members of the United States Supreme Court. He mentioned no scientist, inventor, educator or leader of thought. The result was an outburst of editorial criticism. An intelligent political observer pointed out that only one or two men on the list had had any influence—and that only slightly—in the appointment of any cabinet member or Supreme Court justice under the last three administrations. Most of those on the list are opposed, no doubt, to a graduated inheritance and income tax and to many other measures and policies now firmly embedded in government policy and practice. By no means all of them favored the nomination or even the election of Mr. Hoover.

To assert that the real rulers of America are to be found only among bankers and captains of industry is indeed grotesque. The measures and policies by which the country proceeds are derived from a clash of interests—that is, from compromise. No single interest has its way. The farmers, wage earners and business men all have something to say. The church groups and the women's groups are powerful factors. This industry and that insist upon being heard. Different sections of the country and different states have diverse purposes and interests, and the balance between country and city must be kept in mind.

No, the United States is ruled in no such simple way as by sixty or seventy or any other fixed number of prominent individuals. It is ruled by the process of give and take, of concession and compromise, of advance and retreat of a thousand and one intricate and conflicting groups, interests, localities and sections. Finally and above all, there bears upon this process the whole state of science, of education and of thought itself. It is well to have lists of rulers presented now and then, just so that their inadequacy may become plain.

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE

By Margaret Culkin Banning

RECENTLY a group of people in a Spartan mood of truth were being frank about the things they most desired. In the course of the discussion someone asked one of the company—a rich, attractive, quite deliberately unmarried young woman whose life had been marked by successful enterprise and experiment—what she wanted more than anything else. Her surprising answer was "security."

Everyone laughed. But she stuck to her story. That, she insisted, was what she hoped for. And I am inclined to believe that she meant what she said. For her answer does not stand alone. Not long afterward I was talking to another woman of less than thirty about what she hoped might lie stored in the future for her. She is the kind of young matron whom most others would like to resemble, which is to say that she is beautiful and has a faithful husband, normal children, plenty of money, and a life bright with color and gayety and admiration. But it was strange to hear her say exactly the same thing that the unmarried woman had, even using the identical word—"security."

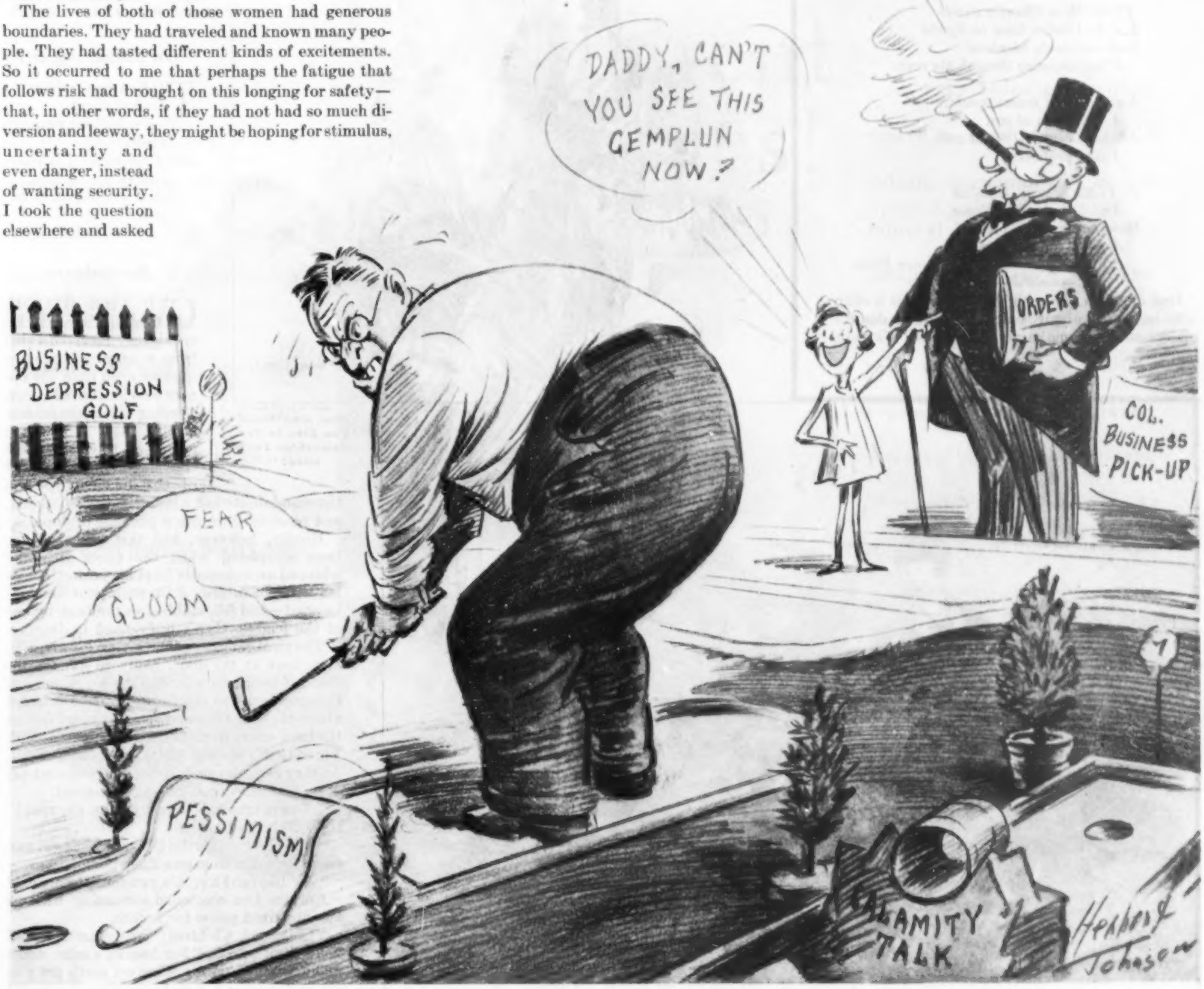
The lives of both of those women had generous boundaries. They had traveled and known many people. They had tasted different kinds of excitements. So it occurred to me that perhaps the fatigue that follows risk had brought on this longing for safety—that, in other words, if they had not had so much diversion and leeway, they might be hoping for stimulus, uncertainty and even danger, instead of wanting security. I took the question elsewhere and asked a pretty hairdresser, who spends eight or nine hours a day pressing waves into women's hair with her firm sculptor's fingers, what she wanted of the future. She has worked since she was fifteen years old and still has the face of a lovely child, though at only a little more than twenty she has a husband and a son, and knows in simpler terms many of the things that Count Keyserling expounds with so much wisdom.

She thought about it, repeating the question with interest, and finally said, "Well, I'd like to get to a point where I could have some peace of mind. You know what I mean. I'd like to be sure of things."

By themselves, these answers are not important. But they are not by themselves. They are sample hopes, drawn at random from the crowd, symptoms of a rather general state of mind. Never have people shown such eagerness to provide for the future, to lay by something, to gamble successfully on what may happen next.

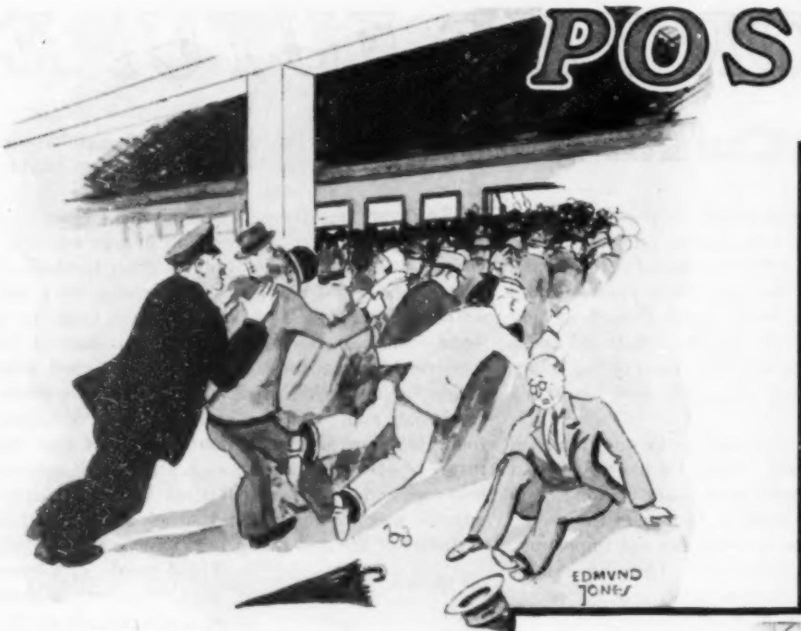
The future has always been the great chance, of course; the primary source of all human curiosity. Oracles and the thousand and one other methods of divination—by a cock picking up grains, by a balanced sieve, by pebbles drawn from a heap, by a wand—were all attempts to force the door of tomorrow. It was done by guesswork tipped with magic for centuries, until, in Christian countries, revelation and prophecy and trust in Providence took the place of superstition. The belief that the future of each individual was guarded with meticulous care and given personal attention by the supernatural was comforting and satisfying. But then statistics of life and death began to be formulated. The hazards of chance were subjected to close and closer analysis.

(Continued on Page 113)



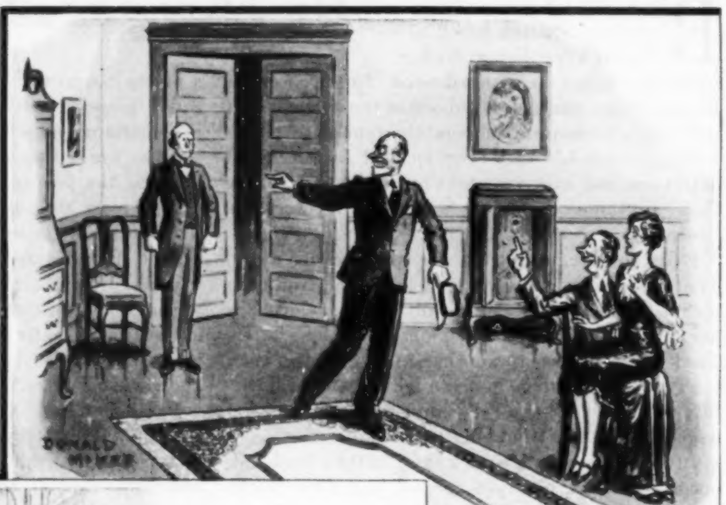
DON'T LET IT GET YOU

POST SCRIPTS



DRAWN BY EDMUND JONES

He Didn't Know it Was Loaded



DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Husband (Entering): "Coffee and Pistols for Two, James!" Culprit: "Make Mine a Small Black With Swiss on Rye!"

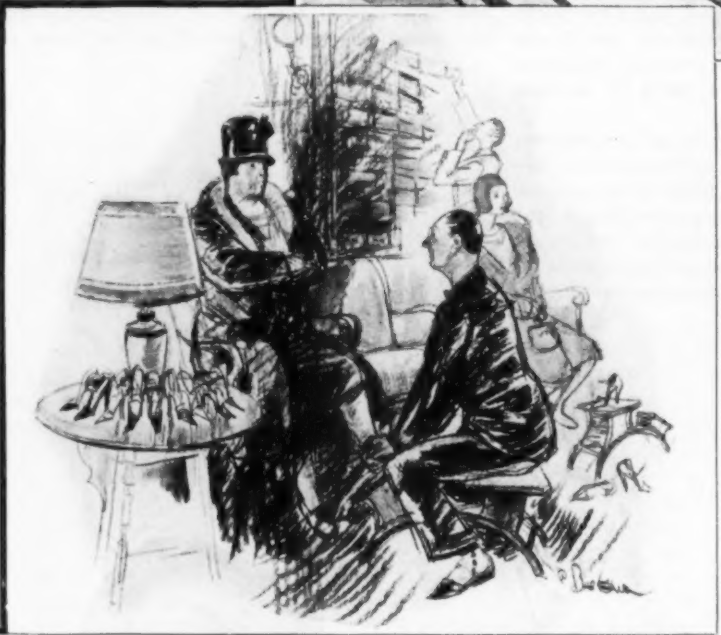
Why Travel?

LADIES in Clovelly streets
And ladies loose in Spain
Look nervously identical
When stepping through the rain.

A sailor on a private yacht,
A fisherman at sea,
Are both superbly fluent with
A rich profanity.

And little boys in Halifax,
And little boys in Rome,
Have just as dirty faces
As little boys at home!
—Patience Eden.

One definition of a highbrow author is a chap who can write about something that he doesn't understand, and make you think that it's your fault.



DRAWN BY PERRY BARLOW

"Now, How Would You Like to See Something Sensible?"

On Swearing Off

THE average smoker finds it rough
To live without tobacco's cheer,
But I am made of sterner stuff—
I quit a dozen times a year.
—Joseph Anthony.

Racketeers

GYP THE BLOOD, tending bar in his speak-easy, received a visit from a queer customer—queerer even than the human wrecks littered about, sleeping off their poison-alcohol jags. The queer customer, after some low conversation at the corner of the bar, slipped a thousand-dollar bill, a grand, into Gyp's hand, and received in return a package of dope.

Hardly, however, had this evil exchange been completed when the queer customer whipped an automatic from his pocket, covering Gyp the Blood. "Up with your hands!" he cried—and fell, stabbed in the back by one of the loafers, Gyp's bodyguard in disguise.

The rival gangsters, Three-Gun Pete and his men, were at the door, ready to avenge the death of their comrade. The shrill screaming of Cocaine Lou, the chief's moll, could be heard above the din. Gyp and his bodyguard fled up the back stairs to their attic stronghold, with Three-Gun Pete and his rats in close pursuit. As they came leaping up the stairs the rat-tat of an ambushed machine gun rang out.

"You're croaked! I put you on the spot!" cried Gyp the Blood.

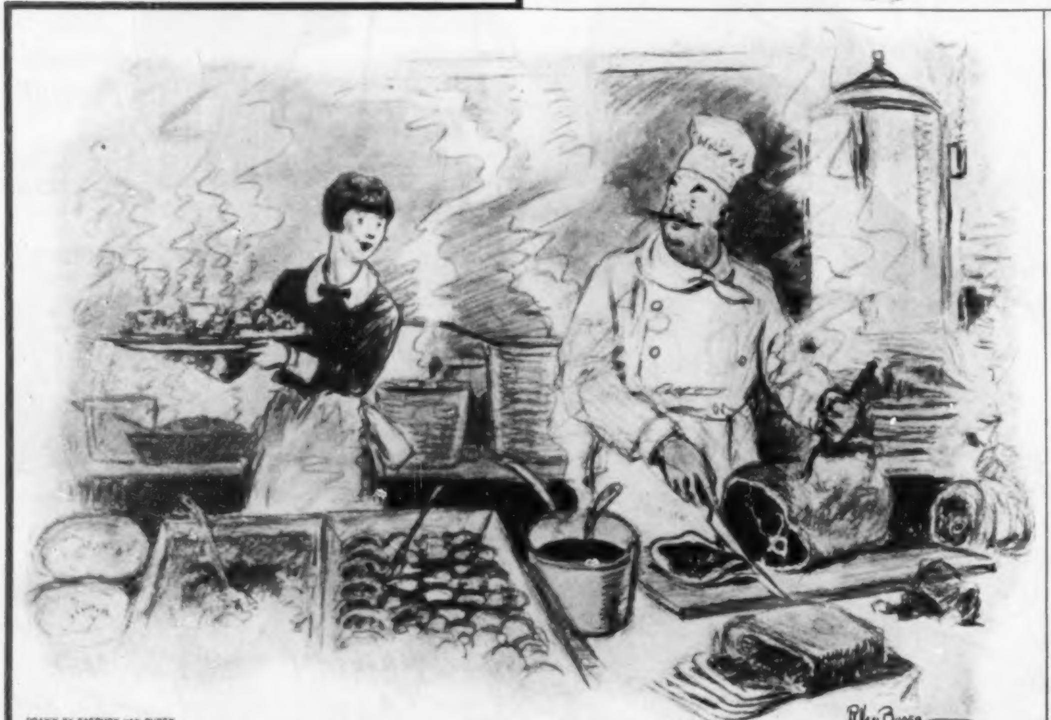
"Aw, like fun you did! You haven't got any place for a machine gun there!"

"Aw, like fun I haven't, you cheap hijacker!"

Cocaine Lou continued screaming, without any apparent pause for breath.

"Children! Children!" came an irritated voice from below. "For heaven's sake, don't make so much noise! What on earth are you playing anyway? Knights of King Arthur?"

—MORRIS BISHOP.



DRAWN BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Don't Forget, Henri, You Promised to Take Me Out for Supper Tonight"

Campbell's
CONDENSED
VEGETABLE
SOUP

A remarkably healthful soup with its 15 different vegetables!

This is the day of vegetables! Never before have they been so appreciated at their full worth. It is now known that they are indispensable for a well-rounded, completely healthful diet . . . So it's no wonder that the popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup has become so enormous. It is America's great family soup . . . the most popular hearty soup in all the world. And how good it tastes!

As vegetables are usually cooked in the home kitchen, a valuable portion of the precious mineral salts is lost in the cooking water which is thrown away. In soup, however, these salts are retained . . . And the vegetable goodness is remarkably abundant in Campbell's Vegetable Soup because it contains 15 different vegetables . . . a meal! . . . One of Campbell's famous 21 soups . . . 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

I'm the best little doctor
You ever did know
For I always give Campbell's,
With its health and its glow!

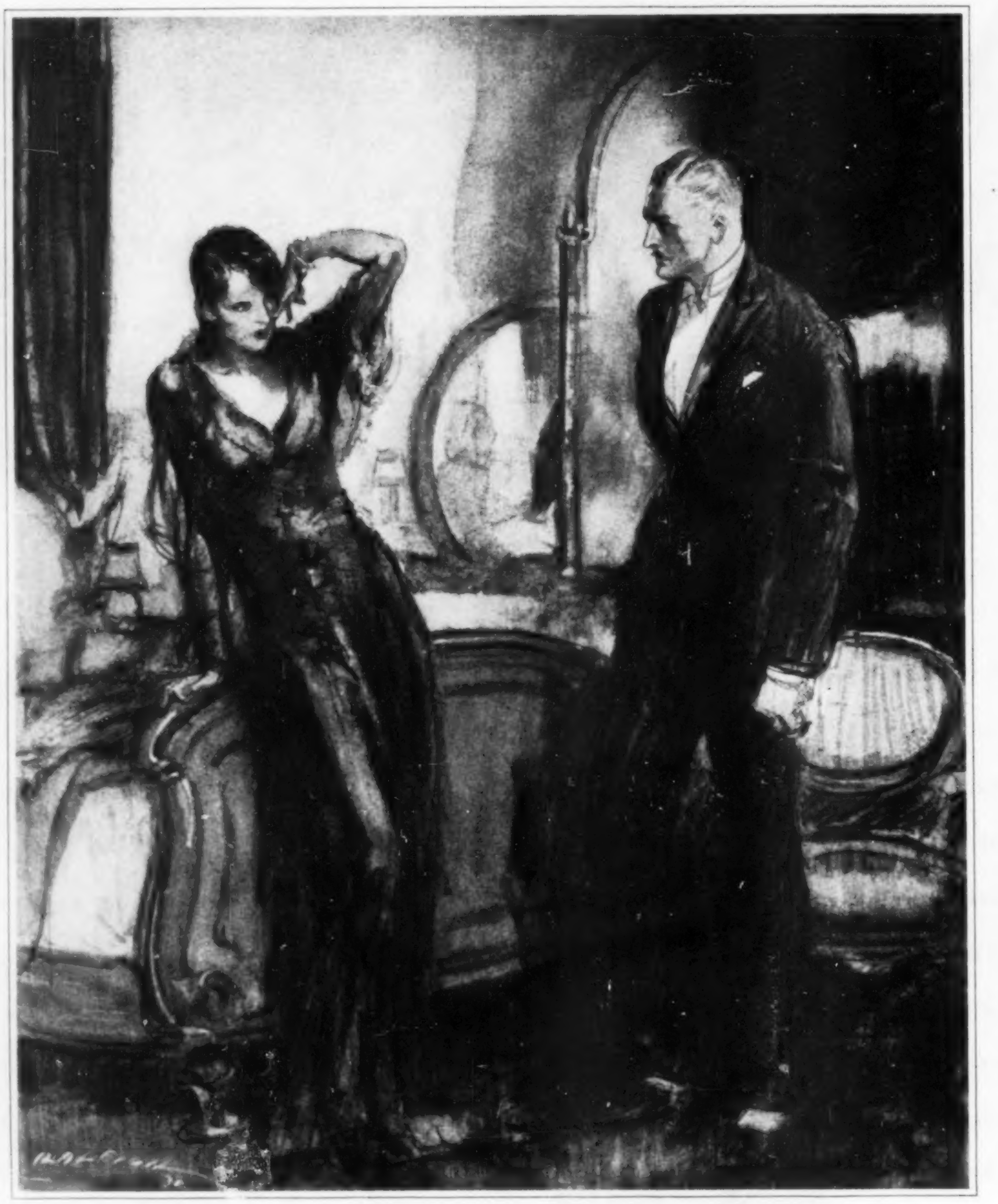
MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

LIFE SENTENCE

By REBECCA WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

II



"I'm Asking You if it's True What You Said Then, That You Want to Divorce Me"

SOME weeks later, as Corrie sat alone at the dinner table, he reflected that this business of the sick child joining its parents' hands over the sick bed was all bunk. That afternoon he had gone down to the station to see Diana and her mother off to the shore, and the thought of the cold cheek Josephine had turned to him made him mix himself a very stiff highball. For months now all he had seen of his wife was her profile. Barely had he seen more than the tip of her nose and the point of her chin when she had told him that she was sending the boys to stay with their cousin while she was away, and had hinted by an acid arrangement of the overtones that only thus could she be certain they were in trustworthy hands. After she said that, he would have given something to be one of his Bohunk hands who, when they were displeased with their wives, beat them. A shudder of hatred ran through him at the recollection, and left him cold and dispirited. The furniture gleamed through the gathering dusk at him with whitish high lights, and he could not turn on the lamps because he had looked at himself in the mirror before he came down to dinner, and had seen that his face was more haggard and enraged than he cared the waitress should see. The famous view of the plains framed within the widest windows was covered now by creeping mists. Everything was cheerless, and made no promise of anything different. He pushed away his plate, since he found difficulty in swallowing, and drank some more Scotch.

Instances of Josephine's unfairness crowded into his mind. He recapitulated the most flagrant examples with full details, as he had done often enough lately when he woke up in the early hours of the morning. Shaking all over, he said: "Why do I stand it? I'm a fool, that's why. I'm just a fool. But a man can always quit being a fool. And that's what I'm going to do."

He set himself to consider what exactly was to be done. With a glow of exaltation he told himself that he must do nothing that would hurt Josie. He must get clear, of course, but he hoped he was man enough to say that he would not help himself to what he wanted at the expense of a woman—particularly when she was such a lovely person as his wife. His warm and luminous thoughts were for some reason not easy to compress into any definite mold of intention at the moment, but he knew that he meant to behave with the utmost generosity, and felt confident that the parting would flower into a beautiful display of tenderness.

After all, their lives had not been destitute of beauty, even in those passages which to the outsider—whose opinion he suddenly violently resented—might seem most ugly. There was that time, to take just one case, when she had turned on him in the corridor after they had stood by Diana's bedside. People who did not know Josie might call her down for that, but if one understood the way her mind worked it was just pretty and appealing. What she had said just before she ran away couldn't have meant that if it had been left to him she wouldn't have had children, for she had been the acknowledged belle of the town and could have married anybody she liked. It must have meant that if it had been left to him she wouldn't have had any children that were like him, and the implication was that that was the sort she much preferred to have. He began to laugh uproariously. It was so like a woman, he thought, to hate a man because one loved him so much that one couldn't bear to think of having children by anybody else. As corroboration of his theory he remembered the languorous satisfaction in her voice as she said of her daughter, "How blond she is!" and the slow slide of her finger tips over his hair. He longed for the moment to come back so that he could put up his hands and catch hold of her fingers and kiss them before she hardened that movement into something hateful and repelling.

A mellow regret suffused him at the reflection that nothing was less possible, but resolved to tell Josie all about it next time they met.

But then Corrie made a great discovery. This was not surprising, for his mind had become very clear. It felt as if he had in his head a great glittering ice palace like the ones they have in Canada, with thoughts dashing about as quickly and smoothly as if they wore skates. He said loudly and wisely, "No!" and sat shaking his head doggedly and bravely, as men do when they are sturdy enough to face a disagreeable reality. It would be impossible for him to tell Josie about it next time they met, for the reason that he would not be able to find the proper words.

That was what had been the matter with them all along. Things kept on happening to them that they could not describe. He had not been able to tell her what he really felt that awful evening when he went along to her home and found her fixing roses on the porch.

If he could have said exactly what he meant she would never have taken it the way she did, and if she could have said right out what it did to her then she would have got it off her chest and it wouldn't have eaten her away inside like a cancer; and if he could have told her he knew quite well what was going on in her mind, the way you told people in business when a situation gets balled up, that might have soothed her.

"That's what's wrong with us!" he exclaimed, getting up and walking about the room. "We can't talk. Nobody but writers know how to put things into words, and everybody goes around stuffed up with things they want to say and can't." It seemed to him that he had put his finger on the secret of all human sorrow. He wanted to tell not only Josie but the whole world about it. After he had poured himself another highball he went out through the glass doors onto the porch, because steep steps led down from it, and the garden below fell away in a

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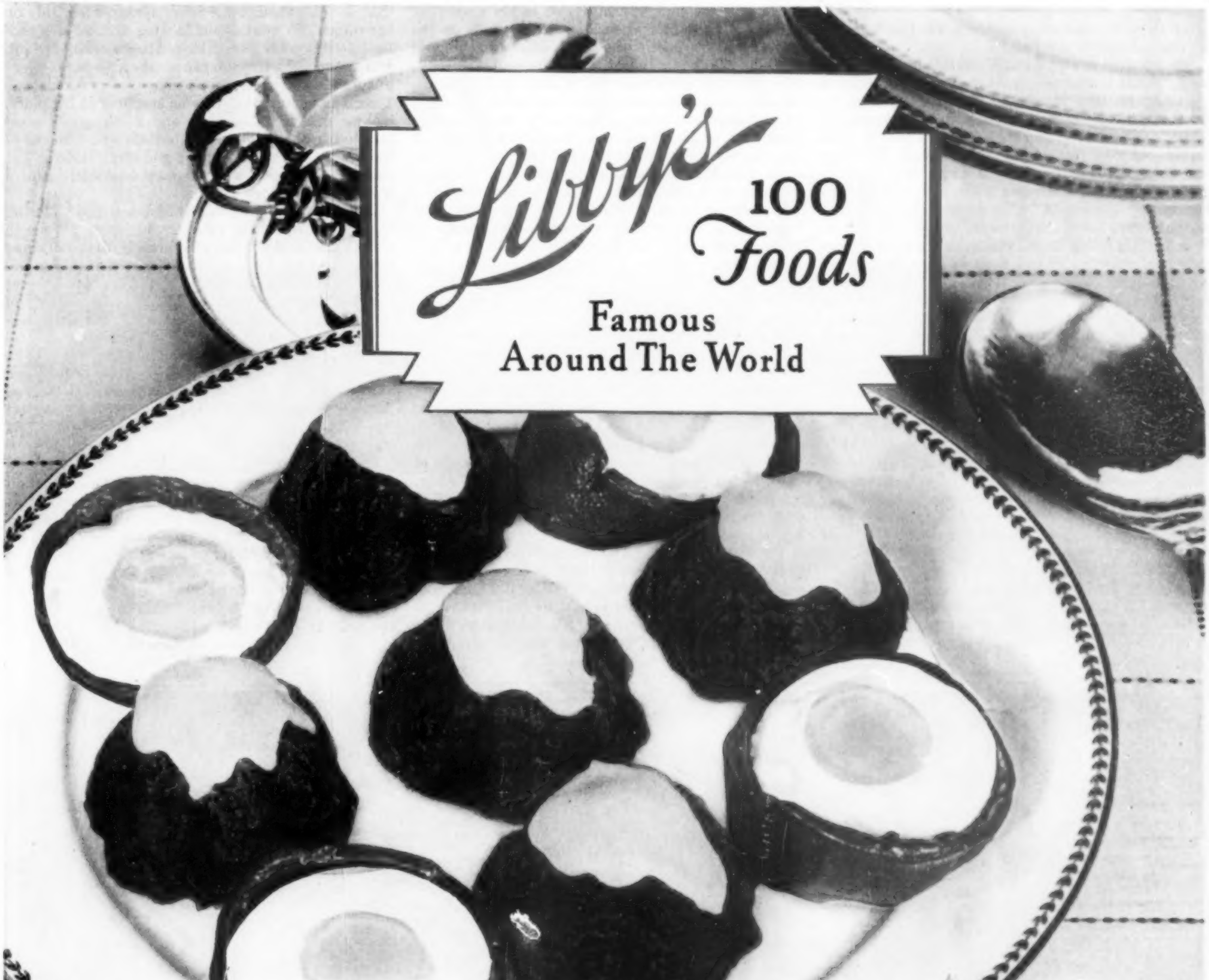

Individual molds of Libby's delicate, garden Spinach, topped with cheese sauce and served with poached eggs in pimiento cups

Libby's
California
Spinach

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Vegetables, Fruits, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF VEGETABLES

SPINACH ASPARAGUS ASPARAGUS TIPS STRINGLESS BEANS PORK AND BEANS
SWEET POTATOES CORN SAUERKRAUT SAUERKRAUT JUICE TOMATOES PUMPKIN PEAS

Tune in Tuesday and Wednesday mornings!

Laugh with Radio's greatest humorist—Carl McCullough, the Libby Grocer. Music, impersonations, stories. Broadcast every Tuesday morning over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations at 8:45 Eastern Time; and 8:45 Central Time, too. And Wednesday mornings over a coast-to-coast chain of N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 24)

steep slope, so that standing there was like being on a raised platform in a hall.

He stood there sipping and nodding into the darkness. "That is why people quarrel about nothing at parties," he told himself. "Things happen inside them that they can't talk about and they simmer and simmer and simmer, and then they get hold of some liquor and they just go full steam ahead. But they can only yap at each other the way they feel; they can't put what's troubling them into words. It's the words, the words." His personal troubles had now assumed lesser proportions, and he was able to look at them loftily as an infinitesimal part of a great universal misery. "What is to happen to a world where nobody can talk? I don't know anybody who can talk—who can put difficult things, the kind that really matter, into words. What is to happen to us all? We will go along getting balled up, and it will get worse and worse, the more that happens."

He did not entertain any serious hope that this deficiency in the human equipment could be changed, but he felt that the trouble it caused might be mitigated if everybody loved human beings the way he did at that moment, and was very kind to them. For his eyes were wet as he looked down on the black plain and watched the dazzling lights of the automobiles thread the invisible roads from Montarac; and the light-hearted sounds made by young people and phonographs and radios that came to him through the trees from his neighbors' houses seemed to him heart-rending in their irony.

"I build them automobiles, Josie plans them houses," he told himself with a lump in his throat, "but what's the use? They aren't happy, because they can't talk."

He was so completely saturated in his mood that it did not leave him when he heard footfalls on the steps up to the porch, and when, after switching on the light, he found Judy Mandeville standing there. She was now even more brilliantly colored than a canned fruit. Her evening make-up and the prospect of adventure made her as luscious as the advertisement of a canned fruit. But it was not because of that he went and stared into her face, gripping her wrist with the hand that was not holding his glass. Nor was she holding out a volume to him—for literature played its part in Judy's life, since she often borrowed a book when everybody was at home in order to return it when everybody but one was out. It was simply because he had the intention of saying to her:

"Here, you, you're as simple as can be. You're as simple as a monkey in the Zoo. You needn't try and fool me; I know all about that, and I don't care. What I'm trying to say is that I want to know if even you find it easy to put what you want to say into words. Don't you ever get all balled up because things happen to you that you can't straighten out by talking about them?"

But he found he himself could not put what he wanted to say into words, and he could not straighten out the situation by talking about it when Judy, leaving his left hand just where it was on her wrist, took the glass from his other hand and silently set her lips to it.

The next day he did what he could by getting the works manager, who was a bachelor, to come up and stay with him till his wife came back. But somehow the news got round; and indeed he found he could not get rid of her in a minute. All the time he knew that Josephine would hear of it, and he presumed that she did, though she never spoke of it. Only on her return she went about looking sick, so sick that the lipstick on her mouth looked pathetically gallant, and at times she drew in the air through her teeth as if she were too tired to breathe.

So it happened that he was standing in his office, looking out of the window and thinking, "I must talk to her about this or the bottom will drop out of the world," when she came in and said: "Corrie, I'm going to Reno next week. I want to divorce you. I want to marry Jack Lambert."

Again he was without words, and did not find them until he burst into her bedroom at eleven o'clock that night. "Did you mean it, that fool thing you said to me down at the office?" he asked.

As she cowered against the end of the bed, a velvet negligee winding round her and trailing in front of her feet in a fishtail point, she looked like a Renaissance lady fearing a Renaissance crime.

"It's no use your looking as if you were going to be murdered," he said. "You know that if there's a murder done in this house it's more likely to be you than me that does it. I'm asking you if it's true what you said then, that you want to divorce me and marry Jack Lambert?"

She answered that she did.

"That college boy who's never learned enough to put away his coonskin coat," he jeered. "It would have saved me a lot of trouble if I'd known what you wanted. You don't want a husband; you want a cheer leader. Jack Lambert will be grand at that. He'll just stand up in front of the crowd and fling himself about and get them to holler their heads off. Gee, that will be fine. You'll love that, won't you? Everybody cheering the great Josephine. But

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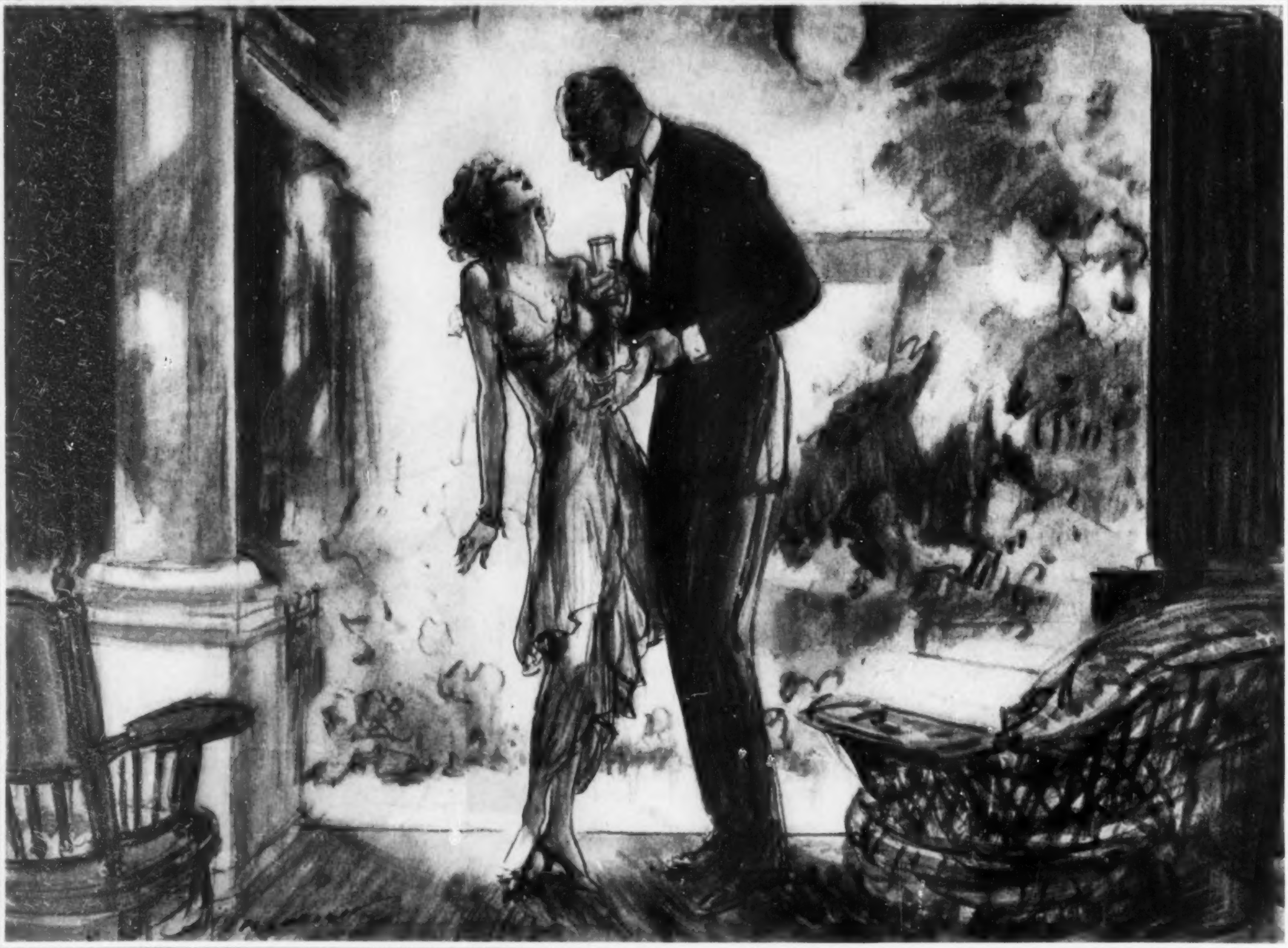
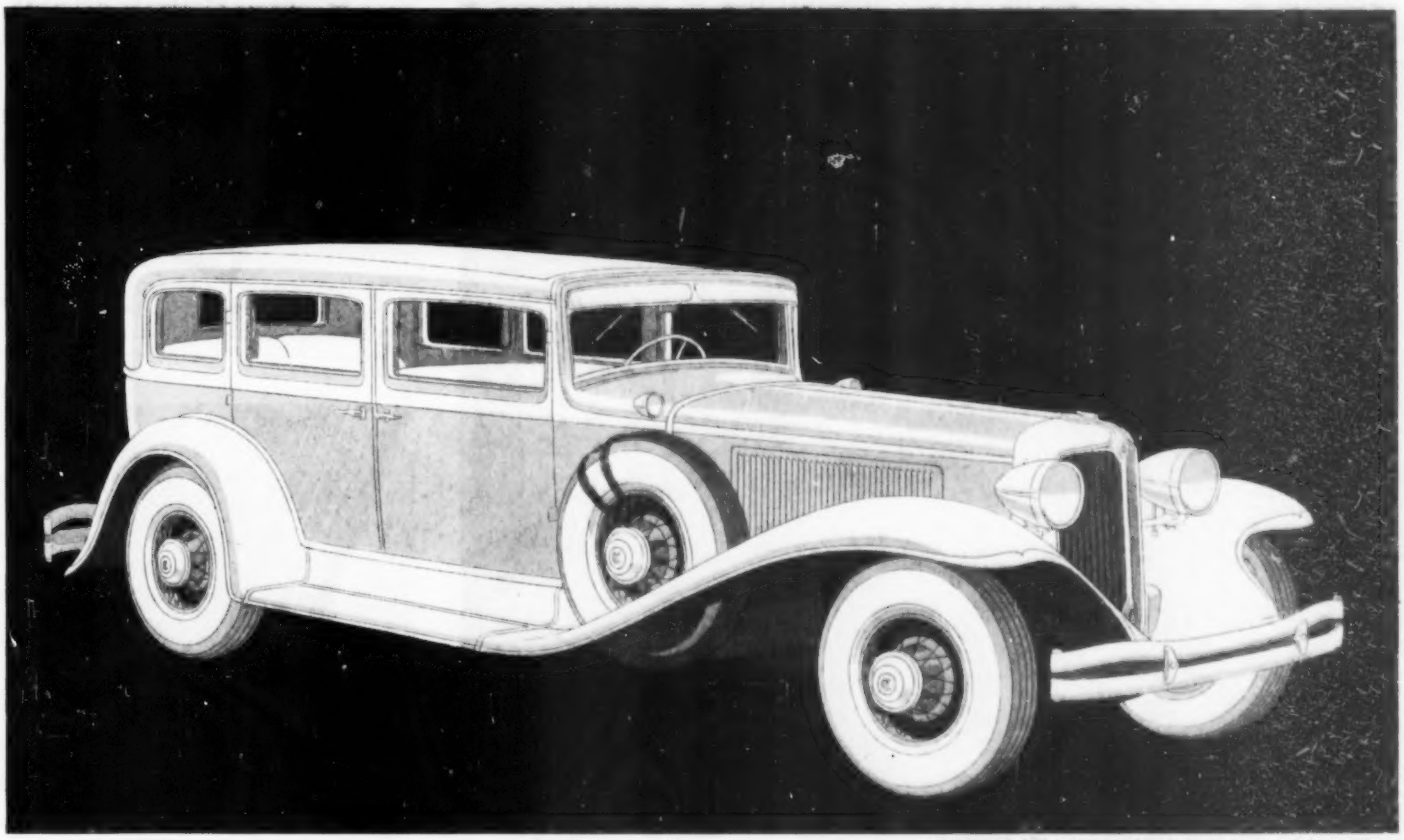


But it Was Not Because of That He Went and Stared Into Her Face

CHRYSLER

STRAIGHT EIGHTS



CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHT SEDAN, $1525, F. O. B. FACTORY

CHRYSLER'S SMARTEST STYLE—CHRYSLER'S FINEST PERFORMANCE

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*Five-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; Seven Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, trunk rack and bumpers. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

IN TWO new great Straight Eights—daringly different in smart lines and triumphant in smooth performance—Chrysler forges away ahead of all competition in eight-cylinder engine, chassis and body development.

Ingenious chassis design gives these new Eights a remarkably low center of gravity. They fairly hug the ground—with a delightful effect in style and a perfection of balance that adds immensely to riding steadiness and safety. Even sharp curves may be taken safely at high speeds.

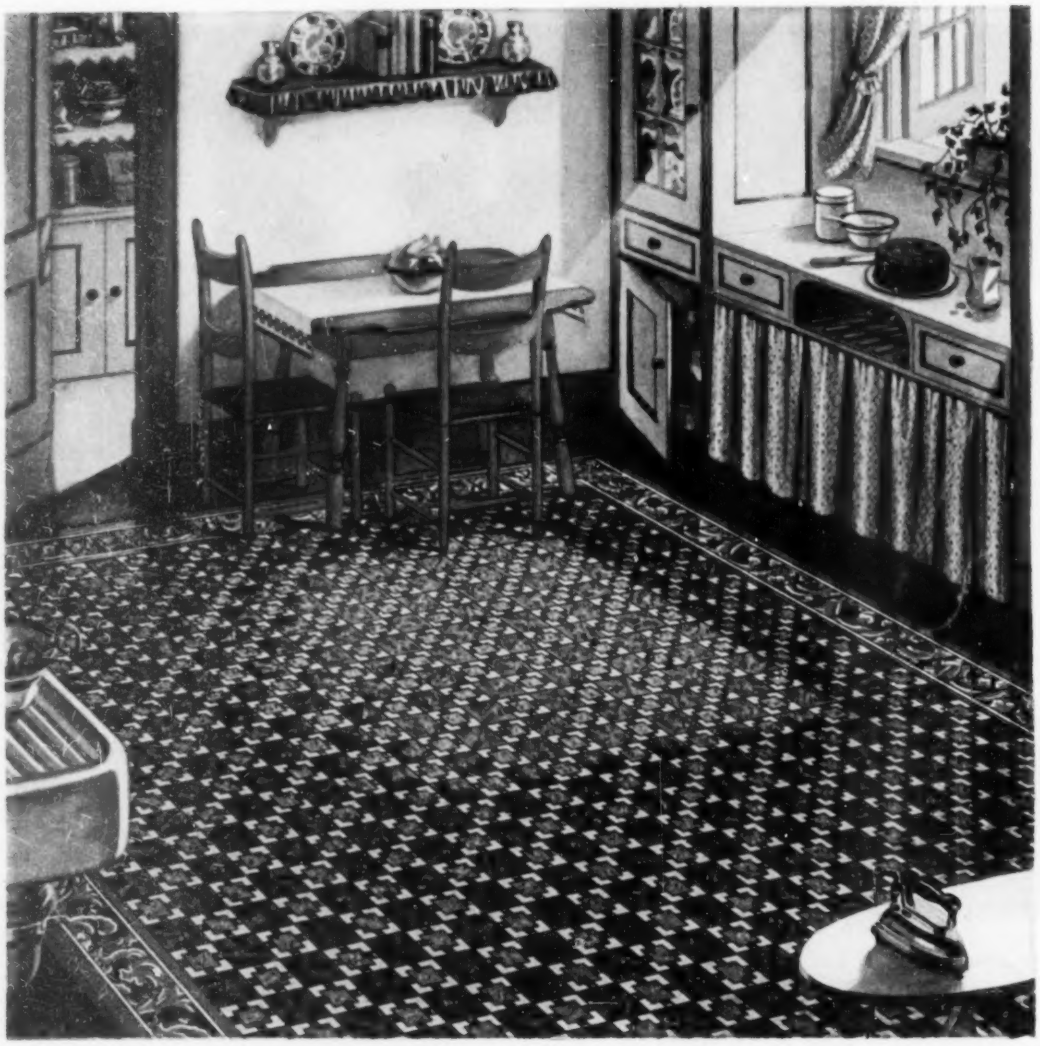
In these new Eights, Chrysler engineering has produced new smoothness at all speeds—performance that is in itself the greatest evidence of a supremely fine mechanism balanced to perfection.

Driving pleasure is enhanced by the Chrysler 4-speed transmission and quick, quiet, easy gear shift—with the great advantage of *dual high* gears, one for sprints in traffic and on the hills, and one for the open road.

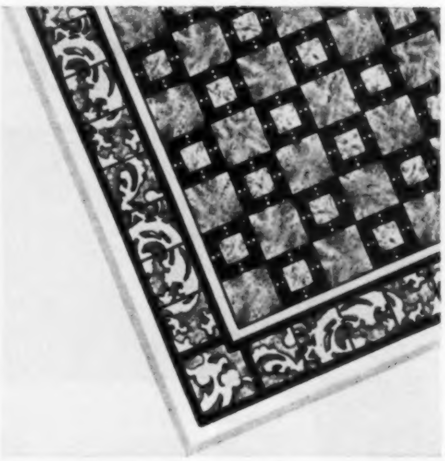
Besides all these advantages, the new Eights offer Chrysler internal hydraulic brakes that are safe and sure in all weather, unusual economy in gasoline and oil, and a new degree of strength, silence and comfort in body construction.

Driving these new Eights is an experience unlike driving any other motor car. Your nearest Chrysler dealer will gladly place one at your disposal.

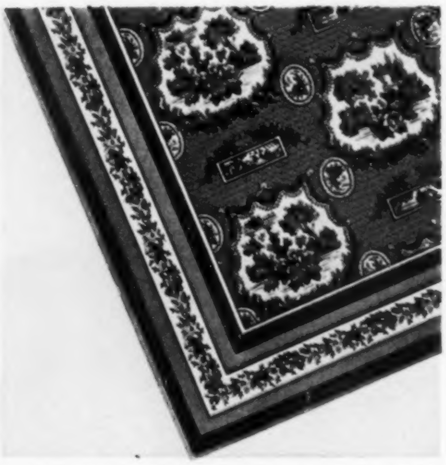
WHERE HANDSOME IS AND HANDSOME DOES



"OLYMPIA"—a classic inspiration in ivory and Aegean green marble effect with a unique and distinctive border representing the waves of the sea—obtainable only in genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. Remember the name when you buy. *Rug No. 623.*



"SPARTA"—Only in genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs can you get this unique marbleized effect in beautiful shades of blue and cream. Remember the name and see it at your dealer's. *Rug No. 624.*



"ARCADIA"—an interesting innovation in floor-covering design—as lovely as a Dresden china tea set. This pattern is offered only in genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. Ask for it by name. *Rug No. 618.*

LET'S not talk of the beauty with which the new Congoleum Rug floods your kitchen. There it is—smiling up at you—for all with eyes to see.

This is the beauty that (since Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs first were made), has caught every woman's fancy. Perhaps it makes her wonder a little, how such a rug could be made at the price. Makes her wonder still more when she finds out that beneath such beauty is long, long wear.

But there's no getting around facts. Here are lovely rugs rich in color, tasteful in design, in great variety—for her to choose from. An ease of cleaning and care impossible with old-fashioned floor-coverings. And economy in the true sense of the word—an economy based on low first cost and enduring life.

Here indeed, is handsome is *and* handsome does, which is no doubt why, wherever you go, you are very sure to see many Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs making homes pleasanter, housework lighter and pocket-books heavier.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

HEAVY WEIGHT
THIS IS A
GOLD SEAL
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RUG
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The secret of being *sure* of your biggest money's worth in labor-saving floor-coverings is to be *certain* that the Gold Seal is pasted on the pattern of the rug—or all-over floor-covering—you buy. Otherwise it cannot be the *one and only* Gold Seal Congoleum.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

I HAVE NEVER SEEN A FOOTBALL GAME—By Christian "Red" Cagle

NOT one! In the twelve years during which I have struggled into moleskins and pulled on cleats on every single Saturday of football season, I have never had the privilege of sitting in the stands and watching two teams merrily batter each other up and down a gridiron. This interesting fact has often furnished food for a great deal of thought on my part, for, as every man who has ever played the game knows, a football player has but one patron saint—Mental Attitude. And the mental attitude of the seventy or eighty thousand fans who pack a stadium to watch Alma Mater lick some worthy foe still remains an unfathomed mystery to me. It has always seemed to me that this is as important a part of the institution which we call a football game as the frame of mind in which the players happen to be. And try to convince some coach that that is of no importance!

I am naturally looking forward with great anticipation to an opportunity to watch the other fellow furnish the head to be mauled and the shins to be skinned. But, aside from that long-expected pleasure, I am intensely curious as to just what people think about; what they expect to see and what enjoyment they derive as spectators. Those of us who have never been in the position of lookers-on have only the vaguest ideas of the anticipatory thrill and excitement of a big game. We have no idea what the reaction to a forty-yard run for a score or a beautiful tackle can be to someone watching from "anywhere between the fifty-yard lines"—where someone once asked for tickets to one of the games—or what sort of talk and comment goes on up there in the terraced tiers, which have always been one vast blur to us.

Just Before the Battle

I DO not mean to imply that the crowd has no effect on us. Take an average Saturday of a big game; the squad is gathered in the dressing room, having been rushed there perhaps half an hour before without seeing anyone except a few camp followers and officials. The men are lying about on mattresses, rubbing tables or any convenient lounging place, apparently resting. Outwardly everyone is calm and rather nonchalant, but inwardly every man is helpless in the strangling grip of tense nerves and mental furor. As if in a dream, one hears the deep, muffled roar of the gathering throng, growing in volume as the time for the whistle draws nearer, and aided by the blare of the bands and waves of cheering from the rival student sections.

"All right, everybody out!" Cleats clatter and scrape across the stone floor, a few last-minute instructions from coaches, some final hurried advice from the trainer, and out we go. Jogging into the stadium, the cascaded crowd is merely a mass of bright color and indistinguishable, crashing sound. But without ever giving it a conscious thought, the player is at once swept up on a wave of some queer psychological something which seems to be in the air. Some men are more strongly affected by this than others, of course. Everyone has known of a performer in some branch or other of sport who was mediocre in practice but a star in front of an audience. Such men often are most severely criticized and are always accused of playing to the grand stand, when nine times out of ten, and more often in football than in any other game, they are merely extremely susceptible to this buoyant influence.

How the Crowd Affects the Team

ASIDE from these, there are few impressions which a player gets of the crowd. A rather strange one, which always occurred to me whenever I came on the field, was how few persons in all those thousands there were whom I could call even acquaintances, let alone friends. I have often thought that it would be great fun casually to stroll off the field and up into the stands to meet

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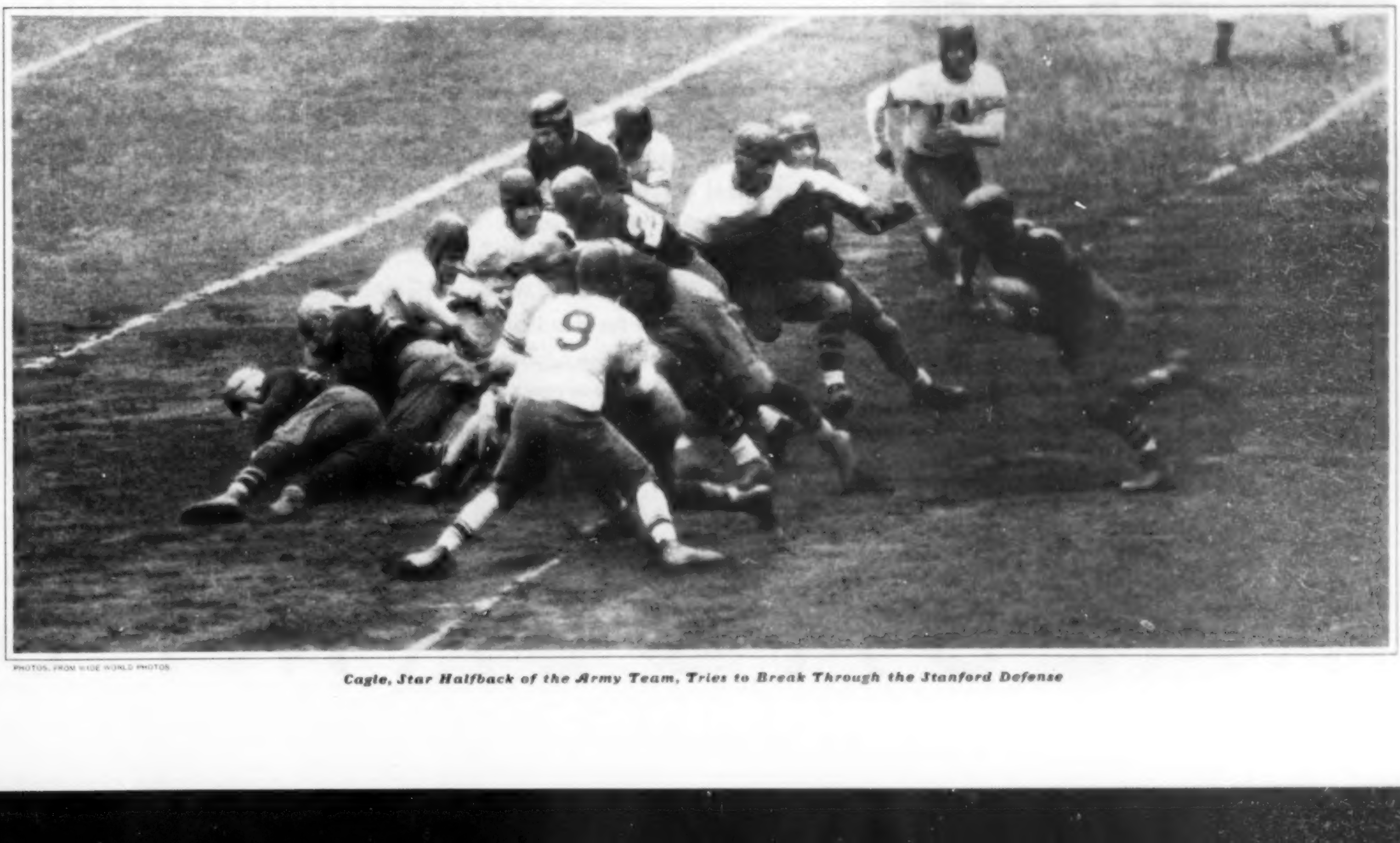
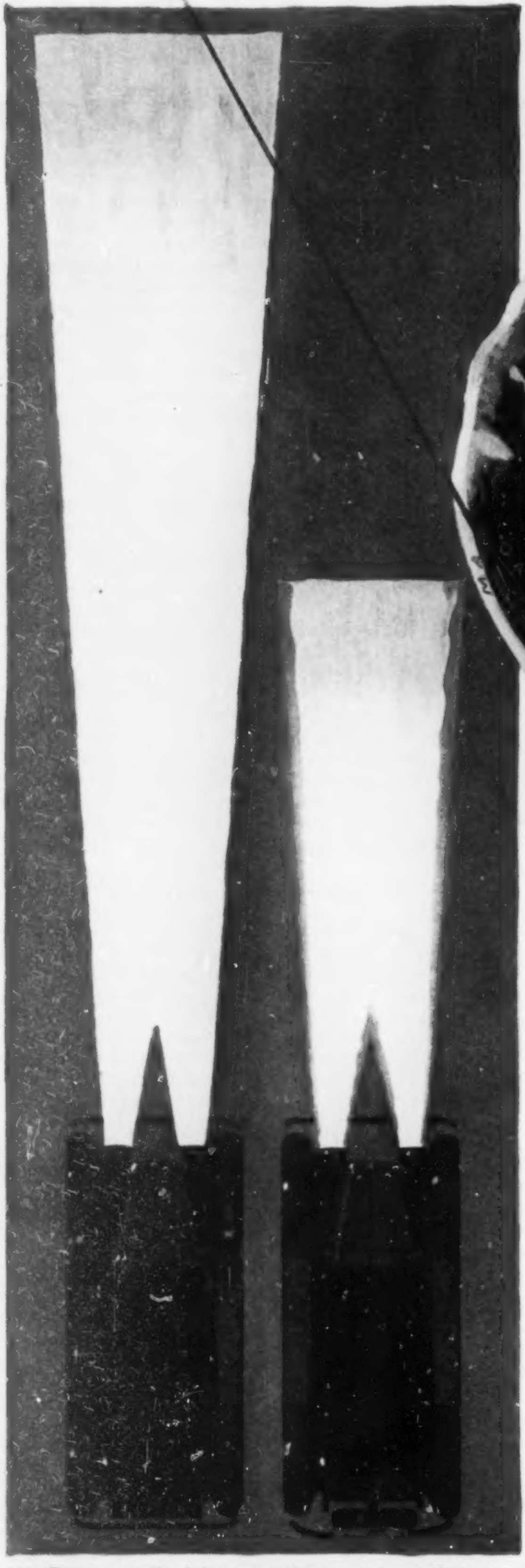
Chris Cagle, of West Point



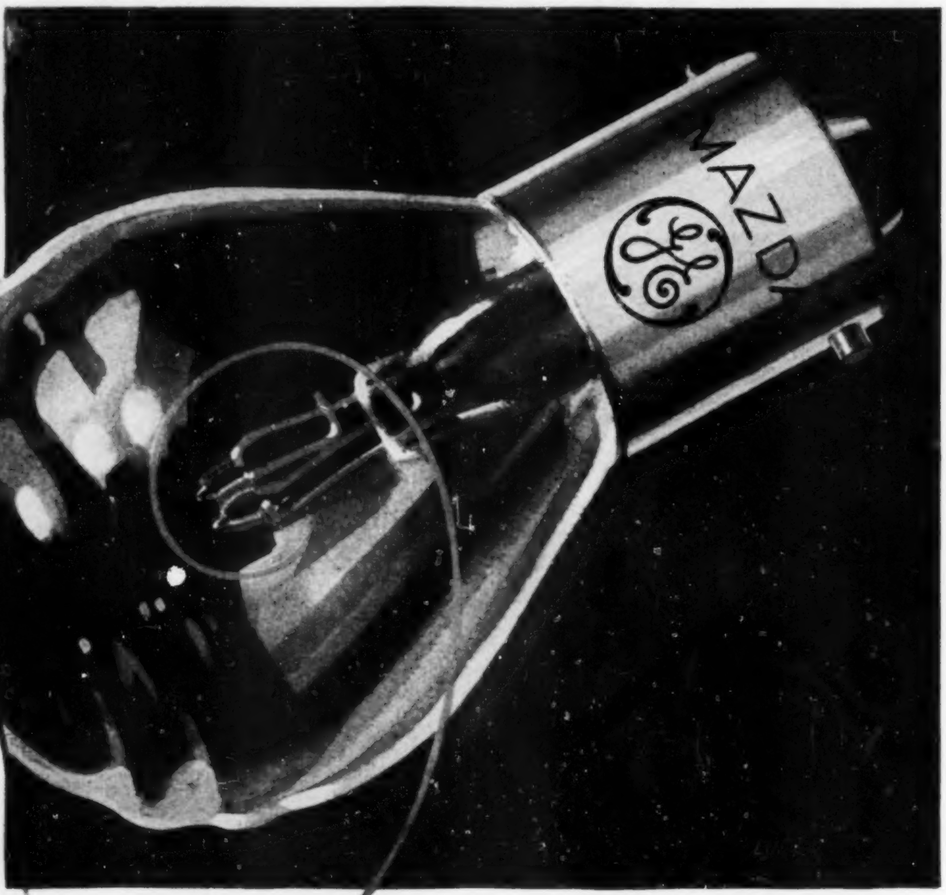
PHOTOS. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Cagle, Star Halfback of the Army Team, Tries to Break Through the Stanford Defense

▲ ▲ ▲ **MAZDA** ▲ ▲ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE



The car on the left is using the long beams of the super auto headlight lamp—MAZDA No. 1000—The car on the right is using the short beams for city driving.



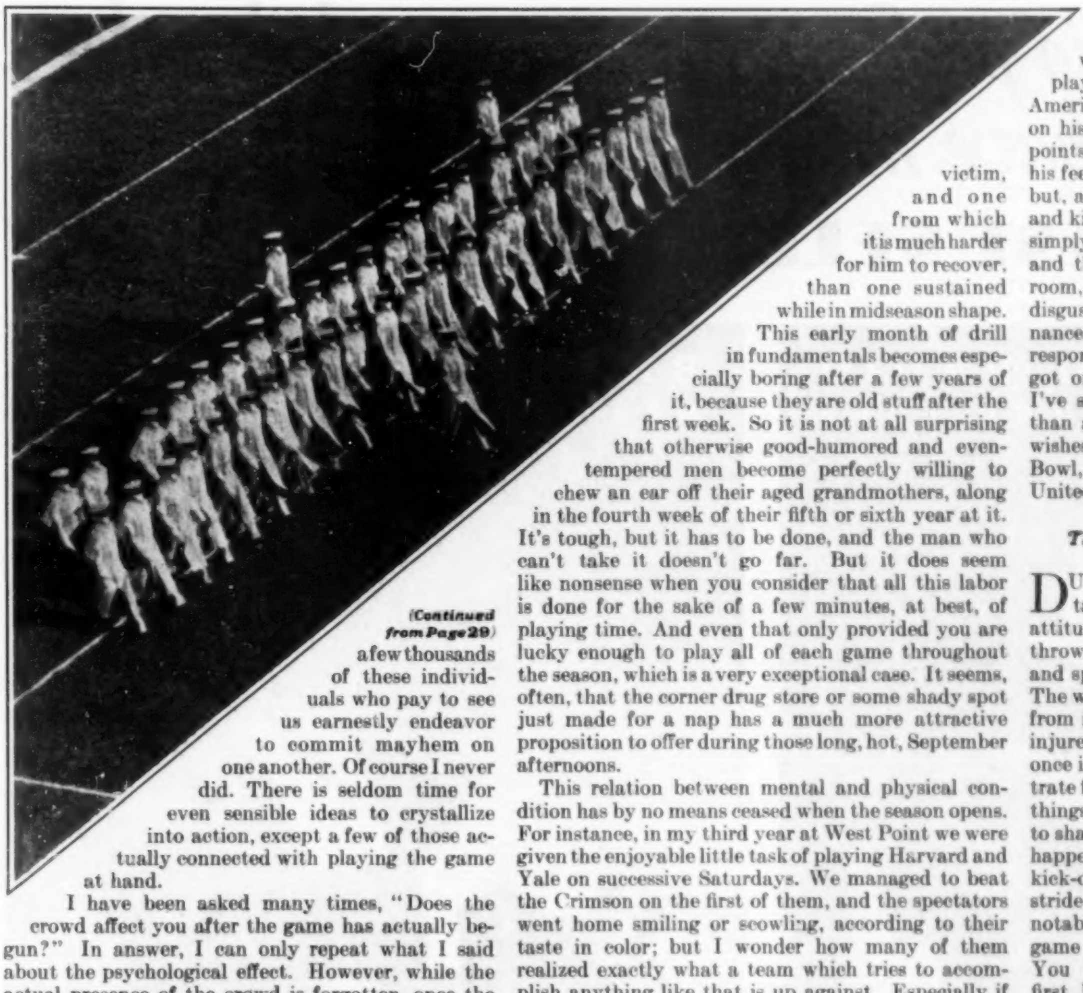
This makes the difference

The TWO 32 candlepower filaments in General Electric's new super auto lamp—MAZDA No. **1000**—will produce 50 per cent MORE light in both the long and short headlight beams of your automobile. ▲▲ Here is driving light tuned to four wheel brakes and balloon tires—to modern conceptions of *comfortable driving at night*—of *speed with safety.* ▲▲ And there are other super candlepower auto lamps to bring new and better lighting to every other socket of your car. To be sure of getting G. E. MAZDA Super Auto lamps ask for them by number. MAZDA No. **1000** for Headlights; MAZDA No. **1133** for Stoplights and Spotlights; MAZDA No. **87** for Dome and Corner Lights and MAZDA No. **81** for Dash Lights. ▲▲ Equip your car with these new super lamps today. Really enjoy this winter's driving.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS



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a few thousands of these individuals who pay to see us earnestly endeavor to commit mayhem on one another. Of course I never did. There is seldom time for even sensible ideas to crystallize into action, except a few of those actually connected with playing the game at hand.

I have been asked many times, "Does the crowd affect you after the game has actually begun?" In answer, I can only repeat what I said about the psychological effect. However, while the actual presence of the crowd is forgotten, once the whistle blows, its absence is extremely noticeable. There is something depressing about the sight of empty seats that I cannot even attempt to explain. The nervous tingle at the ends of your fingers just isn't there, that's all. But otherwise, from the time that the captains meet the officials in the opening ceremony, the flip for ball or goal line, for me the spectators simply don't exist.

Getting Into Mental Condition

THE other favorite question is, "Can you hear and understand the rooting of the student body; the familiar songs and yells?" I honestly don't know. The Corps of Cadets is the most effective rooting organization I have ever heard—and I have listened to the Navy—due to uniformity of appearance and a thousand pairs of leather lungs, and the team misses them whenever they fail to attend a game. Yet I am sure that not a player ever notices or hears them when they are in the stands. They are simply another one of those intangible assets to the old morale, but an unconscious one on the part of the beneficiary.

Which brings us back to mental attitude, the all-important. Little things, like a big crowd, or no crowd, or the mere absence of a few rooters, are pure incidentals. Mental conditioning starts the first blistering week in early September, when the first practice sessions begin, for thousands of teams all over the country. This first month of preparation for the playing season is the most monotonous, and the greatest strain upon cordial relations between members of the squad, of the entire fall. In the first place, the weather is uncomfortably warm, to say the least, and the new equipment, if a team is fortunate enough to enjoy such a luxury, is hot and scratchy and generally irritating. Bathing suits would be more suitable; but there is no help for it; the new outfits must be broken in, in order that they will afford the maximum ease of movement and protection in the actual battles to come. Also, it is essential that a man guard carefully against any possible injury before he has reached proper condition. An early injury is much more of a handicap to the victim, and one from which it is much harder for him to recover, than one sustained while in midseason shape. This early month of drill in fundamentals becomes especially boring after a few years of it, because they are old stuff after the first week. So it is not at all surprising that otherwise good-humored and even-tempered men become perfectly willing to chew an ear off their aged grandmothers, along in the fourth week of their fifth or sixth year at it. It's tough, but it has to be done, and the man who can't take it doesn't go far. But it does seem like nonsense when you consider that all this labor is done for the sake of a few minutes, at best, of playing time. And even that only provided you are lucky enough to play all of each game throughout the season, which is a very exceptional case. It seems, often, that the corner drug store or some shady spot just made for a nap has a much more attractive proposition to offer during those long, hot, September afternoons.

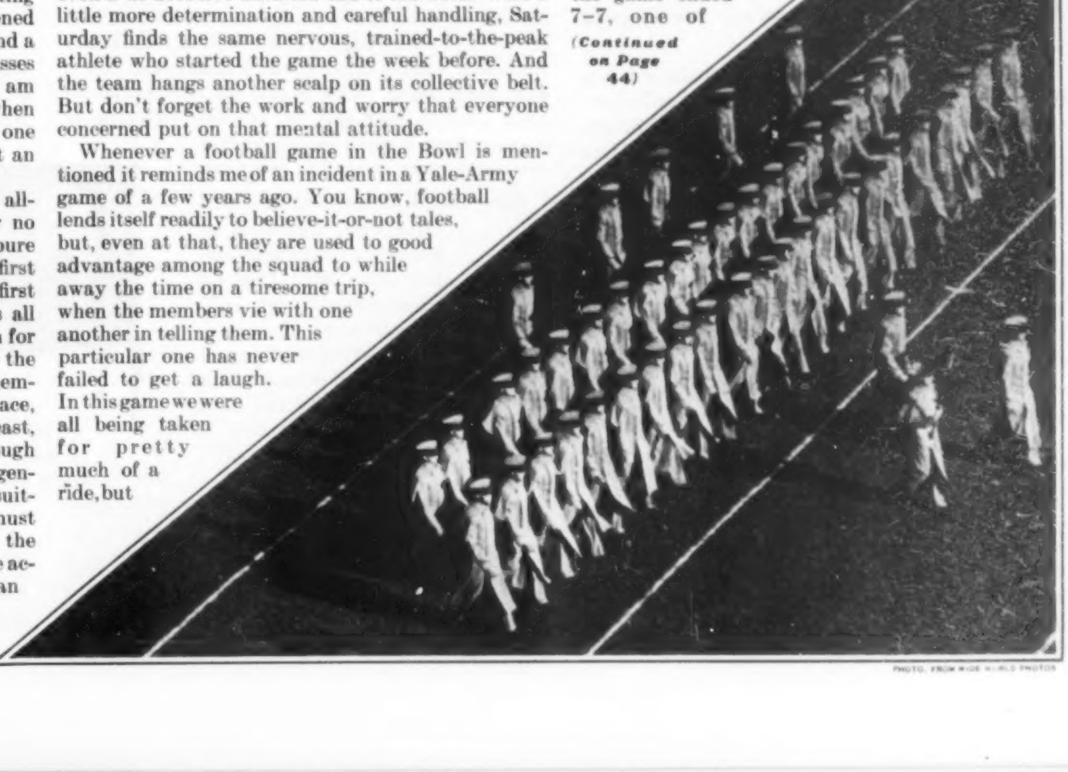
This relation between mental and physical condition has by no means ceased when the season opens. For instance, in my third year at West Point we were given the enjoyable little task of playing Harvard and Yale on successive Saturdays. We managed to beat the Crimson on the first of them, and the spectators went home smiling or scowling, according to their taste in color; but I wonder how many of them realized exactly what a team which tries to accomplish anything like that is up against. Especially if they expect to win both games—and it has been done! But consider a team in such a spot; Monday after the Harvard game little is done, thank goodness! But Yale cannot be met without hard work on new plays and special defensive tactics, so Tuesday finds the team lined up against some sort of opposition, and scrimmage goes merrily on. Bones are sore and muscles are bruised and stiff, but a few little kinks in the anatomy will iron themselves out days before a player can shake off the mental depression which the emotional strains and shocks of a big game leave behind them. Coaches and trainers sweat and strain, and by Thursday things look a little brighter; a man begins to think that he may be able to bear up even if he does live until the end of the week. With a little more determination and careful handling, Saturday finds the same nervous, trained-to-the-peak athlete who started the game the week before. And the team hangs another scalp on its collective belt. But don't forget the work and worry that everyone concerned put on that mental attitude.

Whenever a football game in the Bowl is mentioned it reminds me of an incident in a Yale-Army game of a few years ago. You know, football lends itself readily to believe-it-or-not tales, but, even at that, they are used to good advantage among the squad to while away the time on a tiresome trip, when the members vie with one another in telling them. This particular one has never failed to get a laugh. In this game we were all being taken for pretty much of a ride, but our tackles, in particular, were being moved out of, or rather under, the Eli's path with no noticeable gentleness. After one line play our two-hundred-and-twenty-pound All-American right tackle, Buster Perry, remained flat on his back with his arms and legs extended to all points of the compass. We tried to heave him up on his feet so that we could play on that half of the field, but, at first, to no avail. He could wiggle his fingers and kick his feet, but the rest of his elephantine body simply refused to respond. Finally we got him up and the game went on. Afterward, in the dressing room, someone noticed Perry staring at the floor, disgust written all over his habitually placid countenance. An attempt to cheer him up got the following response: "Yes," he growled, "it might be worse. I got one thing out of this game anyway. I'll bet I've seen the Yale Bowl from more darned angles than anyone else in the world!" So, anybody who wishes a detailed description of the famous Yale Bowl, just get in touch with Lieut. G. W. R. Perry, United States Army. He can tell you all about it.

The Worst That Can Happen to a Team

DURING the excitement of the game itself, mental poise becomes more a question of balance than attitude. Any little thing, if unexpected enough, can throw a team or an individual player off his stride and spell the difference between victory and defeat. The worst thing probably that can happen to a team, from its own standpoint, is to have its quarterback injured on the opening play. This has only happened once in my own experience, but the sight of his prostrate form on the turf was one of the most depressing things to me that I can ever remember. I was unable to shake off the feeling all afternoon. The same thing happens when the other team scores on the opening kick-off. I do not believe that a team ever hits its full stride after that. I can cite several instances, most notable of which was probably the Michigan-Illinois game in which Red Grange made his bow to fame. You remember that after he had gathered the first kick-off to his blue-clad chest and galloped eighty yards to score, he had no trouble in making three more long-distance touchdowns against the Michigan team in the next four minutes. Back in my own high-school days, we carried a squad of eighteen men. One Saturday we played a team whose material was plentiful. In fact, they had five teams running signals before the game. Well, one of the home boys took the kick-off on a ninety-yard cross-country tour, to the amazement of the opposition—as well as of his own team mates. To make a long story short, the game ended 7-7, one of

(Continued on Page 44)



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THE LARGEST SELLING RADIO TODAY

UNBALANCED RADIO
MEANS DISTORTED TONE

BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

When Henry Bove, flautist, plays for you in the Philco Symphony concerts every Tuesday over the Columbia network, a radio whose units are but partially *balanced can only bring you the distorted* approximation *pictured at the left. With Philco's* exact *balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

B*EFORE you buy any radio you are earnestly advised to find out what you are actually going to get for your money.*

This has been the crucial year for the radio industry. Only those offering *real quality* plus *real value* have received the approval—and patronage—of the American public. Most significantly, it is the year in which Philco has become the leader of the industry because its radio *performance* and *value* have been pre-eminent.

We solemnly affirm that Philco Screen Grid, with Tone-Control and Balanced Units, is MORE RADIO than you are being offered at far higher prices. In some cases, twice the money will not buy a set as selective; as powerful; as rich and true in tone; as much of a distance-getter as this one.

And Philco provides also its new miracle of the air—Philco Tone-Control, which gives you instant control of station tone through four degrees of tone quality, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" and "Deep." You bring in programs with the tone quality YOU like best and, at "Deep," interference noises are reduced if you are in a noisy neighborhood, so you can enjoy many more fine programs.

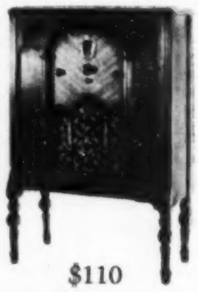
BRILLIANT
BRIGHT
MELLOW
DEEP

TONE CONTROL

And for those who want a radio which will perform beyond the need of the average owner, Philco offers Screen Grid-Plus—The Super Set, with all features *plus* Automatic Volume Control, which makes radio power even more useful. With it you not only *get* out-of-town stations, near and far, but *hold* reception at constant level without fading, so that you enjoy many more fine programs.

Every Philco Screen Grid or Screen Grid-Plus, regardless of price, has illuminated Station Recording Dial on which you can permanently log favorite stations; new, improved Electro-Dynamic Speaker and Balanced Unit construction for true, clear, undistorted tone. Each is the outstanding value of its class. You cannot buy *more* in radio, no matter how much more you are asked to pay. Priced from $49.50 (Baby Grand) to $198 (Radio-Phonograph). Concert Grand, greatest of all receivers, $350. All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current and in a Battery Set.

Ask your dealer for free demonstration today. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is obtainable through authorized dealers.



$110
less tubes
SCREEN GRID LOWBOY

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Greatest Musical Event of the Air

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and*
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

in three more Philco Radio Concerts
Sunday, Nov. 16 :: *Christmas Day*
Easter Sunday

Stokowski, outstanding genius of the conductor's baton, has created a new broadcasting method which in his words "makes the broadcast of the modern orchestra even more eloquent than the same music in the concert hall." His success in Philco Concerts has been overwhelming. Tune in for

Record-Breaking Coast-to-Coast Hook-up
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Watch radio page of your newspaper for further announcements

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Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

The Old Farm—Foreclosed

IS THERE a recipe for success, or for avoiding failure? And if there is no old Doctor Hokum's sure cure for all in dollar-and-a-half bottles, is there one simple recipe that would have prevented more cases of pernicious financial anæmia than any other?

What naturally set me to thinking about that was looking over the old farm again after an absence of ten years. I knew that the big cherry trees beside the gate which I used to climb barefooted when cherries were ripe had been cut down. They went a good while ago. So did the willows along the pasture fence that my grandfather taught me to make fine whistles of—cutting a piece the size of my finger and gently tapping the bark with the side of a jackknife until it came off in a cylinder. And the elderberry bushes by the kitchen door that he taught me to make squirt guns of, to the misery of the cat that was my usual target. I knew a tenant occupied the house—with, perhaps, a boy who slept in the low, rough-plastered room at the end of the half story that I used to occupy when I came out from town.

I was prepared for changes; yet it was sort of a shock to find that the real boss of the farm was not the tenant but the field agent of a trust company which had acquired title through foreclosure. Forty-one other farms in the southwest quarter of Michigan are under his care, he told me. Not that all had been foreclosed. More than half had come into the hands of the company as trustee under wills, or had been turned over to it in settling estates or by absentee owners. Yet it and other companies were running a lot of farms. Chain farming. Chain everything.

"How much would your company lend now on a hundred acres like this?" I asked.

He smiled at my ignorance and replied, "Not a nickel. You couldn't borrow a dollar on farm land around here except maybe from Uncle Sam, and you'd find him mighty particular."

That was a facer. My recollection of this region goes back, off and on, fifty years—disregarding childhood, when I had no interest in mortgages. During that time, up to recently, a first mortgage on a farm ranked just a little under a government bond in the estimation of conservative investors. Now this man was telling me it ranked nowhere at all.

Swamped by Profits

"FARMING is in the dumps," said the agent. "Too many farms. Too many farmers. You city fellows can get up a hurrah when the Government spends a barrel of money building a dam out West to bring arid land under cultivation. That's a city man's show. Nobody in the country is cheering for it. If the Government wants more land let it come here to Michigan. It won't have to build any concrete dam. It can get the land for a tinker's dam. The other day I sold, for the company, a very good farm near here at fifty dollars an acre."

"That's a surprise," said I. "Last time I was here farms were booming."

"Sure!" said the agent. "That's what ditched us. Take this district right here. Grapes are the best cash crop. They bring more money than any other one thing. I used to think I could make a profit selling grapes at twenty-five dollars a ton. After the war they sold up to $135 a ton. That started vineyard planting hotfoot, not only here but in many other places scattered over the United States—some of them places that had never raised any grapes to speak of. And that finally knocked the stuffing out of prices. So it goes. Farming ain't what it used to be. I don't believe it ever will be again. With modern machinery and modern methods and modern transportation, and all the land there is in the world, and all the people, you can raise enough of anything to swamp the market. If the price gets very profitable you're swamped. Mint used to be a fine minor crop in this county. A few years ago it sold up to twenty-eight dollars a pound. The natural result is that today it's a drug on the market at $1.80 a pound. Any grower will tell you that is under the cost of production. Look at wheat and cotton and sugar and coffee and rubber. Too many farms."

Driving toward town and digesting that gloomy view, I turned in at Peter Thompson's. It is always a pleasure to turn in at that white house with green blinds, behind maple trees, with a giant butternut at the corner, and I valued Peter's opinion. He is very deliberate in giving it.

"They say you can't borrow a dollar on farm land hereabouts," I said.

"All the lenders that used to make a business of it, as far as I know, have pulled out," Peter replied. "The Federal Land Bank will make a loan that comes up to their requirements. But generally speaking, there's no money for farm mortgages at present."

"And pretty good improved land has sold at fifty dollars an acre, that field agent tells me. That would put the price of your 120 acres at $6000."

"If you set your heart on buying it," said Peter, "it would cost you $60,000. It earns me 5 per cent on that. I've got the books to prove it. And I'd rather do this than anything else I know of. I ain't as young as I used to be, but I don't have to do the hard bodily work I used to do. I can get some time off when I want it. I've had a lot of enjoyment out of running this farm, and expect to have more. It would cost you $60,000."

The Crœsus of Main Street

"BUT you're an exception, Peter. The average must be low or lenders wouldn't have quit the field."

"The average at present is low," he admitted. "It has been getting lower for several years. I wouldn't wonder if it would keep pretty low. Looks to me like the old-fashioned farming—the way my father farmed right here—was a good deal played out. It's too easy to raise the average stuff in the average way. You've got to do something special to make a good success. They'll tell you, hard and fast, there's no profit in farming; but they can't tell me that, for I know better. You look around here. There's Jim Woodbury down this road, and Tom Latham over on No. 32, and so on. Those men are not borrowing on their farms; they've got money in the bank; but they ain't just average farmers. They're specialists at it."

Anyhow, that was more cheerful, and I drove on to town. At the corner of Main Street I turned in front of a two-story brick building that had some special memories for me. In my boyhood it was an object of deeply respectful curiosity, because the richest man in town owned it. In my forties and fifties, when I used to come back here for vacations, its proprietor of that period often went fishing with me.

At my earliest recollection, a huge sign, Elephant Clothing Store, was painted on the long flank of the building and a wooden elephant, in two dimensions, surmounted the front cornice. Mr. Eli Barnes' long white beard was mysteriously associated in my mind with elephants and great wealth. And I remember the interior of the store as a dim cave where kerosene lamps with tin reflectors sometimes burned in daytime and clothing was piled up everywhere. Twice a year Mr. Barnes went to Chicago, or even to New York, and bought a large stock of goods. He was always littering up our part of the state with handbills and posters that you could identify at a glance because of the elephants on them.

He passed away, and his nephew, Frank Snyder—my fishing companion—took over the store. In the later years of our acquaintance he had no enthusiasm for the retail clothing business in a country town. "Too many stores now," he told me. "In Uncle Eli's heyday farmers came fifteen miles or more to trade with him. There wasn't another store like his for as many miles in any direction. There was money in it then. He made up to $10,000 a year. Now there's a store of some kind every few miles, and farmers with their automobiles think nothing of driving to the biggest town within twenty-five miles to buy an overcoat. It was a principle with Uncle Eli not to sell anything at less than 30 per cent profit. Now you take what you can get, and if a merchant makes a living he can be thankful."

Well, Frank Snyder passed on, too, and a young man named Guffin bought the store, partly on credit. First thing he did was to pull out the old arched front windows and door, and a part of the side wall, and put in plate glass, so it is all spick-and-span inside, and there is a row of show windows. It looks like a store in any city. He buys his goods frequently, with no great stock to carry. They tell me he is doing very well.

But other merchants tell me there are too many stores, and as I walk along Main Street I have to agree with them. It is plain enough that two or three groceries could do all the business very well, instead of seven, and one drug store, instead of three, and four filling stations, instead of forty, and so on. But there is a new store since I was here last, next to Guffin's—one of the largest retail establishments in town. It is a chain store. If there are already too many stores everywhere, why are chain stores hopping in everywhere? They wouldn't hop unless they made a profit.

Depressed agriculture must mean a depressed country town, and on the best residence streets I see some shabby houses, badly needing paint. But there is a new residence since I was here—the largest and smartest in town. Probably boys look upon its occupant with the same awesome curiosity that I had for Eli Barnes as the richest man in town. I asked about him.

"Came from over by Hayes Center," my informant said. "A dozen years ago he was going around the country on a bicycle soliciting subscriptions to magazines. I don't know how much Slocum earned at it, but he found that a farm paper was giving nursery cuttings as premiums to new subscribers, and he took up that idea with one of his magazines. Sent 'em samples of raspberry, currant, gooseberry, and so on, done up in packages to go by parcel post, and got 'em to try it. Then he got other magazines interested and worked up a good business. Then he took to selling nursery stock by mail. He's doing fine at it."

Averaging Up the Country Towns

WHY this gossip about a country town and a farming district that are essentially about as much like any other country town of 2000 inhabitants and its farming region as peas in the same pod? Well, it is just because they are so like any others. What is true here will be true anywhere. First and last, I have known a good many people hereabouts, and heard stories of many others. There has never been a very rich man here. Eli Barnes' estate came to something under $250,000 and that is still about topnotch.

There has always been some real cold-and-hunger poverty, to be relieved by the poor commissioner. There has never been much crime—only one murder in town in my recollection, and that in a fit of anger. Drunkenness has always been rare. Mostly the people are honest and industrious.

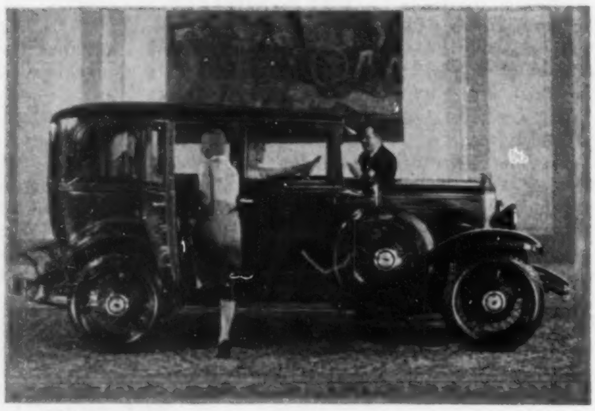
There have been flush times and hard times, and in both of them nearly everybody has had a comfortable place to live in, worn comfortable clothes, had plenty to eat, and some margin for fishing, movies, little excursions, and so forth. All farmers, I believe, have automobiles and other up-to-date tools. Probably three-quarters of the families in town have motors, telephones, electric lights. Nowhere except in America, whether it is good times or poor times, could you find a like community that lives anywhere near as well as these people live.

You may say that much of them in the lump. But I have grown to have little use for dealing with people in the lump. They never are lump, really, but always flesh-and-blood individuals. When you begin

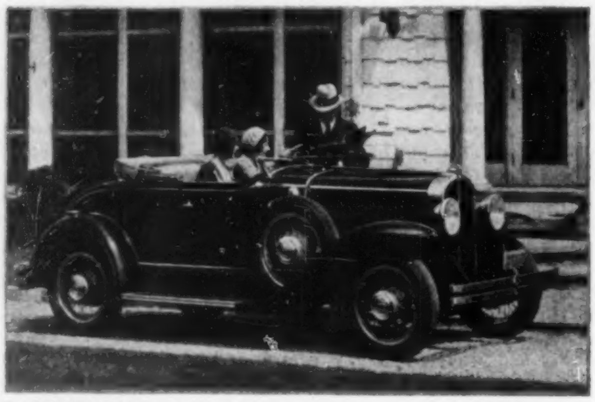
(Continued on Page 36)

"A car for every purse

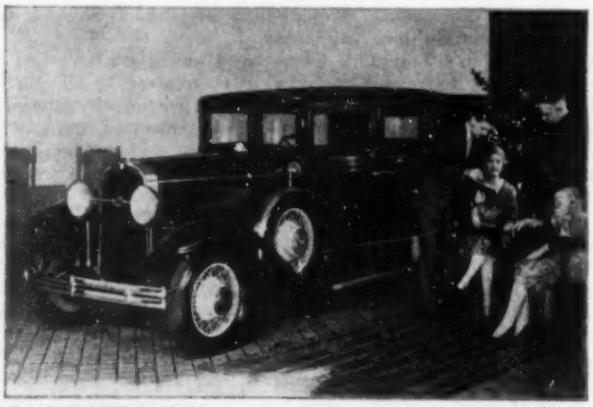
8 different makes . . .



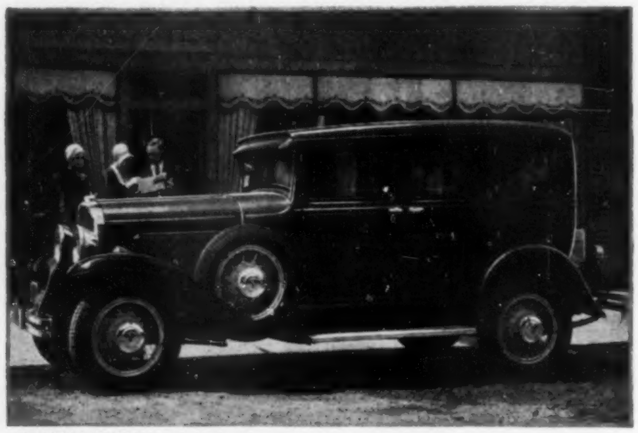
CHEVROLET. This car gives you General Motors quality and smooth six-cylinder performance in the lowest price field. Its powerful 60-horsepower engine and its economical operation have already led millions to say: "It's wise to choose a six."



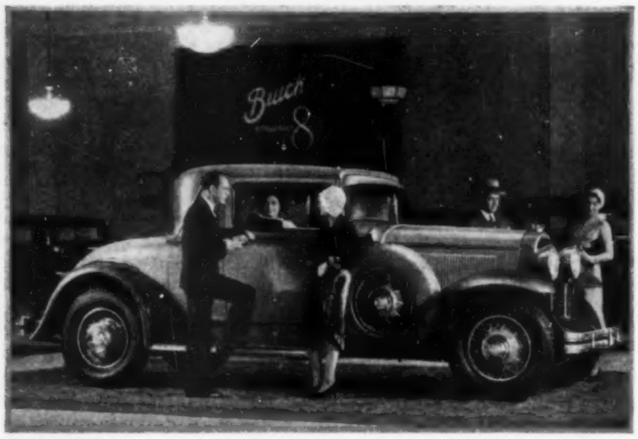
PONTIAC. This member of the General Motors family—a "big six"—established a new first-year's sales record upon its introduction. Today Pontiac has more than a half million satisfied owners and offers still greater quality at still lower price.



OLDSMOBILE. America's pioneer car has General Motors quality throughout. As its makers have fulfilled their policy "to design progressively, to build faithfully, to sell honestly and to service sincerely," the loyalty of Oldsmobile Six owners has increased month after month.



OAKLAND. This is General Motors' lowest priced "eight." It has been completely redesigned by General Motors and Oakland engineers to give a new standard of performance. It delivers more horsepower per pound of weight than any other car of its size.

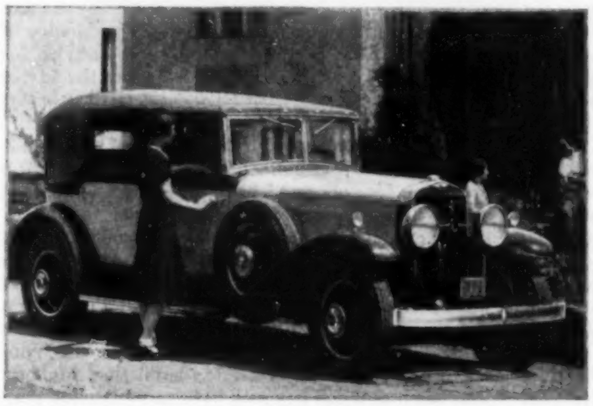


BUICK. This member of the General Motors family has now more than 1,500,000 loyal owners—testimony to its unvarying dependability. The Buick straight-eight, seen and admired by millions since its introduction, is built in four sizes and offers a selection of body types in four price classes.

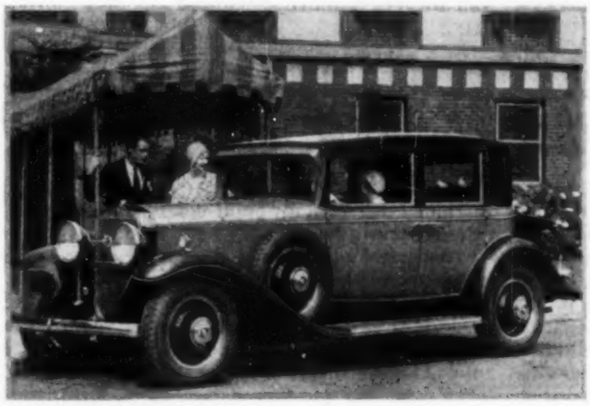
VIKING. In this car General Motors offers V-8 performance in the field of medium price. Introduced eighteen months ago, Viking is the result of three years of development and test at the Proving Ground. A choice of three body types at the same price.

and purpose"

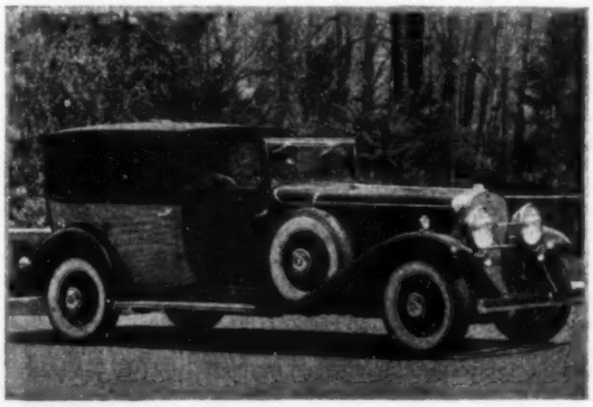
107 different models



LaSALLE. Here General Motors has set a new style in motor car design. LaSalle is built in the Cadillac factories, powered with a V-type 90-degree 8-cylinder engine, serviced by Cadillac dealers and is in every way a worthy companion to Cadillac in the fine car field.



CADILLAC. The V-8, universally regarded as "Standard of the World." For over 15 years first among American fine cars because of those qualities all motorists prize. Through Cadillac, General Motors also offers the V-8 LaSalle, the new twelve-cylinder Cadillac, and the distinguished Cadillac V-16.



CADILLAC V-16. The highest expression of quality and luxury in an automobile. The V-16 Cadillac is accepted as the most powerful and most highly personalized of all motor cars, while the new twelve-cylinder Cadillac, developed side by side with the V-16, provides exceptional motoring distinction.

$495 to $15,000 —and General Motors quality in every one!

Through the lines of passenger cars pictured on these two pages, General Motors seeks to satisfy every taste and preference and to give high value for your automobile dollar.

Every General Motors car—from the lowest priced to the highest—has these common points of quality:

Fisher Bodies, with their sturdy wood-and-steel construction and many features of comfort. Mechanical features whose excellence has been tested and proved at the Proving Ground. Prices which pass on to you the economies of the world's largest industrial organization. The convenient GMAC Payment Plan, if desired. An "Owner's Service Policy" which provides a warranty and service plan of broad and liberal scope.

See the column of prices at the right. Perhaps you'll find that you can have what you want for less than you thought it would cost.

GM
GENERAL
MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

"A Car for Every Purse and Purpose"

WHAT A CHOICE!

What opportunities!

107 models

$495 *to* $15,000

(All prices f. o. b.)

$495 *to* $945

$495	Chevrolet Phaeton
495	Chevrolet Roadster
515	Chevrolet Sport Roadster
565	Chevrolet Coach
565	Chevrolet Coupe
615	Chevrolet Sport Coupe
625	Chevrolet Club Sedan
665	Pontiac Sport Roadster
665	Pontiac 2-Door Sedan
665	Pontiac Coupe
675	Chevrolet Sedan
685	Chevrolet Special Sedan
695	Pontiac Phaeton
725	Pontiac Sport Coupe
725	Pontiac Sedan
785	Pontiac Custom Sedan
895	Oldsmobile Std. Coupe
895	Oldsmobile Std. 2-Door Sedan
895	Oakland Coupe
895	Oakland Roadster
895	Oakland 2-Door Sedan
945	Oakland Phaeton

$965 *to* $1,565

$965	Oldsmobile Std. Sport Coupe
965	Oldsmobile Std. Phaeton
965	Oakland Sport Coupe
995	Oldsmobile Std. Sedan
995	Oldsmobile Std. Conv. Rdstr.
995	Oakland Sedan
1,025	Buick "56" Business Coupe
1,035	Buick "50" 2-Door Sedan
1,045	Oakland Custom Sedan
1,055	Buick "54" Sport Roadster
1,055	Buick "55" Phaeton
1,055	Buick "56-S" Special Coupe
1,060	Oldsmobile Patrician Sedan
1,095	Buick "57" Sedan
1,285	Buick "66" Business Coupe
1,325	Buick "66-S" Special Coupe
1,335	Buick "64" Sport Roadster
1,335	Buick "65" Phaeton
1,355	Buick "67" Sedan
1,535	Buick "86" Coupe
1,565	Buick "87" Sedan

$1,610 *to* $2,795

$1,610	Buick "94" Sport Roadster
1,620	Buick "95" Phaeton
1,695	Viking "125" Conv. Coupe
1,695	Viking "125" Brougham
1,695	Viking "125" Sedan
1,720	Buick "96-S" Special Coupe
1,765	Buick "96" Coupe
1,785	Buick "91" Sedan
1,935	Buick "90" Sedan
2,035	Buick "90-L" Limousine
2,195	LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,245	LaSalle Fleetwood Roadster
2,295	LaSalle Fisher Conv. Coupe
2,295	LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,295	LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,345	LaSalle Fisher Town Sedan
2,345	LaSalle Fleetwood Touring
2,475	LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,595	LaSalle Fisher Imperial Sedan
2,695	Cadillac Fisher Coupe
2,795	Cadillac Fisher Coupe

$2,795 *to* $3,795

$2,795	Cadillac Fisher Sedan
2,845	Cadillac Fisher Town Sedan
2,845	Cadillac Fleetwood Roadster
2,945	Cadillac Fisher Conv. Coupe
2,945	Cadillac Fisher Sedan
2,945	Cadillac Fleetwood Phaeton
3,095	Cadillac Fisher Imp. Sedan
3,245	LaSalle Fl't'd Sedanette Cab.
3,245	LaSalle Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton
3,245	LaSalle Fleetwood Sedanette
3,795	Cadillac Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton

The prices of the New 12-Cylinder Cadillacs just announced range between the V-8 and the V-16 prices.

$5,350 *to* $9,700

Cadillac V-16, in 32 Fleetwood custom models

$9,700 *to* $15,000

Cadillac V-16, in an unlimited choice of special custom models

(Continued from Page 33)

to look at these people as flesh-and-blood individuals you find differences in their circumstances that you cannot possibly account for by anything outside themselves.

In a city people do all sort of mysterious things for a living, which makes it hard to get a line on them. Here farming, retailing and teaching school have always been the staple occupations, and most other occupations are of the same general sort—simple things that anyone can readily understand. But even ignoring the exceptionally well-to-do and the poverty-stricken, the minute you pick out any two individuals you find them in different financial conditions, even though they are in the same occupation and began in the same circumstances. No two farms of the same extent come out just alike. The inventory of two groceries may agree to a dollar, but the profit does not, and so forth.

What makes the difference? First of all, it is the difference between heedlessness and attentiveness. We were taught to beware of vice, laziness and extravagance. Mostly we do beware of them. It would be ridiculous to call the less successful half of the people in this locality vicious, lazy or extravagant. The vicious, lazy and extravagant make a small minority. It would be absurd to call them blockheads. It has often occurred to me that there is more wit and humor among the less successful half than among the more successful. Wit and humor are not attributes of dull minds.

First of all, it is heedlessness. To go back to Peter Thompson, whom I have known most of my life. What I particularly notice about him is the care with which he studies anything out before going into it. I saw this time that the peach orchard was gone. Cut down five years ago, he tells me. He watched it carefully for three years and concluded that the land it occupied would yield decidedly more in something else. Then he cut the orchard down, as a manufacturer scraps an inferior machine for a better one. He still sells peaches when selling them looks profitable, but he buys them on somebody else's trees, paying a lump sum for the crop; then has them expertly sorted, gets top price for the best in fancy packages and his money back on the seconds and thirds. The operation is studied out carefully, with an eye on the market, before it is begun.

He was mistaken, by the way, in saying the farm earns 5 per cent on $60,000. It is Thompson who earns the 5 per cent, rather than the farm. Yet every acre is studied so as to keep it at work to the best advantage. It is intensive farming.

Anybody can get the same market information he has. Anybody can get, gratis, expert advice on what crops will do best in what soils and how to raise them. Anybody can find out whether a peach orchard in a given spot is really a paying proposition. Thompson does those things. Many others do not. It isn't that his brains are so superior to theirs. I know a good many men with quicker minds. But he uses his brains intensively, really concentrating on the job when he sits down to study out his problems. Many others use their brains extensively, the way my grandfather farmed—turning up the surface, throwing in the seed and hoping for the best. They do the thing that is easiest because they are used to it, or somebody told them, without really studying it through. They are heedless; extensive rather than intensive.

Eli Barnes retailed extensively. By liberal use of the best advertising mediums he knew of—handbills and posters—when advertising was less used than it is now, he was able to make a good profit in a dingy, cluttered store. His successor kept too much to the familiar pattern, without thinking about it. Now Guffin cultivates the store intensively, trying to make every square foot count. I suppose Slocum, with the smart new house, hasn't any more brains than plenty of other subscription solicitors. But the sequel indicates that he was using them—really thinking about the job and how to better it. When a promising idea came along he was ready for it. Mainly it was the difference between heedlessness and paying attention; between scatterbrain and concentrating on the job in hand.

In my grandfather's time there was still a great deal of horizontal margin left; room to spread sideways. If a man didn't like it in Ohio he could move on to Iowa or Nebraska. He could buy the adjoining eighty and cultivate it in the same extensive manner. As I see it, that horizontal margin is gone now. There is plenty of margin left, but it is vertical, so the man who wants to spread must spread up—off the ordinary, average, so-so plane. It looks to me as though we would have more chain stores, chain farms, chain banks, chain newspapers, chain other things, because in any line that requires some initiative, judgment and management, the ordinary, average, so-so method of cultivation will not answer. The manager must concentrate on his job or take the chance of being chained. No end of good expert advice for farmers and retailers is now available, but the advice will not answer unless the man is using his brains intensively.

I began this paper by writing of myself as a grandson, but I am a grandfather now, with a grandson preparing for college. I have no fear at all that he will be a criminal, a drunkard, a gambler, a rogue. I know he will not be physically lazy. I wouldn't think of spending time to warn him against any of those stock bugaboos. What I would warn him against is just heedlessness, doing things with half a mind, or a quarter, without really thinking. He must get the habit of using his brains intensively by really concentrating on the job in hand; a habit that anybody who has brains can get with little more trouble than it takes to get the habit of holding his shoulders straight and keeping his hands out of his pockets. Both habits are got in the same way—by doing it every time without fail, until it becomes automatic. Every time you go at a task with only half a mind you are getting round shouldered.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Who Writes Business Letters?

FOR five weeks I had been out of work, looking for it diligently and not finding it. So I had paid two dollars for a book on the art of business-letter writing, wherein I had noticed a chapter that dealt with the proper manner in which to write a letter to a prospective employer. Following instructions very carefully, I put many letters in the mail and waited hopefully; and on a wet, miserable morning I found a letter in my mail box.

To my disgust, the letter turned out to be a rambling eulogy of a particular radio set a local radio dealer was offering for sale. With absolutely no intention of buying, I read and reread that letter until I almost knew its content matter by heart. The whole business—envelope, letterhead and message—fascinated me. For it was, even to my inexperienced eyes, the most diabolical example of the art of letter writing that it had ever been my—as it later turned out—good fortune to read. I simply could not understand how any business man was so lacking in vision as to spend money upon something that I felt sure spelled certain disaster from a sales point of view.

I turned to the book I had bought and for hours studied the chapters on sales-letter writing. I found out that a few simple rules governed the well-written letter, and right there my mind was made up. I would go to the radio man and tell him the truth about his letter in a diplomatic manner and offer my services as his letter writer in general and his sales-letter writer in particular.

That afternoon I obtained my interview, looked over his really fine store and worthwhile merchandise, pointing out to him at the same time the desirability of conveying, via the mail, the true facts about his business rather than a lot of loosely worded, boastful statements. Such generalities actually meant nothing to the people he was trying to interest in his merchandise. Then I went on to explain how much better an outsider could write his letters, due to the fact that he was not continually on the top of the store, as it were, but viewed it more from an onlooker's or window shopper's angle. While it was necessary, I continued, for him to give me the facts about his merchandise, I was the one who could best dress them up from a consumer's point of view.

He bluntly asked me just what my proposition was. Momentarily I was stumped, but I told him that I was prepared to return the next day with some samples of my work for him to look over, and at the same time I would let him have a complete plan of operation.

Carrying a mental picture of the radio store, the personality of the owner, the type of merchandise, remembering the particular nationally advertised radio sets I had observed, I prepared with the help of my book a series of six letters. All were written in a simple, natural style of straightforward English, with special emphasis on the few opening lines in order to get attention, continued with something of importance for the main body of the letter and finally, for a conclusion, I held out a free radio log as an inducement for the reader to visit the store. Each letter of the series carried a specific message. The first was a get-acquainted type that brought out in detail the policy of the store owner; the second told of the importance of purchasing a well-known set that had a reputation behind it; the third brought home to the reader the fact that the sale of the radio was only the beginning of the buyer's acquaintance with the store, in as much as a sale guaranteed satisfying service for the new owner.

Having prepared my letters, I had no idea as to how much to demand for my fee; and the book that had been so invaluable was of no help in the matter of remuneration. With nothing to guide me, I hit on the sum of ten dollars for the series, and the following morning I delivered my brain children, neatly typed, in a flat brown folder. My radio man made one or two technical suggestions, along with other minor changes, and cheerfully paid my fee.

Selecting two hundred names from his mailing list, he decided to add three hundred other names to be obtained from the telephone directory, making a total of five hundred letters to go out at each mailing. Then came the question of mechanics; his original letter had been a very cheaply printed job, so for this series I suggested imitation typewriter. Here again I struck oil, for the radio man asked me to see the job through in its entirety. The local printer, upon hearing my story, offered me commission on all jobs, including my first one, that I could bring to him. In addition, he gave me valuable information as to the mechanics of the direct-by-mail business, along with his price list as a guide for future jobs.

Having made all arrangements for the delivery of the finished product, I took good care to be in the store when the letters arrived. Not until they were safely dispatched did I feel my job was complete.

Now—and here is the good fortune I mentioned previously—instead of writing letters and looking for jobs, I wrote letters and looked for merchants to buy them. Calling personally on stores, in a systematic manner, I presented my story to the merchants that I thought could use my service to advantage. Pleasant surprises awaited me in the way of orders.

Realizing the necessity of new ideas, I subscribed for direct-by-mail trade journals and studied the direct-selling problem assiduously. With the help of my good friend, the printer, I slowly built up a worthwhile business bringing in an income I was proud of. It required lots of hard work, but I certainly learned plenty about merchandising and merchants that has since been of great use to me in my present line—advertising.

—LAURENCE RUSSELL.

"RCA Radiotrons always in every socket"

says

COLIN B. KENNEDY

President

COLIN B. KENNEDY CORPORATION

"MANY unnecessary radio troubles are caused by inferior tubes. The finest receiver is handicapped by poorly designed and constructed tubes. RCA Radiotrons are the unquestioned standard of scientific achievement in this field. To insure clear Kennedy tone, and maximum Kennedy performance, we strongly advise 'RCA Radiotrons always in every socket.' We unhesitatingly recommend them to Kennedy owners."

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HEATER AMPS
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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Radiotron
RADIOTRON
UY 227

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new.

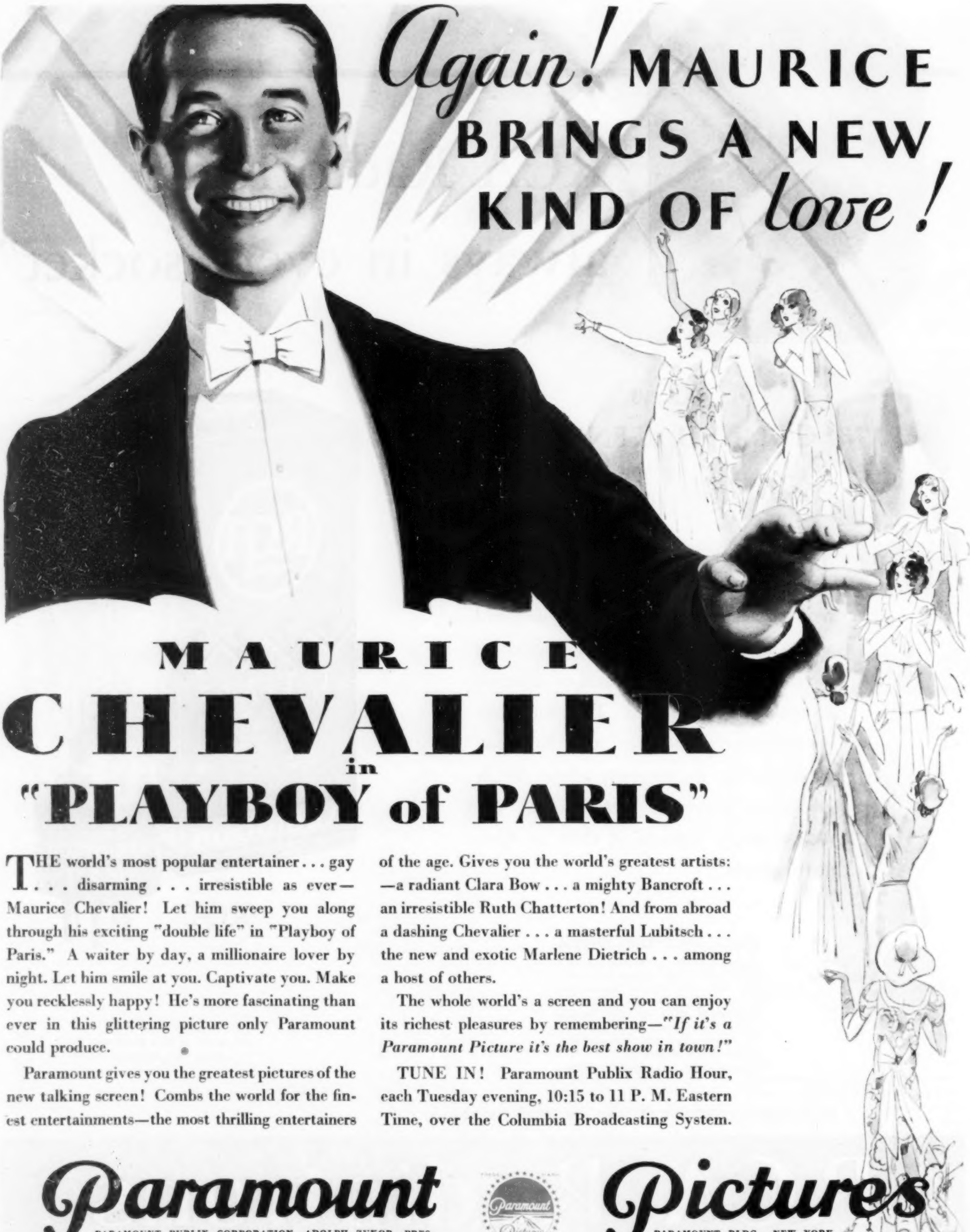
This is the 24th in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio set manufacturers.

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC., HARRISON, N. J.

RCA Radiotrons

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO

Again! MAURICE BRINGS A NEW KIND OF *love*!



MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"PLAYBOY of PARIS"

THE world's most popular entertainer . . . gay . . . disarming . . . irresistible as ever—Maurice Chevalier! Let him sweep you along through his exciting "double life" in "Playboy of Paris." A waiter by day, a millionaire lover by night. Let him smile at you. Captivate you. Make you recklessly happy! He's more fascinating than ever in this glittering picture only Paramount could produce.

Paramount gives you the greatest pictures of the new talking screen! Combs the world for the finest entertainments—the most thrilling entertainers of the age. Gives you the world's greatest artists: —a radiant Clara Bow . . . a mighty Bancroft . . . an irresistible Ruth Chatterton! And from abroad a dashing Chevalier . . . a masterful Lubitsch . . . the new and exotic Marlene Dietrich . . . among a host of others.

The whole world's a screen and you can enjoy its richest pleasures by remembering—*"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

TUNE IN! Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday evening, 10:15 to 11 P. M. Eastern Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

CHAMP

(Continued from Page 5)

"You guys are all the same," Scale howled. "Ten days ago you was tellin' us that Scripps would uppercut this egg right out of his shoes. Now you're boostin' him as a champ!"

"What the hell!" Tommy shrugged. "I'm his manager, ain't I?"

"Well," the director interrupted, "now the problem is to manage him. We laid twenty-five grand on the line to get him and we've got to nail that back."

"What's twenty-five grand with a heavyweight champion?" Tommy asked casually.

"It'll take some smart phenagling to make that palooka a champion!" Scale growled.

"Ain't I a smart phenagler?" Tommy asked in injured tone.

"If you ain't," the politician snapped, "you're lookin' for a job!"

"You guys know me or you'd never have gone for the dough," Tommy challenged. "If there's any one man in this racket that knows all the angles, I'm both of him. Why, one good shot with Scripps will pay back your dough."

"Where do you get that line?" Scale scorned. "Him an' Scripps wouldn't draw over sixty grand on the White House lawn with Mussolini to referee!"

"Well, sixty grand. Figger it out," Tommy argued. "Give the kid 25 per cent for his end. There's fifteen thousand right there. Half of that comes to me, an' I cut fifty-fifty with the house. That's thirty-seven hun'erd fifty, ain't it, outside the profit you get on the big gate? In addition to that, I tipped off a pal of mine that things was goin' to break for Eddie Riton and sold him the fighter's by-line for ten grand. You get half my end of that, which is another twenty-five hun'erd. You'll park three hun'erd a day in your gym at half a buck a toss, an' the kid'll train three weeks. Figger it out. You've bought yourself a bargain, fellers. Top all that with a little bet that Riton stops Scripps inside four rounds, an' what's the picture? Sweet, ain't it? I'll talk Scripps down to 15 per cent an' a dive for an easy fight. That saves you dough again, an' makes our bets as soft as the whiskers on an eiderdown duckling, don't it?"

"Will the Scripps fight draw that much dough?" the director queried.

"Sure it will," Tommy snapped.

"But I ain't so sure," he went on, "that Scripps oughta be the first shot. He's got a pretty good name—Scripps. The fans know he's a tough old bird that can take plenty punishment. Why don't we save the ballyhoo on Riton till we got somethin' sweet to talk about? A lot of you smart guys," he averred, with a side glance at the publicity man, "would be knocked unconscious by a real idea. Supposin' we get Andy Fetter to fight the kid? There's one that's on the level and a sure K.O. for the comin' champ. That's a start."

"Fetter," Scale growled, "wouldn't draw flies to a molasses factory."

"Why should he?" Tommy asked, brows lifted in amazement at this show of stupidity. "Why should he, I ask you? Take a small house at five bucks top for this first fight and build a big house at twenty bucks top for later on. If we build up a string of massacres for Riton, they'll pay the big price to see him, won't they? Have you guys got to make him champ an' collect that million before noon tomorrow?"

"That's good sense," the politician agreed. "On that basis we'd clear an extra fifteen dollars a customer just for the Scripps bout alone."

There was a moment of silence while this intricate mathematical problem revolved in the various minds.

"There's a lot to be said for the plan," the director vouchsafed at long last. "Let's sleep on it, fellers. We own this kid now, an I got to admit that I never seen a boy that looked as good in ring togs. He's got build, size and speed, and his personality is nice too. If we handle ourselves smart we'll collect sure as the war's over."

"Which war?" the publicity man asked sneeringly. "A guy that works in this joint would never have known hostilities had ceased!"

Tommy remained behind to chat with Scale after the others had gone. They exchanged quick glances of understanding, then paused long enough to permit the men to get out of earshot.

"One of 'em might come back for somethin' he left," Scale whispered. So, for several seconds, they spoke of casual things. Then Scale eagerly asked: "What about it, Tommy? Did you gab with Red Magoy about this Fetter battle?"

"Sure I did," Tommy grinned. "He's a tough guy to do business with, Scale. We got to be smart as we go along. I tipped him off that you was the only possible shot for his fighter; the only man in this outfit that would even sell Fetter a ticket to come inside. 'Unless you cut back to him,' I told Magoy, 'you might as well sell that pug of yourn on the hoof.'"

"Yeah?" Scale grinned. "What's the result?"

"He'll fight him for us," Tommy crooned expansively. "We get Fetter for a flat seventy-five hun'erd bucks. Out of that, Red cuts back to me with thirty-five hun'erd. That means twenty-five to you personally, Scale, and a grand to me, don't it?"

"Righto," Scale nodded. "It's the only way Red would ever get that stumble bum a shot in here, I can tell him that."

"Sure. An' it means a sweet start for the new fair-haired champ, don't it? I'll tell him to wade into this palooka an' stop him with three punches. And the writers can't pan a kid that knocks out everybody he fights, can they? We can get plenty tossin' Eddie in with sure things. Then we'll go on from there."

"That's a standard proposition I made you," Scale whispered. "Any of these big chumps that you want for Riton, I'll match. Seventy-five hundred flat, with the usual cut back to you, savvy? And the same split works between us for every shot. Of course, after we get into the big dough, we'll shake up a new drink."

"Ain't I your pal?" Tommy asked through a broad smile. "Did you get me this break with Riton? Do I cross my pals? Is Hoover a Democrat? Pershing a pacifist? Al Smith a dry lobbyist? I ask you these things, Scale. I ask you."

◆

EDDIE RITON smiled genially. "Sure, Tommy," he agreed, "I'll fight Fetter. I'll fight anybody you get for me an' do my best with 'em."

"We gotta have a good talk, kid," Tommy grunted. "I've managed half a dozen champs, an' I know that racket like nobody's business. We got to have a talk."

"You're the manager," Riton nodded. "Whatever you say is daisies with me."

"I'll make you a champ, kid. That guy Olson wouldn't be able to get you a

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE

An engineer who built one of the world's greatest skyscrapers was asked how he happened to conceive such a daring idea.

"Just a pipe dream," he smiled.

"There's my *pipe* *dream*"

HOW many towering skyscrapers, how many books you've liked, how many bold achievements in business, were in the beginning just pipe dreams!

There *is* something about fragrant tobacco glowing away in a pipe that somehow does smooth the kinks out of a man's brain . . . lets him think straight and clear. Maybe that's why so many men who get there in business, so many of the world's leaders, go into conference alone with their pipes when they have a tough problem to think through.

If you're not a pipe smoker, try pipes for a while. See what solid satisfaction there *can* be in a smoke. Get a good pipe. Load it with Edgeworth and light up. Let this fine, blended old burley expand and breathe and live, as tobacco should to give you its genial best. Enjoy the sturdy relish that only pipe-smoke can bring you.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or, if you prefer, we'll start you off with your first several pipefuls. Just slip the coupon in an envelope and send it to us. The postman will bring you a generous sample packet of good savory old Edgeworth, free.

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Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

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Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms, "Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin—Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

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I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name____________________
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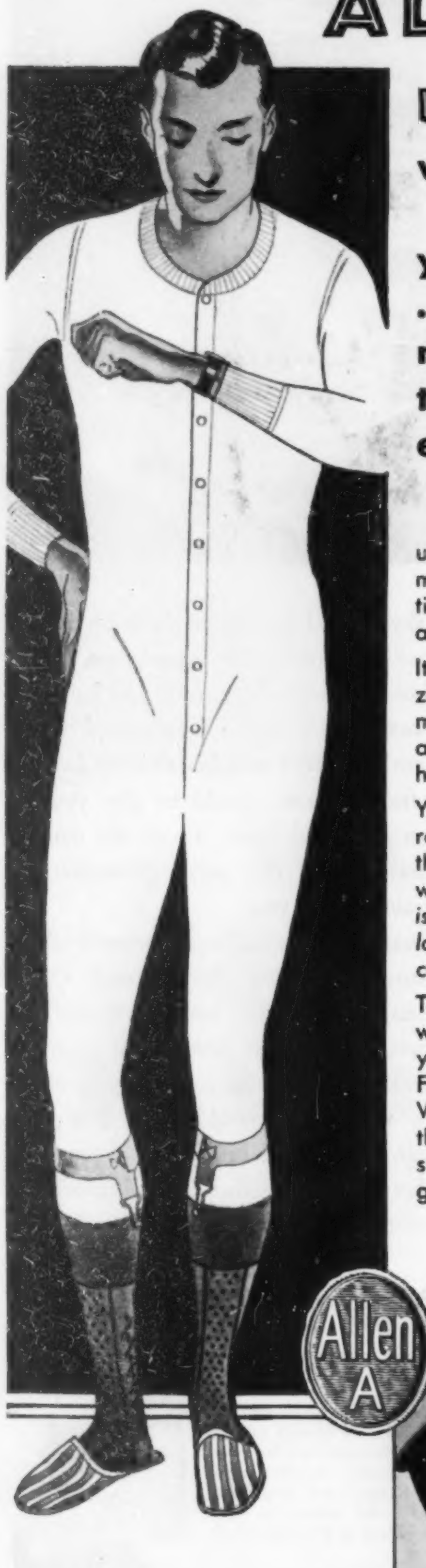
Now let the Edgeworth come! E-42

THIS REMARKABLE, NEW ALLEN-A UNDERWEAR

will keep you warmer than you've ever been ...and allow you more freedom than you've ever enjoyed . . .



AN utterly new-type of underwear is now ready for men who spend most of their time outdoors. An exclusive achievement of Allen-A.

It has ample warmth for subzero days. Yet the fabric is so marvelously elastic that you are totally unconscious of its heavier weight.

You can bend, stretch, stoop, reach as easily and freely as though you had on a summer weight garment. *And the fabric is just as soft and elastic after laundering as before.* Please consider that carefully.

Try this new Allen-A Underwear for comfort unknown to you before. Ask for Style 1210. Full or three-quarter length. White, Ecru or Random. $1.50 the suit. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, giving your size.

The Allen-A Company
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NEW HOSIERY STYLES FOR MEN. The new Allen-A Hosiery styles for fall and winter, are like importations in everything except price. In silks, lisles and wools — with smart clock patterns predominating. 50c to $1.50.

press ticket to see a championship fight. I'll put you in the ring with all the best of it to go on."

"I'll always fight my best when I'm in there, Tommy."

"You ain't the greatest fighter on earth by a long shot," Tommy mumbled frankly, "but as long as I know who is, you needn't worry."

They laughed together.

"This Fetter fight is a push-over. That guy's got round heels," the manager pointed out.

"I think I can beat him all right."

"I want you to knock him bowlegged inside three rounds."

"That's what I'll try to do. In one round, if I get a shot at him."

"Feint him to you. Pull his punches out of him, then counter. A straight right'll bend him double. He's all washed up. Slug nutty, that's what he is."

"I'll do my best."

"It ain't Fetter that's on my mind so much. It's the ballyhoo I got to fix for you, Eddie."

"You're the manager."

"Certainly I am"—impatiently. "If you do half the fighting that I do managing, we'll come out all right."

"I'll fight. The ballyhoo is your end."

"You gotta be smart about it."

"Tell me what you want, Tommy; I'll give it to you."

"You hate yourself, don't you?"

"Well, I'll do my best."

"I want a little romance about you. Somethin' that'll get the fans steamed up. I want to make you a killer to start with. That's why you got to stop this Fetter in a round or two. Then I want to ring some sob stuff into the picture. Maybe a love affair, huh?"

Eddie grinned sheepishly. "I like the ladies great," he avowed with commendable frankness, "but I ain't so hot with 'em. I never know what to say."

"I'll tell you what to say."

"All right, I'll say it."

"We got to make you sort of a big shot right off the bat—that's what we need. Maybe, seeing that you'll get a million dollars' worth of publicity, I can make a deal with some actress. It'll be a real love match until we collect what's in it, then you can forget it, see?"

"Whatever you say, Tommy. You can't make me sore bringing beautiful actresses around. But I ain't goin' to buy her sable coats or nothing like that!"

"You'll never get knocked out," Tommy grunted; "you'll just die of old age, with a brain as small as that!"

"If I had brains, I wouldn't have to hire 'em in a manager, Tommy."

"Well, you got a sweet break when I heard of you, sonny."

"Good. Now get the actress and match me up with Fetter. I'll do my best both ways."

"I ain't sure about the actress," Tommy explained. "That was just a sort of first thought, see? Mebbe I'll dig up a big banker that wants publicity. He'll have you at his summer home and we'll spread him as the big sportsman. A lot of 'em go for that stuff."

"Whatever you say."

Tommy yawned. "If you work as easy as you agree to, we won't have many arguments," he grunted.

"I'll work just like I talk. I want to be champion."

"You'd never make the grade with your fists."

"They don't pay off on why you're champ, Tommy. Just being champ is what collects the money. It's the money I want. I ain't no amateur fighting for glory. There's no thrill for me in a sock on the whiskers. If there ain't money for me, I'm quitting."

"Start workin' out in the Manazita gym tomorrow," Tommy instructed. "Just take it easy and be on the lookout for newspapermen. Give everybody the glad hand and leave them do the talkin'."

That night, from his room at the hotel, Eddie Riton put in a long distance call to Oley Olson, his erstwhile manager.

"Tommy is managin' me," he explained. "He started talkin' about ballyhoo today. Wants me to fake up a love affair with an actress and get some romance behind me, so's the papers can ——"

"You lay off'n that bunk," Olson advised him. "Women and fighters mix just like gunpowder and sparks. She'll give you the willies in three weeks, Eddie. An' after she gives you them an' spoils you as a fighter, she'll sue you for breach of promise an' take all you got for winnin' the belt. Then she'll cut with Tommy an' you'll be the only one that won't have a nickel."

"There's somethin' to that, all right," Eddie mused. "Gee, these guys are playful, ain't they?"

"I told you to watch your step with them. See that you do. They know plenty angles an' they don't care whether you get a dime or not. When they make a proposition like this, let me know every time, kid. It's all right to go for the actress stuff so long as you don't spend too many late hours with her. But before you go for it see that she signs a contract that it's strictly business an' absolvin' you from all claims forever. I better look over that contract too."

"I'm yessin' these birds to death, like you said."

"Sure, kid. Give 'em plenty of that. But talk with me before you sign even a letter to your mother. They can make you champion whether you rate it or not, an' I guess they're goin' to, or they'd never put that twenty-five thousand on the line. But we'll just sit tight as we go, see? We'll arrange our little deals so that there's somethin' left for Riton when the last duck is shot."

"That's the way I feel about it too. I certainly don't want to come out of this broke."

"That's what you'll do if they run you."

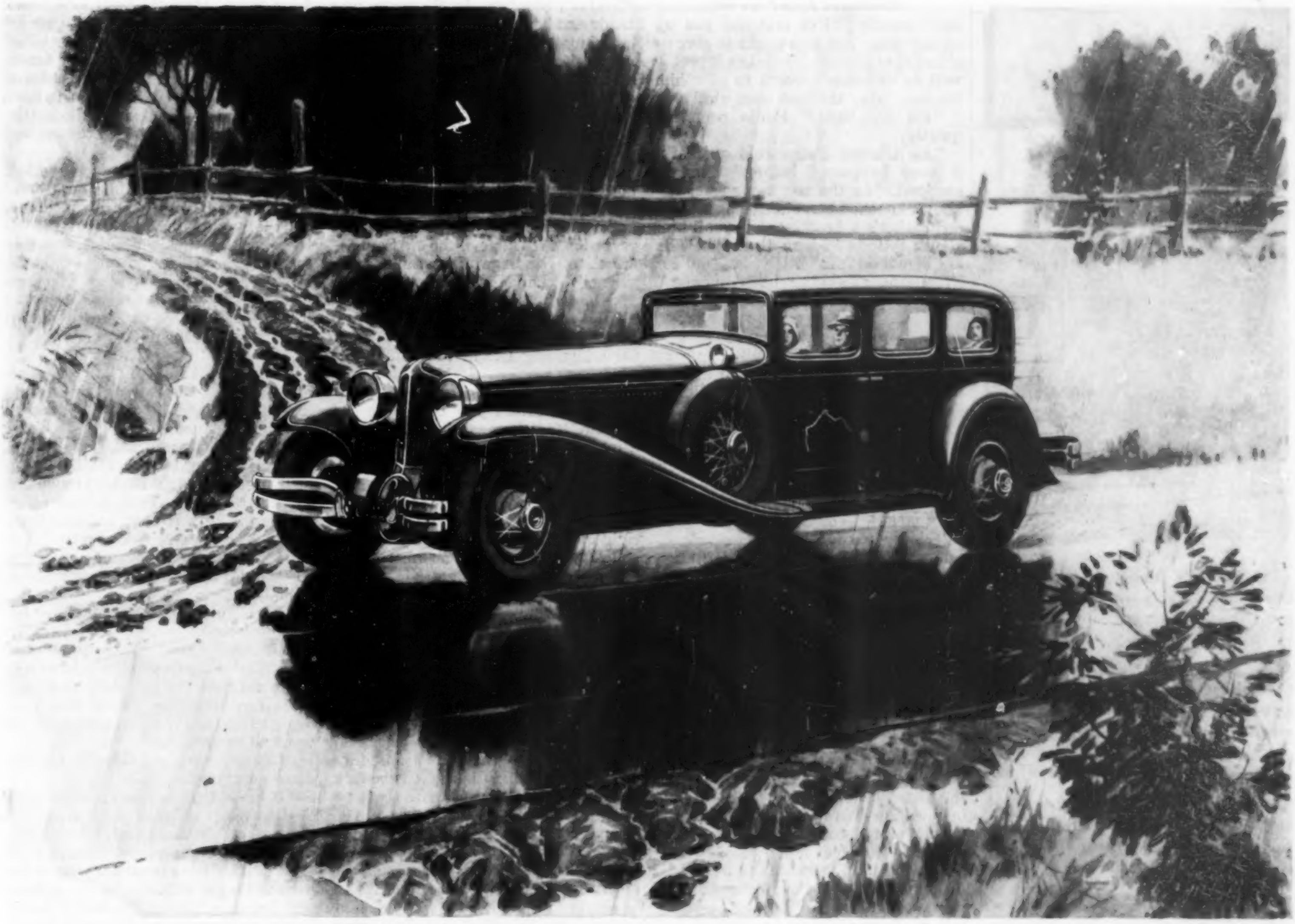
"Then they won't run me."

The next day Eddie Riton worked out in the gymnasium. Tommy was there and he had arranged for three sparring partners. Scarcely had Eddie begun to box when he sensed the wisdom shown in the selection of these fighters. They were all, as the parlance has it, "made to order for him." He danced around to show his speed, stepped in and out with straight rights and jolting hooks, and each of the three left the ring after two rounds with bruised eyes and vehement praise for this newcomer who shaped up like a champion.

That afternoon, as the usual crowd gathered in Scale Murphy's office, Eddie got instructions to appear there. He met various of Murphy's cohorts and was presented as the next champion of the world. Each of them shook him cordially by the hand and assured him that he had an excellent chance to make the grade if his showing in the gymnasium was indicative of what he could do in the ring.

"I just gave Tommy a contract for your first shot here in the club," Scale

(Continued on Page 42)



FRONT DRIVE IS SAFER

Now comes the season for rain, sleet, ice, snow; slippery streets and frozen ruts. The handling of a motor car under these adverse conditions is safer, steering is easier, and control is surer, when you are at the wheel of a Cord front-drive.

A year ago this claim was challenged by some who wanted to wait for proof of front-drive's superiority. Today this proof is abundant and conclusive. The exclusive advantages of the Cord are being enjoyed in every part of the nation. Front-drive success is so complete and unqualified that the Cord has immediately become the standard of value among fine cars.

The advantages found only in the Cord can be summed up in one statement—a Cord does all the things any other fine car can do, with less driver effort, with greater riding comfort, with better roadability and with greater safety.

There are three ways you can verify this claim: Ask Cord owners who have had six to twelve months' experience; drive the Cord yourself and compare it with any other fine car; study its structural difference and mechanical excellence. You will learn that the Cord has a lower center of gravity; that there is less tendency to tip or lean on turns; that the rear wheels do not bounce around but follow in a true manner; that there is no inclination to side-sway over cobble stones and chuck holes; that the car always wants to go the way you aim it; that the front wheels lift up, tractor-like, out of ruts; that it holds the road much better, due to a minimum of unsprung weight in the rear; and that you enjoy a new kind of comfort possible only when you ride *in* a car and not *on* it.

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"AS I WUZ SAYIN'"
CURTAILED CROPS CLUB
POOL & NEAR BEER

"Ring fer the Rolls Royce, said Lisle Tharp, who's the richest man in town. But if you don't mind, I'll walk.

•

"Which jest goes to show that it takes a rich man to do what he darn pleases, even when it costs less.

•

"Look at rocky fords, fer instance. They only cost a nickel. But I notice that the men who smoke them are usually sittin' pretty every other way.

•

"After all, a cigar is made fer smokin' an' not fer wearin'. If it tastes good, payin' more don't make it taste any better."

•

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the better
5¢ cigar
ROCKY FORD
Rocky Ford

© P. Lorillard Co. WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

(Continued from Page 40)

said casually. "I've matched you up with Fetter. You two ought to give us a fine fight, Eddie. He takes it pretty well an' Tommy's smart to pick him for you. May the best man win."

"I'll try hard," Eddie promised quietly.

"He'll knock Fetter cold quicker'n it ever happened before," Tommy snapped. "In the last two years, nobody's knocked him out except Flaker, an' Flaker's a headliner. It took him eleven rounds to turn the trick. The kid here'll do it in better than that for a thousand bucks of anybody's money."

"It ought to be a good fight," Scale qualified. "Give it out to the press, Andy"—to the publicity man.

"Another thing, Eddie," Tommy cut in: "I want you to meet me here at nine o'clock tonight. Have you got a dinner suit?"

"No. But I'll get one."

"By nine o'clock tonight? There ain't one for rent in town that you could use for a napkin, an' it's a cinch no tailor can make up one in four hours."

"I meant, I could get it later."

"Never mind. Thinks quick, don't he?" Tommy grinned at the others. "Just put on a clean shirt an' be here at nine."

"I'd never come in one as dirty as the one you're wearing," Eddie said quietly.

"Even if he don't think quick," Andy grunted in delight, "he's got great eyesight."

"Can the gab, will you?" Tommy snapped. "I'm tryin' to make a date with this kid, an' it's business. We'll go down," he explained to the fighter, "to the Elite Theater. There is a little twist in the show there that's knockin' 'em dead in a small part. Harry Ellerson, a producer friend of mine, thinks she's got the stuff an' he wants to build her up for a later show. For great publicity, you an' her'll have a love affair. We'll talk it all over tonight."

"Whatever you say," Eddie nodded.

"Nine o'clock, here," Tommy said, with a wave of the hand; a gesture that possessed a certain casual grandeur.

At nine o'clock they met. In a taxicab they journeyed to the theater.

"I see they announced the Fetter match, Tommy," Eddie said.

"Yeah. The later editions had it all set. It's for a week from Tuesday night. I figgered you in good shape right now, an' he can't get in shape in that time, so I rushed it. That'll make it just so much easier."

"I'll stop him easy enough," Eddie said quietly. "He never could fight, Tommy, and he's lost what he had to begin with."

"Certainly he has! That's why I took him. What do you want to fight—tough guys?"

"No, I was just thinkin'."

"Thinkin' is bad for fighters outside the ring. It gives 'em yellow jaunders. An' if they should happen to get an idea, it almost always puts 'em in a hospital."

"Pickin' 'em as soft as Fetter seems a queer way to get a championship, that's all. I know twenty fighters that can stop Fetter whenever they are ready to slug him."

"Yeah? Well, you just be ready, see? Get ready in the first ten seconds of the first round. We want to build you up as a puncher, Eddie. Stop that guy with a wallop an' it'll mean a small fortune to us overnight."

"I'll do my best."

At the theater they were admitted backstage and taken to the tiny dressing room of Linda Belledu—in reality, Elizabeth Stanton. In the room were Linda and her manager, a narrow-faced individual who had the air and the mannerisms of a fox, but the suavity of a bogus count.

"Hello, kid," Tommy greeted the girl. "This is the big punk himself. Look him over. Not a bad rag, bone an' hank, is he? Think you can stand playin' opposite him for a while? It'll be the greatest publicity in the world."

Eddie Riton blushed and stammered as he looked upon the girl. She was garbed in a costume of the old South—crinoline, with huge sleeves, and a hoop skirt. He thought that her small face and huge, soft eyes were unquestionably the most beautiful he ever had seen. He could have throttled Tommy for addressing her in the manner he used.

"How d' do," he managed to say.

"Mercy, aren't you big!" the girl gasped. "Gracious sakes, we'll make a queer-looking couple, I'm afraid!"

"Just the stunt," her manager smiled. "This will be a fine break, Linda. This boy is going to fill the papers for the next two or three years and we can ride right in with him. It goes fifty-fifty, of course, because we give as much of the story as we get. It's getting so that these city editors think the burning of Rome was a press-agent stunt. You've got to be original to get by and we'll have to underplay this little romance all the way."

"Sure," Tommy nodded. "The sweet little girl from the country who makes good in the big, wicked city. Then the he-man killer of the prize ring who finds his deeper sentiments aroused by the soft words and the luscious beauty of a mere child. I could write that one myself so that the cows down on the farm would shed tears over it!"

Linda was looking at Eddie Riton, and the lad was more than conscious of the fact. He felt utterly at a loss. When he glanced at her, her big eyes left him speechless and abashed. He could think of nothing to say. He stood there in the close room and twirled his hat between his great hands.

Suddenly Linda rose and stood beside him. The two others burst into laughter. The girl stood somewhat above his waistline.

"Ideal!" her manager insisted. "Imagine Linda sitting outside the ring to watch this lad fight! Imagine the pictures we can hand the press, of the two of them walking, or, better still, dancing! Do you dance, Eddie?"

"No. I guess my feet are too big."

"Nonsense!" Linda laughed gayly. "I could teach you. I will too. I just love dancing. I suppose, if you must tolerate my company, we might as well do congenial things while we're at it."

"Holy Moses," Eddie muttered.

"It's a natural," Tommy said magnanimously. "The only thing is, you kids don't want to fall for somebody an' spoil it all."

"You really needn't worry about me," Linda promised. "My career is everything in my life."

"Me too," Eddie grunted, with a side look at the girl. His mind was with Martin Olson and he wished that his old manager was there to see how things were going and advise him.

"Well," Tommy interrupted again, "the kid fights this Fetter a week from Tuesday night. What's the matter with givin' the big break in the news right after he pastes that bum stiff?"

"Okay," the foxlike agent nodded.

"After the fight we'll have a supper party, eh?" Tommy suggested. "We'll work it very smooth, see? I'm not supposed to know that the kid has fallen for a twist. After the fight he'll sneak away an' meet Linda. They'll go by themselves to a restaurant an' be billin' an' cooin' there when I stumble across him by accident. I'll ask half a dozen of the best fight writers in town to have some supper with me after the battle. They'll be led straight into the arms of this buddin' romance."

"Excellent!" the manager nodded.

"I'll come across Eddie here doin' the sneak act with a beautiful dame. On the way to the restaurant I'll tell these writers that the kid never goes for the things that ruin most fighters. I'll swear he's already at home in bed, see? Then I'll look like a sucker when we find these two there. That'll sell it as the real thing."

"Excellent!"

"When I see 'em," Tommy went on expansively, "I'll walk right up to the kid an' bawl him out plenty. When he goes to introduce me, I'll ignore Linda an' swear I don't care if she's the Queen of Siam. I'll order the kid home an' he'll pretend to git mad. Mebbe I'll get a little rough. Then he can reach for me to throw me out, an' tiny little Linda here can step between us. . . . I'm tellin' you guys," he said positively, "I should have wrote shows for a livin'."

"Excellent," the other nodded for the third time.

"By that time," Tommy pointed out, "the newspapermen will have recognized Linda an' the story is a natural. The headlines they'll give that oughta run the President over into the want-ad section."

"It's an excellent idea," Linda's manager agreed.

"So good that you've got to make a deal to see it through with us, or we don't start," Tommy said. "This kid is goin' to be heavyweight champion of the world an' it's a break for your dame here to tangle with him in the papers. The beauty of this gag is that it grows better as it goes, an' it's good for at least five years. You see, when they get used to printin' about the love affair, we can have a break-up between these two that'll make the front page like Grant took Richmond. An' every break-up means a denial an' a make-up. I'm tellin' you, this thing is a natural!"

"We'll agree," the suave one answered. "What sort of an agreement can we make?"

"Dough!" Tommy snapped. "I don't care a darn about thirty-clause contracts. Put five thousand bucks in escrow. We'll do the same. If either party breaks the agreement by marriage with a third, the other party grabs the ten grand, an' that ends it."

"Business is business," the manager nodded. "That's a deal."

They shook hands and the compact was sealed. It was warm in the little room and they stepped into the hall for cigarettes. Eddie smiled bashfully at the girl.

"Goodness," she sighed laughingly, "we don't seem to have much to say about ourselves, do we?"

"Not much, seems like," he agreed.

"I've got a scene in just a minute," she said. "It's just a little song I sing. Won't you wait until I come back? If we're going to play opposite each other in this romance, we'd better be acquainted, don't you think?"

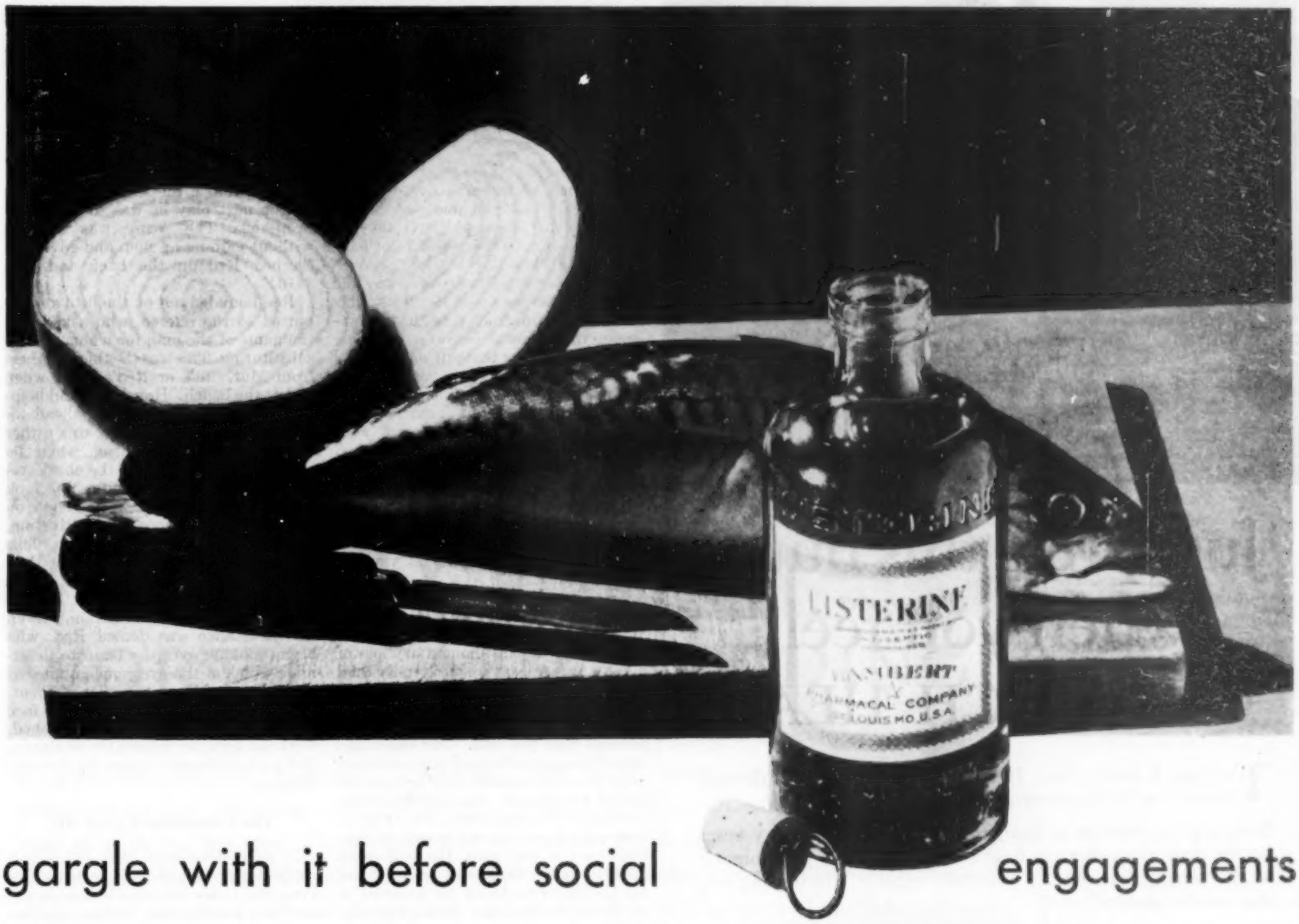
"Sure. I'll bet you look swell out on the stage."

"Would you like to see for yourself?" she laughed. "Come. Stand in the wings while I sing."

She caught his hand and laughed at the contrast in size with her own. She

(Continued on Page 44)

and even the odors of Onion and Fish yield to Listerine



gargle with it before social engagements

Listerine is the outstanding remedy for halitosis because it possesses deodorant power that is simply amazing. Prove this power yourself the next time you are preparing onion or fish. Rub a bit of either on the hand. Then apply Listerine full strength. Almost immediately every trace of scent disappears.

And Listerine works as well in the mouth as it does in the kitchen.

So it is that millions of people who have eaten onion or garlic—or other foods that cause odors by upsetting the stomach—use Listerine to cleanse the mouth and sweeten the breath. You simply rinse the mouth with it after eating.

Halitosis unpardonable

Fastidious men and women realize that an unpleasant breath (called Halitosis by the medical profession) is the fault unforgivable in business and social life.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself rarely know when you have it—and your best friend won't tell you. The subject is too delicate.

Few escape entirely

At this very moment your breath may be—and probably is offensive.

Few escape this condition entirely because every day in even normal mouths, conditions capable of causing bad breath are present.

The common causes are: fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush; infections of the mucous membrane such as catarrh, a cold, sore throat, pyorrhea; decayed or poorly cared for teeth (natural or artificial), too much smoking, and excesses of eating and drinking that cause stomach derangements.

Use it every day

The one way to put yourself on the polite, safe, and acceptable side is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy at home and office for the purpose. Slip it in your bag when traveling.

Listerine's value as a deodorant is increased by its amazing germicidal* action. Capable of destroying germs in 15 seconds, Listerine naturally inhibits decay, fermentation and infection—major causes of mouth odors.

To remove odors from hands apply full strength.

To end breath odors gargle full strength.

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

—the safe antiseptic
—the quick deodorant

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

"Just press this button when you feel TOO MUCH HEAT"

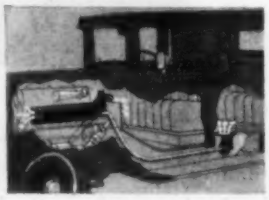
Too much heat? Yes! Here is a car heater you'll throttle down—with the thermometer at ten above zero!

Now, a great increase of heat from the manifold—many times hotter than any other car heat source—is yours to command at the touch of a switch! Warmth—almost the instant you step on the starter!

Three heat outlets. Plenty of heat for the entire car—front seat and back seat. Heat easily controlled from gentle flow to surging volume. Full heat volume with radiator shutters tightly closed or wide open—at any car speed—even during long stops! Pure, fresh-air heat—not stale air heated over and over, but a complete change of air every 2 to 3 minutes.

Quicker action, greater heat volume and higher temperatures! A new electric blower unit and improved Francisco construction make possible this new standard of winter car comfort.

The standard Francisco—only $3 to $10 (extra for V-type motors)—is guaranteed to provide more heat than any other car heater. De Luxe outfits, with quiet-operating electric blower unit, at higher prices. Sold by car dealers, automotive stores and garages everywhere.



Heat where you want it—delivered through any or all of three heat outlets. Real heating comfort in every part of the car.

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The Francisco Car Heater

(Continued from Page 42)

led him into the hall outside her room, up a flight of iron stairs and into a veritable fairyland. Men moved about the stage, ready for a thousand tasks; actors stood by awaiting cues; electricians tossed switches in an amazing efficiency. It was a world apart, one that left Eddie in a perfect whirl of self-consciousness. He clung to this girl who led him through the maze so skillfully.

"Stand here," she whispered. "No matter what happens, don't move. You'll be all right here."

For one breathless moment she stood there, clinging thoughtlessly to his great hand. Then she smiled up at him, squeezed his fingers and stepped onto the stage. Eddie saw her face the audience, raise her white, dainty hands. Peculiar lights overhead played upon her and she became to him a thing apart; some tremendous creation that gripped deep and held him enthralled.

She was singing, and he fair held his breath that he might not miss a single lovely note.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

I HAVE NEVER SEEN A FOOTBALL GAME

(Continued from Page 31)

those moral victories you read about. But it really was just that, for there is no doubt that we would have taken a terrible lacing if that run had not happened just when it did.

There is an excellent reason why the result of the first play is important. When the teams line up to kick and receive, the interval between the time the referee brings the ball on the field and the moment someone boots it down the pasture is one of almost unbelievable nervous tension. Your muscles twitch and cold shivers run up your spine; and it is much worse when you receive than when your own team is kicking off. Although you may have received some two hundred flying pigskins in your playing career, you shiver and shake as much while waiting for the two hundred and first as you did for the first.

A Forty-Yard Gift

The effect of this momentary loss of mental balance on a single individual is usually more amusing than otherwise. In one of our games a few years ago, at a certain stage of the game our opponents had the ball. Our enormous center, sensing a forward pass, dropped back to cover immediately behind the line of scrimmage. His judgment was correct and the ball came over. Due to someone's hurrying the passer, or perhaps just a bad pass, the ball came directly at his head, and as he threw up his hands to block its progress it stuck tightly between them! The surprised and panic-stricken two-hundred-pound midget pushed it away from him—anything to get rid of it—and immediately tossed it back where it had come from. The passer evidently had his mental processes a little better in hand, for he took the oval which had been so promptly and graciously returned, and set off around one end. Finding the defense spread to cover a pass, he continued his jaunt about forty yards down the field in the direction of our goal line.

It is not always the players, however, that become absent-minded at times during a game. You all probably remember Red Reeder, that colorful, characteristic drop-kicker who would be sent in at a critical moment to kick one over the crossbars when the Army was sorely in need of the three points. He never knew a signal in his life, and would run out on the field without headgear, kick the ball and run back toward the sidelines without looking where the ball went or waiting for his substitution. Well, on one occasion Red was sitting on the bench alongside of Captain McEwan, then coach, when the latter leaned over toward Red and told him that if the Army did not gain on the next play he was to go in and drop-kick. The Army was stopped without gaining an inch and McEwan slapped Red on the back and said "Go!"

Red bounded out on the field and reported to the referee, who asked him the name of the man for whom he was substituting. This was the thing farthest from McEwan's or Red's mind when he left the bench. Hopelessly and helplessly Red began to turn his head toward the bench to find out this rather important bit of information, when the referee, slapping him on the cheek, reminded him that he could not look toward the bench after he had come on the field for the purpose of substitution. Talk about life's darkest moment! This certainly was one for Red. Just then Garbisch, who was then captain of the Army eleven, intervened and said he would make the substitution. Even this assistance was denied Red, who began looking over the team to determine which of the Army men appeared most weary at that particular moment. His eye lit on Bill Gillmore, whose face and uniform were horribly besmirched. Without another moment's hesitation Red gave Gillmore's name for the substitution.

The Unkindest Cut of All

It later developed that Gillmore's girl had traveled all the way from San Francisco to see him play in that game, and here was Reeder, without any instructions to that effect, putting him out of the game and benching him for the rest of the half. It also later developed that the substitution McEwan had in mind was Hewitt.

This is one of the little side plays that occur in the game of which the public has no knowledge, and which constitute some of life's comic tragedies.

The right frame of mind, or the lack of it, is often more of a permanent failing. To illustrate: What makes big, shifty, powerful backs, who to all appearances should be able to rip any line to shreds, so easy to stop? That is a question which has at one time or another annoyed every coach in the business. The man doesn't seem to be lacking in intestinal fortitude, but there just doesn't seem to be anything to do about it. Every tackler stops him dead in his tracks. My opinion has always been that such a man does not love the game and so has never been quite able to grasp the idea that no eleven men in the world can stop him—that no matter what the score happens to be, or what play is called, every time he gets the ball he is going to score.

(Continued on Page 46)

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For two years we have promised men an utterly new experience in smooth, quick, painless shaving. We asked 50¢ for our cream and won millions of men. They figured such luxury was worth a luxury price.

Now the cost is cut in two. The big tube is only 25¢. The quality is exactly as before. Thank mass production for that.

We urge a trial. Observe how less-than-an-inch of cream billows into a mass of dense, moist, fragrant lather. Feel how the glycerine makes the razor slide without friction. We believe you will like it better. We know it will save you money. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The 50¢ quality is now 25¢
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 44)

I believe that such a man plays a sort of touch football; that he takes the ball and starts for his hole, feeling that his work is done the moment he is hit and that the coach and spectators will actually believe that the interference was rotten and that he really made a desperate effort. He simply lacks that love for the game and spirit that make every play a touchdown instead of just a bit of unnecessary activity until the referee is kind enough to blow the whistle and let him rest again. In short, he hasn't the right mental attitude.

Again. This idea of getting there because you know you can is not confined to the individual by any means. A most unexpected upset in football history was probably that which little Centre College, led by the incomparable Bo McMillan, handed John Harvard, just after the war. That was back in the days when the Big Three were the undisputed monarchs in the football world, and the little college from down in the Kentucky Hills was not viewed as a probable victor in its contest with the Crimson. Harvard gave little thought to the small fellow from down the way, and their mental balance was so shaken by that flashing touchdown which McMillan put over early in the third period of the game, that they could never pull out of it.

That one defeat put a number of ideas in the heads of some young men wearing the uniforms of other wayside schools from the hinterlands. So that now your big university, going out to play an early-season practice game, perhaps scheduled some years before, never knows but that they may spend an enjoyable afternoon backed up against their own goal line, fighting tooth and nail to avert an ignominious defeat. The small school has everything to gain and nothing to lose; and men, playing over their heads like that, can rise to unbelievable heights at times. A great many big teams have been taught such bitter lessons of overconfidence of late years, but McMillan and the inspired Colonels from Centre are still the shining examples of the dope-bucket kickers.

A Cadet in Distress

Aside from the possibility of defeat, such games are often ruinous to the hopes of a big team for another reason. One of these contests may be scheduled between two important games and the regulars slated for a rest. Then one of these workout teams shows up with a world-beating outfit, everything in the ranks must be rushed in to save the day, and the team goes out to meet its big rival the following Saturday, tired, sore and discouraged, and the result is inevitable.

To return to something more pleasant. All these possible occurrences do not always work to your disadvantage even when they happen to you. Often something occurs which nearly spells disaster at the time, but which so takes your mind off your troubles that you can't remember exactly what they were, when you try to pick them up again. We were in the process of taking a beautiful licking, and being made to like it, in a game several years ago, when something happened which came near being exceedingly embarrassing for all of us, but especially so for Brooksie Trapnell, Army halfback. As a matter of fact, this game was against the Navy, so you can use your imagination as to just how embarrassing it came near being. We were using a backfield shift and Trapnell was called off tackle. As he shifted into position behind that splendid and dependable center, Moe Daly, he slipped on the muddy turf and his feet shot out from beneath him, leaving him sitting flat in a puddle just as the ball was snapped. He immediately put in the S O S—"Moe! Hey, Moe!" The bewildered and helpless Daly—the ball was already on its way back—could only turn and yell, "Well, what can I do?"

Someone came to the rescue and recovered the ball and by the time the laugh was over, the morale of the team had come back to its old accustomed level, and the Navy took another trimming.

The Difference One Point Makes

Another thing, rather small in itself, which helps a team is to see the other side miss a try for point, or to make one itself. A team can be scored on, but if the scorer's kick for the extra point flies wide or is blocked, for some unaccountable reason the six points are almost forgotten and no one even considers being downhearted. That is, of course, the first time. When you are on the team that does the scoring, and some trusty toe boots it over to make a six into a seven, you have a feeling somehow that the game is already on ice—figuratively, I mean, not literally speaking, like the Army-Notre Dame game last fall, which was on ice all afternoon.

One sure indication of the state of a team's morale is what they talk about during rest periods, called because of an injury to a team mate or merely for an opportunity to look over the situation. No matter what the score, if a team discuss some way to stop an opponent's drive they are on the down grade. They may call the halt to stop such a march, but if they use the time to figure out what they are going to do, offensively, when they do take over the ball, then your money is safe. The team that gets the jump on its opponent has the edge, and that split-second advantage comes directly from this difference in viewpoint at the moment.

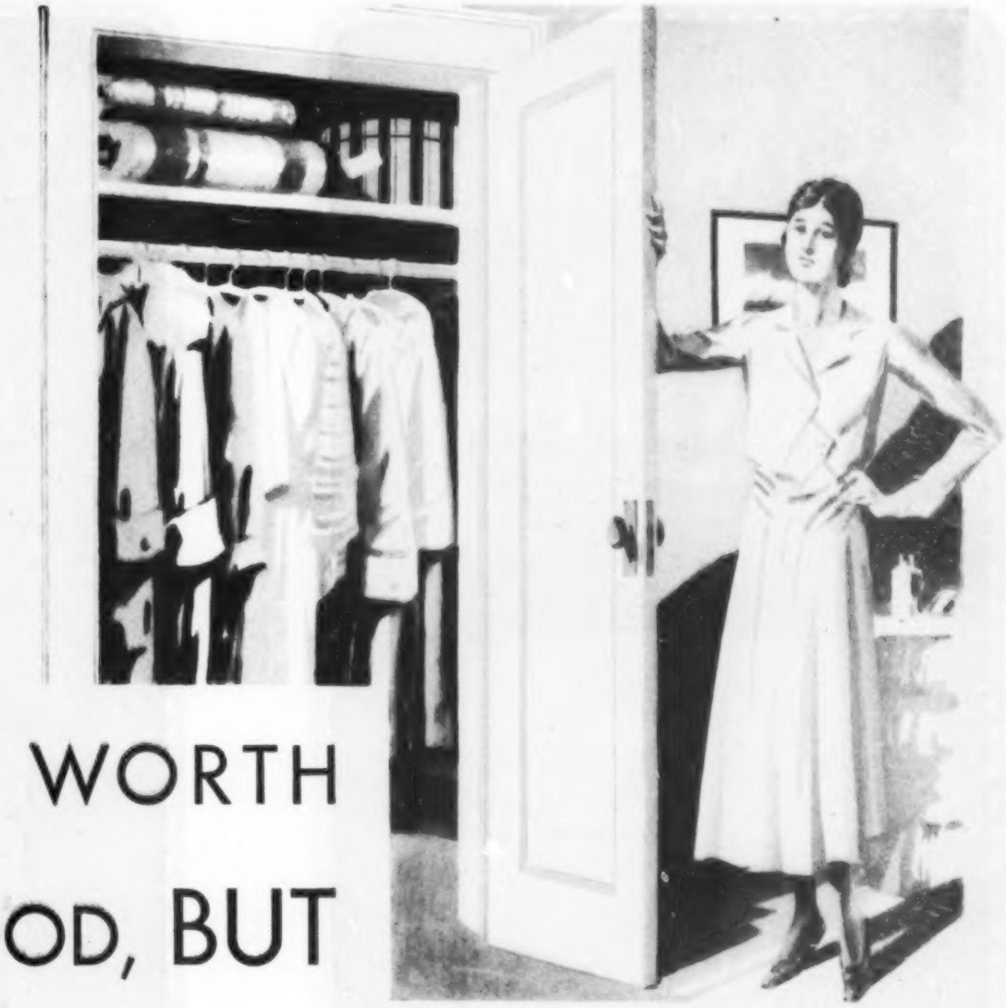
I have often been asked about the most outstanding play in my football career. That is one question which I can answer immediately and in great detail. It will stand alone in my memory for a number of reasons. First, it happened at the close of a dramatic struggle and would have beaten a great team, had it been successful. Second, it was made upon the field, on the spur of the moment, in a desperate effort to do the impossible—score a touchdown from the kick-off against Notre Dame in the last minute of play. Third, it would have worked! If that combination doesn't make it remarkable, then I must be prejudiced.

It happened in the Army-Notre Dame game at the Yankee Stadium in 1928. The Irish had just scored the winning touchdown, making it stand 12–6 against us, and a substitute had just come into our backfield. We were to receive the kick-off, and in the short time it took the two teams to line up we framed the play. It was to be a lateral pass, almost never seen in such a situation. In case I received the kick, my course was to be straight ahead down the right side of the field as fast as my awkward legs would carry me, cutting out to the left as soon as possible. My side-kick on this play was to trot down the right sideline, following me about ten yards in rear. As luck would have it, the ball came to me and I meandered ahead and out to the left, every obstacle being removed from my path by team mates, leaving me nothing to do but run. On about the fifty-yard line it became evident that the Irish were going to close me in on the left sideline, near their own thirty-yard line. A glance to the right showed me a beautiful vista of empty football field extending for fifty yards to the Notre Dame goal line. We had set a perfect trap. I looked around for my accomplice, in order to go about springing it, and—he was nowhere in sight! In the excitement he had forgotten the whole plot! They downed me on the thirty-yard line and the game ended a few minutes later with us pounding away on the one-yard line with the score still 12–6. I sincerely hope that nothing ever rides my conscience so heavily as that failure, for I know it would have worked. I should hate to have to convince my good friend Mr. Rockne of that, but I still know it would have been successful.

The Surprise End

But, speaking of surprises, I must mention one that, in this instance, did work. We were playing Ohio Wesleyan at Michie Stadium last fall. The score was 0–0 at the half and the invaders had been very successful with their running attack through the line all afternoon; so successful, in fact, that at the beginning of the second half we found ourselves backed up on our own four-yard line, in defense, with four attempts to stop. Naturally, we took up our goal-line defense, for they would thrust into the line at least twice after gaining there all afternoon. We prepared to drive in, with little hope of stopping them. The ball was snapped and the play came crashing off right tackle. The whole secondary defense converged to stop it, when their left end stepped back, around our end, took a short, flat pass which some prestidigitator in their backfield conjured out from under his shirt and tossed over, reversed directions and stepped across the line for six points for the Westerners. Most of us never did know just what happened, but we had those six points to remind us that something did! It was unorthodox, carried every possible element of surprise and—it worked!

WIDE WORLD PHOTO.



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We offer you three years of complete protection against moth damage—three years free from the drudgery and worry of moth-fighting.

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WITH THE
GOLDEN VOICE

MODEL 70
Lowboy with Quick-Vision Dial and Tone Control.

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THE NEW QUICK-VISION DIAL

Have you tried the Quick-Vision Dial? All the stations right in front of you, and *evenly* separated for fast, easy and accurate tuning. Large, legible kilocycle figures. Easy to read as a newspaper headline, from any position. No stooping, no peering, no eyestrain. Only the new Atwater Kent has this new Quick-Vision Dial.

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THE NEW QUICK-VISION DIAL

Have you heard the Golden Voice? Clear as sunlight, pure as a South Sea pearl—on local or distant stations, high notes or low. *Natural* sound of every instrument and every human voice—true as the reflection of a beautiful face in a mirror. Not "radio tone" but the throbbing reality of life itself. *Just listen!*

ATWATER KENT RADIO

WITH THE

GOLDEN VOICE

MODEL 76

Highboy with the Quick-Vision Dial and Tone Control. Sliding doors, [illegible] [illegible].

60 70 80 90 100 110 120 130 140 150
AtwaterKent

THE NEW QUICK-VISION DIAL

Have you tested perfected Tone Control? Four definite shadings of the Golden Voice. Emphasize bass or treble at will, to suit your mood. Make the most of every program. And if there happens to be static or other electrical interference in the air, you can quickly reduce its effect with the Atwater Kent Tone Control.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

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MODEL 75

Radio-Phonograph with the Quick-Vision Dial and Tone Control. Ample room for records.

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Have you seen the new Atwater Kent models? We asked the public, in a national survey, what kind of cabinets it wanted; we consulted foremost designers and decorators. Result—the kind of radio you like to live with. See! Hear! NOW! Ask the dealer about time payments.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Some of the School Boys in "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

I am in the business of producing entertainment. Yet from myriads of reports received, the whole world has accepted and endorsed "**All Quiet on the Western Front**" not only as the greatest entertainment but as the most powerful argument ever uttered against future wars.

Eminent men and women, political and spiritual, mothers by the thousands, are urging all ages to see this picture, once, twice and even oftener. I knew the picture was going to be great but I never dreamed that it would engulf the world with unstinted approval and enthusiasm. I might be forgiven for quoting the line from Emerson, "He builded better than he knew."

While this picture bristles with war that is grim and terrible, it is a woman's picture as proved by the attendance. The records both in America and Europe reveal the fact that it is a picture for all ages. It is an interesting fact that in the brief time "**All Quiet on the Western Front**" has been before the public approximately 3,000,000 people have seen it.

This line from the Santa Barbara (California) Press echoes the whole world's sentiment: "Once in the proverbial blue moon there comes to the screen a picture before which all critics must stand silent—and such is "**All Quiet on the Western Front.**"

First reviews of "**A Lady Surrenders**" prove to me that this is a picture with class all the way through. The cast has brought out all its subtle lights beautifully, and consists of CONRAD NAGEL, GENEVIEVE TOBIN, ROSE HOBART, BASIL RATHBONE, CARMEL MYERS and others—truly a cast of accomplished stars.

Both Miss HOBART and Miss TOBIN, stage stars of first magnitude, have become screen sensations overnight because of their work in this picture.

Send for beautifully illustrated FREE booklet describing the new Universal pictures.

Carl Laemmle

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

CARL LAEMMLE, President

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave. New York City

THE GANGSTER'S SWEETHEART

(Continued from Page 19)

I hoped she would become annoyed and go home, but she did nothing of the sort, and the game of midget golf began, with Wilmot showing Cissy Cox, the redhead, how to hold her putter, which was the same thing as showing Mr. Lindbergh how to land on a large field. Cissy had soulful eyes, dark as the night and luminous as the stars, and when she turned them full upon a man, he could hear rippling music and the air was alive with the hum of bees. Cissy laughed easily, and even laughed at Wilmot's conversation. When she leaned upon a long putt, there was grace to her movements that left me stupefied, and as she walked down the fairways, she glided like a rose leaf in the wind.

When we had played five holes, I made up my mind. Wilmot Deering, the friend of my youth, would never beat me this time, for I meant to take immediate action. In this sudden attitude I was encouraged by Cissy's manner.

"You better call me Clyde," I suggested in a low voice, on No. 7 tee, which, at Pocahontas Gardens, consists of a rubber mat on a raised platform, surrounded by a picket fence.

"My name is Cissy," she said, also in a low, confidential tone, and I suddenly began to feel sorry for Wilmot. Norma, my official partner, remained in the party, much as a rumble-seat rider is in a party, and at no time did she betray irritation, knowing in advance the sad fate of a damsel who is six feet tall and rather slim.

We continued to play around and around, and I lost all sense of time and feeling. My spinal column refused to bend, or, if forcibly bent, refused to assume its original state. A dull pain seized me, but there was no way to quit the game, as Wilmot seemed to be getting stronger and stronger. The Gardens owner was openly pleased, the cost being one dollar and forty cents a round, and the prospect was that Wilmot and I would personally pay the first two months' expenses before succumbing to a state of collapse.

We shot the ball through moving windmills, coffee grinders, revolving squirrel cages and trapdoors. We jumped yawning chasms of tar paper and oiled sand. We ran it through mouseholes and waited for it to reappear at a distance. Sometime during the evening, Cissy Cox announced that, if nobody objected, she would like to sit down in a quiet spot and compose herself. The leaning female tower likewise looked a trifle spent, but was game as a pebble. Tall girls have to be game.

"A rather nice place to sit down," suggested Wilmot, "is the Green Mill Inn."

"You must be very tired, Wilmot," I remarked. "Perhaps you would better go home and get a good night's rest."

"On the contrary, I never felt brighter in my life. As for you, you look like something that has been hanging out of the end of a rain spout for weeks, and the sooner you retire, the better."

He laughingly assured Cissy that I had been up for three nights and was the sort of fellow who burns the candle at both ends and attacks it in the middle with a blow torch. He was not trying to do me any good. We employed a taxicab and the four of us roared out to the Green Mill Inn, where there is always dancing, lights, merriment, flowers, gayety, and a man who can imitate crooners.

We began dancing—a fair compliment to our ruggedness and youth, what with eighty-five holes of almost golf—and after skillful maneuvering I lured Cissy to a far corner of the hall and we danced.

"Cissy," I said, "I am a man of few words and a direct person. I invariably know what I want and can make up my mind like that. The minute I beheld you I knew I had met my fate. What do you say to an immediate marriage?"

"You mean tonight?" she asked in natural surprise.

"Well, not precisely tonight. I would like to notify my friends and buy a new hat."

"I can't marry both of you," she said. "You boys don't waste any time, do you?"

"Did the other gentleman ask you to marry him?"

Cissy nodded violently and threw me out of step.

"Over an hour ago. You're both pretty nice boys, and I can see you come of good families. Which one has the most money?"

"I have," I said instantly. "Wilmot is scarcely more than a pauper. Did you notice who paid for the putters? I always pay for everything, and when he has money he is extremely close."

"You're both pretty nice boys," Cissy repeated, and before I could assure her there was little to Wilmot but his brass, he caught up with us and cut in, which is against the rules at Green Mill Inn. I returned to Norma, who was having a night like a man at home with a broken radio.

The remainder of the evening and morning fled uneventfully, with no open trouble between Wilmot and me. I decided to be firm and gentlemanly. I have a confused recollection of arguing with Wilmot; a haziness no doubt caused by the heat of the room. Cissy appeared to be neutral, and what became of Norma I cannot say. At noon the following day my telephone began ringing, and when I came slowly to the surface and seized the instrument, a beautiful voice was heard.

"What are you boys doing today?" she asked, preparing to dig up trade for Pocahontas Gardens. I replied that I could not speak for Wilmot.

"As for myself, if I do not perish in the next twenty minutes, I shall be all right again and will be ready to play bantam golf for eight or nine hours. I must have eaten shrimps last night, Cissy. I can't eat shrimps."

Wilmot telephoned at two o'clock to say he was unexpectedly leaving the city on a business journey and would not be able to keep any engagement with me, social or otherwise.

"That is a strange coincidence," I replied, "for I am also called out of town on important matters and will not return for days."

At seven o'clock we met in front of Pocahontas Gardens and saw that further subterfuge would be unavailing.

"Let me tell you something," I said sharply, confronting him. "I want no nonsense from you. With regard to Cissy Cox, I wish to state I am going to marry her, and would request you to stand aside."

"You are now speaking of my future wife," he said, looking at me hard, "and be careful what you say."

"Cissy as good as promised to marry me last night," I snapped. "Why do you always tag after me? Why can't you find a girl for yourself, Wilmot, instead of miserably dogging my steps and trying to push into my affairs?"

"Your affairs indeed. Didn't I see Cissy first? Didn't I ask her to marry me before you did? Is there any reason on earth why the girl should marry you, and isn't there every reason why she should marry me? Don't be a fool, Clyde. For once in your life, have sense and retire gracefully."

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the young goddess of the minikin links, and, fortunately, Norma was not with her.

"Norma is off duty tonight," she confided.

"Norma is off duty forever as far as I am concerned," Wilmot said grumpily. "And furthermore, this fellow now tells me he asked you to marry him."

"Yes," Cissy said smilingly, "and so did you, and I like both of you, so what can I do about it?"

She appeared to study the problem, and before we could help her, she clapped her hands gayly.

"I know the very thing!" she cried. "Come with me, boys. Follow Cissy."

She immediately steered us to the putter room of Pocahontas Gardens.

"Two goosenecks, Jimmy," she said to the attendant.

"Aren't you going to play with us?" I asked.

"Not this game. I shall be the referee, and this is a very, very important game, because the one that wins is the one I marry, and as you both play about the same, it will be quite exciting. I am all thrilled."

I looked aghast, and even Wilmot had the decency to act perturbed.

"Oh, no," we said as one voice. "We can't do that."

"Yes," said Cissy, "because I don't know any other way to decide. I like both of you about the same."

"It suits me," Wilmot said grimly, "but probably Clyde will decline the contest."

"It is a wild and foolish thing to do," I spluttered, "but I am not the one to show a white feather. Am I to understand that this peewee match settles which one Cissy is to marry?"

"It does!" she cried. "The winner can immediately propose to me and I shall accept him. I promise."

"Under those conditions hand me that putter. This sand flea here never saw the day he could outputt me."

And so, with hundreds of lively persons tapping away on all sides, we began our contest for the hand of a maiden. I won the first hole with no effort, when Wilmot rolled under a small bridge and became lodged in wire entanglements. He captured the second with a long, roving putt, but lost the third—the hole of the bear. I increased my lead on the fourth—a nifty little teaser where one rolls the ball up a sharp hill and into a hole the size of an eyecup. The fifth Wilmot took, passing through a stovepipe and across a ravine and making a hole in one. We ding-donged around the fairways and Cissy marked the card and seemed to enjoy the match.

"All square," she announced, commencing the second half. Wilmot was having trouble keeping his head down and repeatedly rolled off the course

(Continued on Page 52)

So big!

Hand-woven woolens, a porridge spoon, a cradle—strange, sparse provisions, these, for the baby of yesterday. Today's baby thrives with a whole nursery at his command. He has sanitary methods, gentle soaps, pure foods—numerous aids that have become the divine right of babies. In a few years more, he and his boy and girl contemporaries go proudly to school and camp. They prove what shoes, bicycles, and middies are made of . . . test the purity of candy, ice cream.

One of the largest, most important markets in the world is this: the children's market. Parents are fearlessly determined to have the best for their children.

Each year, in the United States, about two and a half million babies are born. Not only do they make imperious demands for purchases they outgrow incredibly fast . . . but also they cast their silent determining votes in selections of home furnishings, lights, furnaces, refrigerators. At their coming, parents cease to be mere buyers for themselves, and become buyers for a family. They acquire a whole fresh world of interests. Banks and insurance companies take on new important meanings. Homes invite investment. And these millions of young people—with more or less unset preferences for merchandise—suddenly become discriminate in buying!

Parents know, just as the manufacturer knows, that purchases for children must be along the lines of purity, safety, freshness, proved results. That the only supplies recognizably safe and pure are those that appear over the names of reputable makers. Doctors recommend such goods. Merchants advise their use. Mothers discuss them when they get together. . . . And it is only a matter of common sense that this reliance on advertised goods for children grows into reliance on advertised goods in the other purchases the changing years require. . . . And it is only a matter of foresight on the part of manufacturers that in the homes of more than thirty million children, advertising is laying the foundations for the buying habits of a lifetime.

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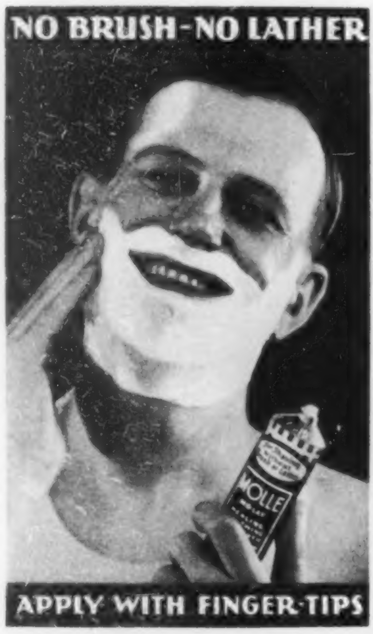


The Best Shave in your life or Money Back

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave you ever had, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet*

(2) *Apply* MOLLÉ *with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream*

(3) *Shave with your favorite razor*

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio

MOLLÉ
for Shaving without Brush or Lather
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOLLÉ
-MŌ-LAY-

(Continued from Page 50)

among the rocks, but to balance this uncertainty, I met with atrocious luck from time to time and my good shots were punished. The match remained at even terms until the eighteenth hole. This I won.

"That settles it," said Cissy, handing the card to Wilmot. "Clyde wins on the very last hole, and now we know who marries who. I am sorry, Wilmot, that I cannot marry you, but, anyhow, there will be no more arguments."

As a matter of justice, I will say young Wilmot Deering took his whipping like a man and concealed whatever pain he felt. He shook hands and slapped me on the back.

"The best of luck, Clydie, old boy!" he cried in his hearty way. "You won, and you have my congratulations!"

He even insisted upon celebrating the event with a little premarriage dinner for just the three of us. Cissy having obtained leave of absence, we drove over to Green Mill, where Wilmot summoned the head waiter and demanded a banquet. I recall discussing the more serious aspects of life with Cissy as the evening wore on, such as where would she prefer to have the radio in our new home, and would a flat be more convenient than a house. Cissy was not a frightfully sentimental type, which is sometimes a fine thing in a girl.

"It would have made no difference to me," she said frankly as we discussed the rather unusual events of the evening. "I like both you boys, and I am the kind of girl that when I like two boys about the same, I am willing to take a chance, like on a peewee golf course."

I applauded this sentiment, but Wilmot had begun to show signs of fatigue. He became rapidly morose, and very abruptly he took his hat and departed.

"To my future wife," I said, and we drank a toast, immediately after which I drove Cissy to her home in a quiet part of the city.

"See you tomorrow," I said on leaving her.

"O. K., darling!" she cried, and it sounded lovely, although I detest the letters O. K. when used as a statement, a gift from the movies. Remove O. K. from the talkies and they are virtually speechless.

I slept late the following day, and was brought to consciousness by a hotel attendant knocking at my door. I slowly opened one eye and peeked.

"Come in."

He entered.

"What is it?"

"There's a man to see you, sir."

"At this hour?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I'm dead."

"You don't wish to see him?"

"Not only dead but buried."

The lad instantly disappeared and the door closed, but immediately reopened, and when I gazed again, I knew I was dreaming, for there stood Alfred Crowder.

"It is a good thing this is a dream," I announced, "because if it wasn't a dream, you would actually be there, and I would hate that. Ho-ho, what a grisly dream—to be dreaming Alfred Crowder is there."

"You are not dreaming, Mr. Hogue," said Alfred, "and I am here in person. You don't like me, do you?"

I sat up in bed, and by placing a hand over one eye and closely regarding him, I saw it was indeed Alfred.

It was a fine time to swear, but no words I knew fitted the moment.

"You are all wrong about me, Mr. Hogue. I have waited for a chance to prove it, and now I am glad to be able to say I can do so."

"Do what?"

"I never had any but friendly feelings for you, Mr. Hogue," he continued, fiddling with his hat and standing in the doorway, "and this proves it—that I should bother to come up here and warn you."

"Warn me!"

"When I happened to drive by the peewee golf course the first time and saw you and Wilmot talking to the red-headed jane, I thought nothing of it, but when I saw you again, I knew you should be warned, as you have a family and many friends who would regret your demise."

I climbed out of bed in a state of utter amazement.

"You know the red-headed jane I mean, don't you?"

"Know her!" I shouted. "Know her! Great Cæsar, I should hope I do know her. At this very moment ——"

"If you will please wait a minute, Mr. Hogue, and not lose your temper, you will see. I am just doing you a friendly deed, as one throws a drowning man a life buoy. If you have any regard for your safety, do not be seen in the vicinity of Pocahontas Gardens again, and do not have social dealings with Cissy Cox, for that is the same as lying down in a closed garage with the engine running."

"Will you kindly explain yourself?" I requested impatiently, restraining my impulse to throw the fellow downstairs.

"You have no doubt heard of Red Dunnigan?"

"No."

"You never heard of him?"

"I never did."

"Red 'Killer' Dunnigan?"

"No," I said, my voice lowering slightly.

"The scourge of the underworld?"

"I didn't even know we had an underworld."

Alfred laughed slightly and continued: "This town is notorious for its underworld, and the most powerful and sinister figure amid all that crime is Red 'Killer' Dunnigan, who has personally shot thirteen men and incinerated them in his private incinerator, with no interference from the police. Well does he deserve his title, for he is a Napoleon of crime. And he commands a bloodthirsty pack of underworld wolves that would tear out your heart at the movement of his smallest finger."

I observed that my throat was growing dry as he proceeded.

"Why did you wake me up with this news concerning Mr. Dunnigan?"

"Because," said Alfred in a low, serious voice, "Cissy Cox is Red Dunnigan's sweetheart, or, as they say in crime circles, his broad. They are going to be married in the autumn, surrounded by expensive flowers and machine guns."

At this astounding information I turned visibly pale.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" I said. "Are you certain?"

"I am certain, and I thought you ought to know the facts."

"Alfred," I said, advancing and shaking him by the hand, "you will have to forgive me. I have misjudged you in the past and hereby retract anything nasty I may have said in public. You are a real friend in an emergency, and as you say, I ought to know."

He went away soon after, and with hands that shook I hurried into my garments and set forth. Wilmot was just rising for the day when I arrived, and looked a trifle drawn.

"Wilmot," I said, breaking in upon him, "we have been friends a long time."

"For years," he admitted. "I have very little money in my account at the bank."

"A man must be square with his friends. One cannot cheat a friend and retain his self-respect."

"What has happened, Clyde?" he asked anxiously.

"It is about Cissy Cox."

"What?"

"I cheated. Ashamed and very low in my mind, I confess to you that I acted like a crook."

"When?" he demanded, looking more and more surprised.

"Last night or whenever it was we played that peewee contest for a beautiful bride. At one juncture, when your back was to me and my ball was hopelessly buried in some shavings, I kicked it back to the fairway, unseen by you and Cissy. That was one cheat. Again, and later on, I played a stranger's ball, my own ball being out in the public street beneath an ice-cream wagon. Still again, I putted on the fairway when I should have putted among some purple rocks. I thought I would be able to cheat you, Wilmot, but my conscience forbids. I cannot take Cissy as my bride, for, in all fairness, you won her and she is your bride, not mine."

I sat down uneasily and glanced at Wilmot, who was putting on his cravat and who seemed unmoved by my true confessions. He tied a bow with meticulous precision.

"No," he said in a gentle voice.

"No what, Wilmot?"

"You are an honest lad, Clydie"—placing a hand on my shoulder—"and I am proud to have you for a friend, but as a matter of truth and justice, I did not win the peewee contest for a bride. You won it, Clyde. I also cheated, and have felt ashamed since. Three times, and maybe more, I tried to rob you by unfair and disgraceful tactics that no real man would stoop to, but you defeated me anyhow. So you win Cissy Cox for your own."

He went on fooling with his cravat and I regarded him with a cold glance of suspicion.

"You know something," I stated. "You have had recent news of some kind."

"Meaning which?"

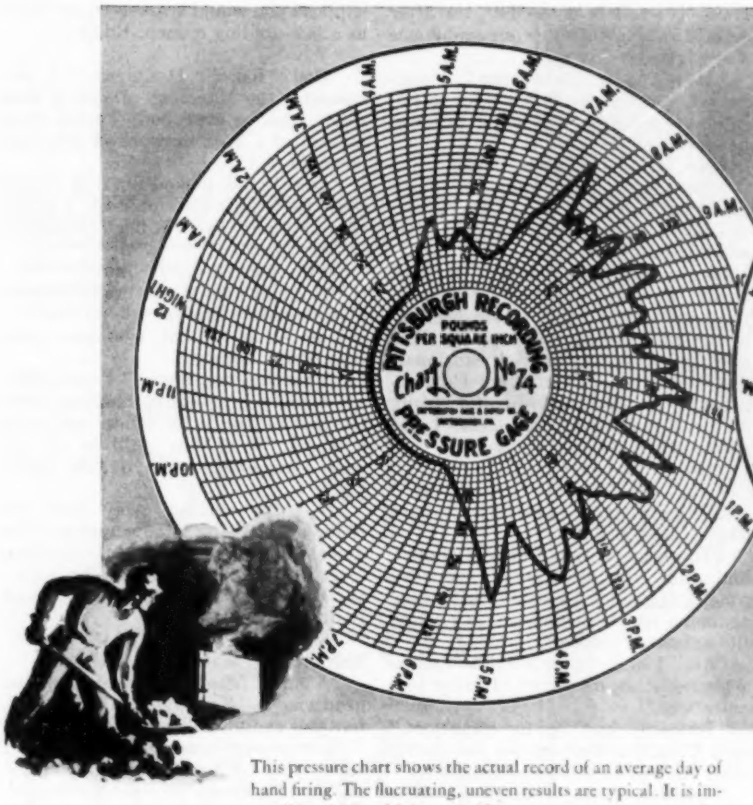
"Meaning that Alfred Crowder has probably been around."

At this Wilmot laughed cheerily and confessed that Mr. Crowder had indeed paid him a brief call and bequeathed to him certain facts concerning the heart affairs of the red-headed charmer of Pocahontas Gardens. Wilmot had even more interesting news items regarding the Killer. He had gone to New York, mad about Cissy in his underworld way, to obtain a certain valuable diamond engagement ring, which he was bringing back to Cissy as soon as he could shoot down the wealthy diamond merchant who owned the bauble. Considering one thing with another, we decided it would be far better if we remained at a suitable distance from Pocahontas Gardens and red-headed females.

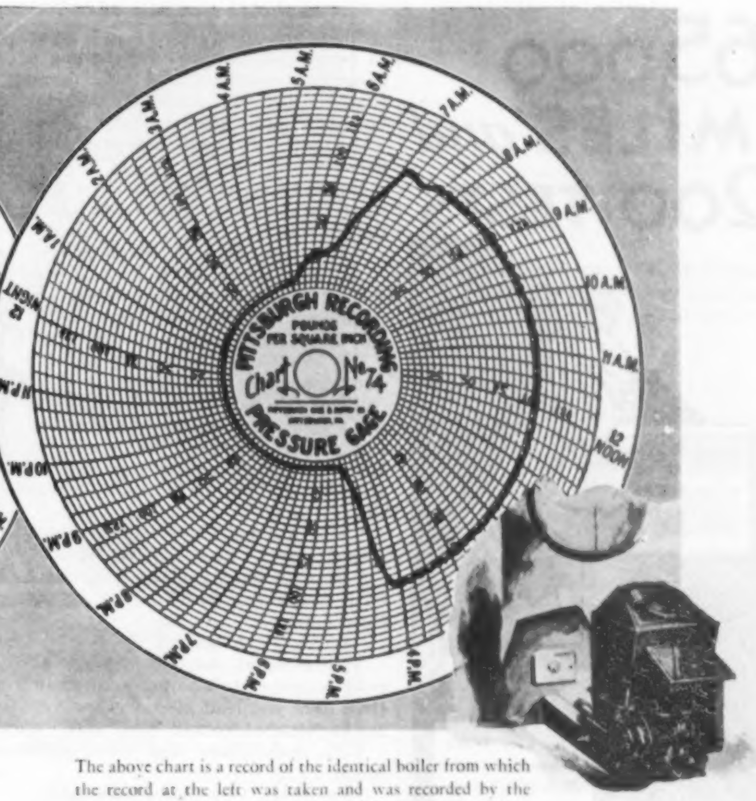
"Call her up at once," Wilmot suggested. "One cannot act too quickly, for Mr. Dunnigan may be even now on his way back to this city."

"With two revolvers and a sawed-off shotgun," I added, shuddering. "What shall I say to her?"

(Continued on Page 54)



This pressure chart shows the actual record of an average day of hand firing. The fluctuating, uneven results are typical. It is impossible with hand firing to hold temperature or pressure steady.



The above chart is a record of the identical boiler from which the record at the left was taken and was recorded by the same recording device *after an Iron Fireman* was installed.

IRON FIREMAN makes a *steady fire*

IRON FIREMAN makes a steady fire. No human hand can hold a fire so steady. Many users say that the steady, dependable firing which Iron Fireman automatically delivers is its most valuable service to them. Others say that Iron Fireman's best service is in taking their buildings, plants, or homes out of the "smoke nuisance" class—for Iron Fireman burns coal so scientifically that it prevents smoke. Still others point out that where formerly their firing was a full time job, now Iron Fireman enables the attendants to do other work. Iron Fireman saves labor costs.

But more than 80 per cent of Iron Fireman users say that regardless of these three great advantages, they would never return to hand firing because Iron Fireman saves from 15 to 50 per cent of their fuel costs.

Taken together, the many betterments and savings which Iron Fireman brings to users, represent a total that cannot be ignored. No one today can afford to use costly or obsolete methods. Few care to experiment with unproved devices.

An Iron Fireman annually earns 25 to 50 per cent on the investment* because it
—burns lower-priced coal and less of it
—cuts fuel costs
—saves labor costs
—gives steady, even boiler pressure or heat
—operates automatically
—eliminates smoke
—increases plant efficiency

Iron Fireman is a nation-wide success, with thousands of users who are glad to speak well of its performance and of its engineering and quality construction.

Iron Fireman is the pioneer in automatic coal firing. Through scientific research Iron Fireman has developed the practical application of ***non-agitated forced underfiring.*** An understanding of this simple principle makes it clear to anyone not only ***how***, but also ***why*** Iron Fireman can deliver such definitely superior results. An interesting booklet explaining this principle will be mailed upon request. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Branches: Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago. Subsidiaries: New York, Milwaukee. Dealers in principal cities.

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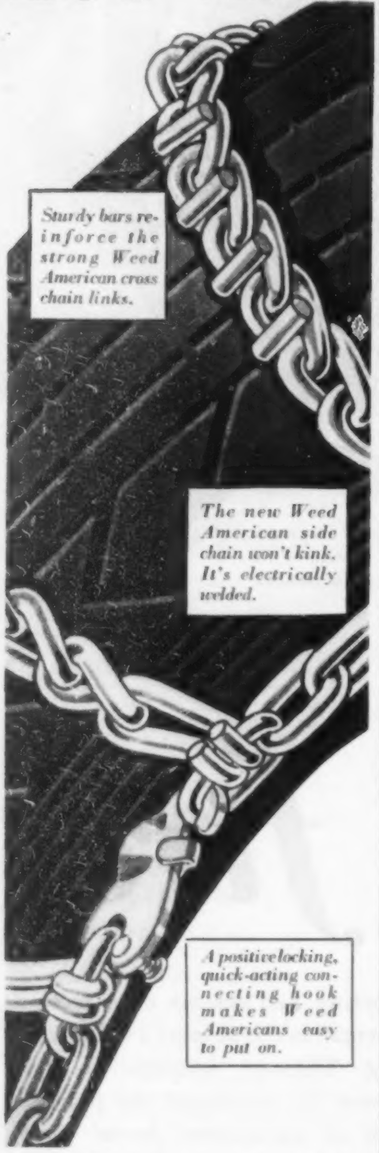
*Owners' results as shown by a recent questionnaire, answered in detail by 392 users, showed fuel savings averaging 31.62 per cent . . . equivalent to an annual return of 59.44 per cent on the costs of their Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners.'

IRON FIREMAN
AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

. . . the machine
that made coal
an automatic fuel

65,000 MILES and 200 TESTS



Sturdy bars reinforce the strong Weed American cross chain links.
The new Weed American side chain won't kink. It's electrically welded.
A positive locking, quick-acting connecting hook makes Weed Americans easy to put on.

THIS new type tire chain passes the most gruelling tests with flying colors. Ask for Weed Americans, the modern chains for modern cars and roads, perfected by Weed Tire Chain engineers. They wear longer. They grip the road. They save you money. Made by the American Chain Company, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn.

The NEW WEED AMERICAN TIRE CHAIN *Supreme*

Weed Tire Chain Radio Program: Tune in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

(Continued from Page 52)

"I should think a man who is going to be put on the spot for stealing a gangster's sweetie would be able to think of suitable remarks," Wilmot said, picking up the telephone. "Central, please get me Pocahontas Gardens."

I paced nervously to and fro, and when the peewee man answered I took the instrument.

"Miss Cox, please," I requested.

"Speak up now," said Wilmot. "Upon this conversation depends whether you remain my comrade or become just an old, dead friend out in the cemetery."

"Is this Cissy?" I asked, and the sweet voice said it was.

"This is Clyde. . . . Yes, Clyde; and I wish to announce to you that our engagement is broken here and now. We are not engaged any more and we are never going to be married. Is that clear to you?"

"Why, Clyde," Cissy exclaimed in a pained voice, "what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened yet, but I have discovered that you are a two-faced Janus."

"A what?" she asked.

"Never mind. Anyhow, you are already engaged to another gentleman. How dare you lead me on, when you are an engaged woman?"

"Oh, that," Cissy said with a light laugh.

"Yes, that," I continued indignantly. "I should think you would feel ashamed of yourself to fool me about such an important matter."

"It isn't important," she replied. "It's just a little thing—my engagement—and I would hardly have thought of mentioning it."

"Among my friends," I said coldly, "it is considered bad manners for an engaged girl willfully to deceive a gentleman. I don't want to see you any more, or have anything further to do with you. I am much annoyed over the episode."

"And I suppose you are afraid of getting a sock in the eye?" Cissy inquired.

"Not at all—not at all. I am not the kind that is afraid of anyone, and I do not wish to waste any more of my valuable time talking to a girl like you, because you are passing from my life forever, after having done me a great wrong."

"You make me tired," the girl stated, "and I think you are just a yellow person of no courage. It is a good thing I found out about you before it was too late, for now I would not marry you if you were the last man in the world."

This completed the conversation, and I turned to Wilmot with a smile of triumph.

"How was that?"

"A very direct talk," said he, "and, if you are still alive in a week, a successful talk."

"It would be a good plan," I said thoughtfully, "if we went hunting up in Canada for a while, as the moose are now running, and I would be easier in my mind if I were two thousand miles north of here when Red 'Killer' Dunnigan returns with his diamond engagement ring. You would better come along too, for if he decides to shoot me anyhow, he will no doubt include you in the mortuary work, as you were in the thick of things and almost got Cissy yourself."

"There is food for thought in what you say," Wilmot agreed, and we ordered the tickets by telephone.

Two weeks later we ventured to return to our native city, and were not shot down as we stepped from the train. It was late in the day, and after several uneventful hours our confidence slowly returned.

"It would be interesting," I suggested, "to wander slowly over to Pocahontas Gardens and see if business has fallen off."

"No," he said in a clear tone.

"Not go in," I said quickly. "Look on from a short distance. I am curious to know if Cissy is still employed, after what has happened."

Somewhat reluctantly, Wilmot agreed, and we sauntered across town to the Gardens, with their brilliant lights and multitudes of people in yellow sweaters. We approached cautiously and looked about for Cissy Cox, remaining in the shadows of a trunk factory and lowering our voices. I perceived Norma, but not Cissy.

"Do you see her?"

"No," said Wilmot.

"Probably gone home after a hard day."

"Too early for that," he commented, and while we speculated in a hushed tone, I noticed a police officer leaning against a telephone pole and surveying the animated scene.

"Ah," I said, "that is Eddie Lynch, a plain-clothes detective. I know him quite well."

"Probably hunting for gangsters," said Wilmot. "Perhaps we had better clear out before anything happens."

I decided to say a word to Eddie, who is a capable public official, standing high in the police department.

"Good evening, Eddie," I said.

"Well, well," he said. "Hello, Clyde. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, just around. Meet my friend, Mr. Deering."

They shook hands.

"This is quite a game, isn't it?" he inquired, motioning toward the peeweeists.

"Yes," I said significantly, "but not as exciting as the game you police officers are constantly playing."

"And what game do you refer to, Clyde?"

"Why, your war with the underworld, Eddie. That must, indeed, be very exciting and fraught with danger."

"Shucks," said the plain-clothes officer. "We haven't any underworld in this town. A few porch climbers, pickpockets and stick-up men maybe, but no real underworld like Such-and-Such," he said, mentioning a city somewhat famous for its underworld.

"What?" I cried. "No underworld! Then what would you have to say concerning Red 'Killer' Dunnigan? I suppose you would scarcely regard him as a law-abiding citizen, Eddie?"

"Who?"

"Red 'Killer' Dunnigan," I repeated, "the Napoleon of vice in this town, who, as everybody knows, is in control of a vast network of criminal elements."

Eddie Lynch looked puzzled. "You must have your wires crossed. I never heard of any Red 'Killer' Dunnigan in our town."

"You never heard of him!"

"No, and I know them all. I know every crook in this town."

I looked at Wilmot, who was a picture of amazement.

"That is rather queer," I remarked.

"Somebody has been blowing horse feathers on you," the officer said with a laugh. "Well, boys, I'll be on my way. Glad to have met you, Mr. Deering."

He softly melted away into the shadows with the gliding motion of a detective, and we stared at his receding form until it blended into the night. We stared at Pocahontas Gardens and then at each other.

"So that is the how of it," I said, beginning to understand.

"A smart fellow," Wilmot admitted grudgingly. "I always loathed Alfred, but you cannot call him a dumb egg."

Sadness overcame me. "I do wish," I said, "that I had not been so fawningly polite and grateful to the little weasel. Think of the sort of mind that would hatch out such a low stratagem."

Wilmot pointed in silence, and suddenly I descried Cissy Cox. She was clad in a baby-blue outfit, with a béret and a fluffy neckpiece, and was apparently ceasing work for the evening, for Norma, the human bean pole, was at her side, and a young man was impatiently waiting at the gate. The man was Alfred Crowder. Cissy powdered her nose with the extreme elaboration of a young girl in public, and Alfred led her tenderly to his automobile and handed her into the seat. The car drove off and Norma strolled out, her day's putting done. We were on our way, but paused for an instant.

"Good evening, Norma," I said courteously.

"Oh, hello," she responded. "Cissy has just left."

"Isn't it too bad?"

"She left a moment ago with Mr. Crowder. They're engaged, you know. He's such a sweet fellow."

"And bright, too, isn't he?" I inquired.

"Oh, very bright. They've been engaged for months and months. He's so thoughtful."

"Sweet and bright," I said. "What a splendid judge of human nature you are, Norma. You're wasting your time being a taxi girl on a peewee golf course. You're a natural judge of human nature and should be where you could devote all your time to it."

She looked at us dubiously. "I always said there was something funny about you two," she stated.

"Not funny, Norma. Pathetic would be better. Would you care to play a game of peanut golf with us?"

"No."

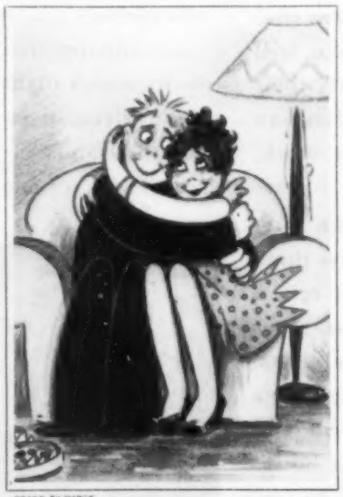
"Why not?"

"I have a date."

She stared pointedly at us and prepared to leave.

"Yes," she continued with a smile, "I have an engagement with a man named Dunnigan. Maybe you know him?"

And with no further remarks the tall pine of the dinky links strolled down the avenue into the flickering shadows of a perfect summer night.

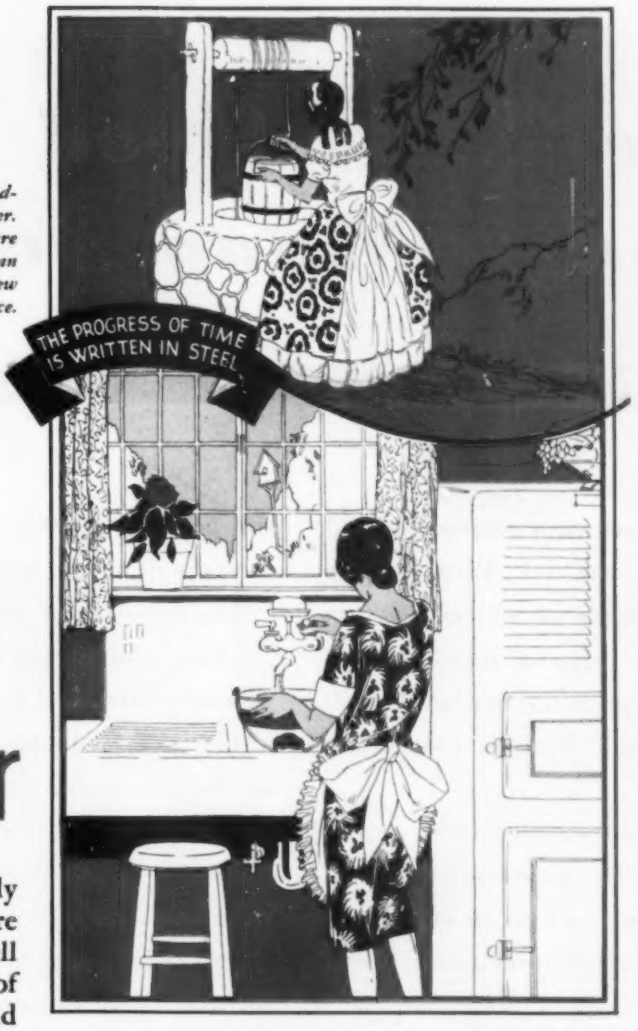


DRAWN BY MARGE

"I Could be Pals With a Girl Like You"

Over a beaten path our grandmothers took perishable foodstuffs to the open well and brought back buckets of water. Now hot and cold water, heat and electrically-made ice are instantly available. The Age of Steel has liberated woman from her bondage to the kitchen, and has raised to new heights the standards of health, comfort and convenience.

Steel-the great Liberator


THE PROGRESS OF TIME IS WRITTEN IN STEEL

Gone is drudgery, and with it the ugly and the uninspiring. In its place are countless conveniences, durable as well as beautiful because they are made of steel. The better plumbing, heating and refrigeration in the home are but illustrations of what steel has made possible in nearly every field of endeavor.

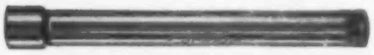
More improvements will follow, because steel's usefulness is continually being extended by alloys. COP-R-LOY is an example—a product of scientific research and modern methods. In COP-R-LOY are united the advantages of fine mild steel with copper's power to resist corrosion. It is not merely an alloy that specializes among only a few particular uses, but is an all-purpose alloyed steel compounded to a proven formula to render any product made of it more indifferent to corrosive agencies.

Providing an extra margin of service COP-R-LOY has been attractive, not only to railroads, mines, shipbuilding and other industries faced with the problems of property protection and maintenance, but also to manufacturers seeking to deliver better and longer service in their products. So many articles are made of this finer steel today that you should look for the COP-R-LOY label on any steel product for home, factory, office or farm.

Likewise when you build or contract for plumbing or sheet metal work you can secure the benefits of COP-R-LOY in sheets and in pipe (both black and galvanized) made by Wheeling. Send for a booklet describing the functions of COP-R-LOY, with which you should be thoroughly familiar.

MADE OF
COP-R-LOY
THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL
TO GIVE
MAXIMUM VALUE
AND SERVICE

This label signifies the use of COP-R-LOY *for a product in which the manufacturer wants you to have the maximum of value and service.*



Galvanized COP-R-LOY *Pipe is marked with a longitudinal maroon stripe, and the name in the pipe wall.*

Plain COP-R-LOY *Pipe has an overall maroon coating and the name in the pipe wall.*

Just a little over a year ago Wheeling announced COP-R-LOY Pipe. Since that time nearly the whole industry has concurred in the fact that copper alloyed steel makes a better and more economical pipe for all purposes.

Since it was first developed at Benwood, the cradle of the steel pipe industry, steel pipe has provided an abundance of satisfactory performance under normal conditions. Now this better pipe made of genuine Wheeling COP-R-LOY, is welcomed because it is frequently capable of rendering a greater service even under extraordinary conditions. Used in mining, in transportation, and other fields of severest service, the ability of COP-R-LOY Pipe to give a definite plus service under the less trying conditions of the home, apartment and office building—is more than proven.

You can pay more for pipe than you pay for COP-R-LOY, so for your protection, talk to your architect and plumbing contractor or write to Wheeling for complete details.

In a land of beautiful homes, much dependence is put on COP-R-LOY *Pipe for both heating and plumbing. The example above is a San Francisco residence. Architect: Chas. F. Strothoff. Builder: E. W. Ross. Pipe installed by Gilley-Schmid Co., and furnished by the Richmond Sanitary Co.—all of San Francisco, Calif.*

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION, Wheeling, West Virginia

Principal Subsidiary Companies

Wheeling Corrugating Company
Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies
Ackermann Manufacturing Company
The Tyler Tube and Pipe Company

Bessemer and Open Hearth Steel, Plates, Sheets, Tin Plate, Lithographed Plate, Pipe, Boiler Tubes, Rods, Wire, Cut Nails, Wire Nails, Roofings, Fence, Range Boilers, Tanks, Steel Barrels

FROM MINE TO MARKET

Save with Steel
WHEELING STEEL
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

The Same Good Car Through Many Seasons

AT THIS SEASON of the year, as autumn prepares to bid adieu, it is good to know that the new Ford is fully prepared to meet the sterner needs of winter driving.

Cold weather emphasizes the value of its simplicity of design and its dependable performance under all conditions. There is an enduring quality, too, in its exterior finish.

The pyroxylin lacquer is not affected by cold, or the usual hazards of snow or water. The Rustless Steel used for the radiator shell, hub caps, cowl finish strip, and other exterior metal parts is an additional assurance of permanent beauty.

The fabrics used for trimming the interior of the new Ford are selected both for appearance and durability. Unusual care is taken to maintain their high quality.

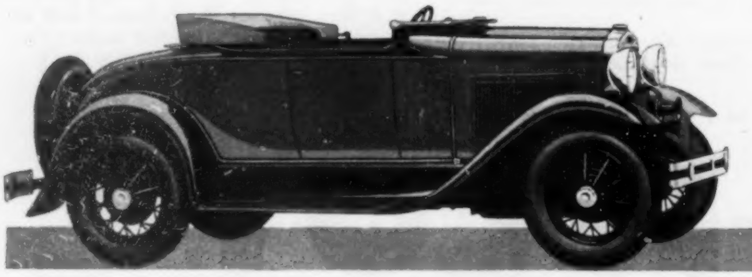
Laboratory tests are constantly being made for weight, the character of the cloth, and the grade of the yarns used in these fabrics and trims. There are also numerous daily tests of the dyes, the count in the warp and woof, the percentage of wool, and a rubbing test equivalent to years of actual wear.

The interiors of the Town Sedan, De Luxe Sedan and De Luxe Coupe are examples of this craftsmanship in manufacture. In these body types you may choose either tan Bedford cord, made of fine wool worsted, or brown mohair. Though soft and luxurious, this mohair will not crush easily and is long wearing because it is faced with genuine Angora mohair and wool worsted.

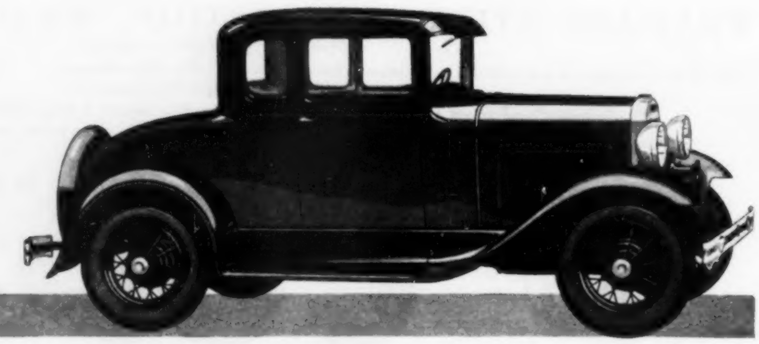
The Ford Motor Company purchases millions of yards of upholstery material yearly and is therefore enabled to give you exceptionally high quality without increasing the price of the car.

With reasonable care the new Ford will maintain its original sheen and brilliance for a long period of time. Mechanically it has been made to give you many thousands of miles of comfortable, satisfactory motoring at a very low cost per mile.

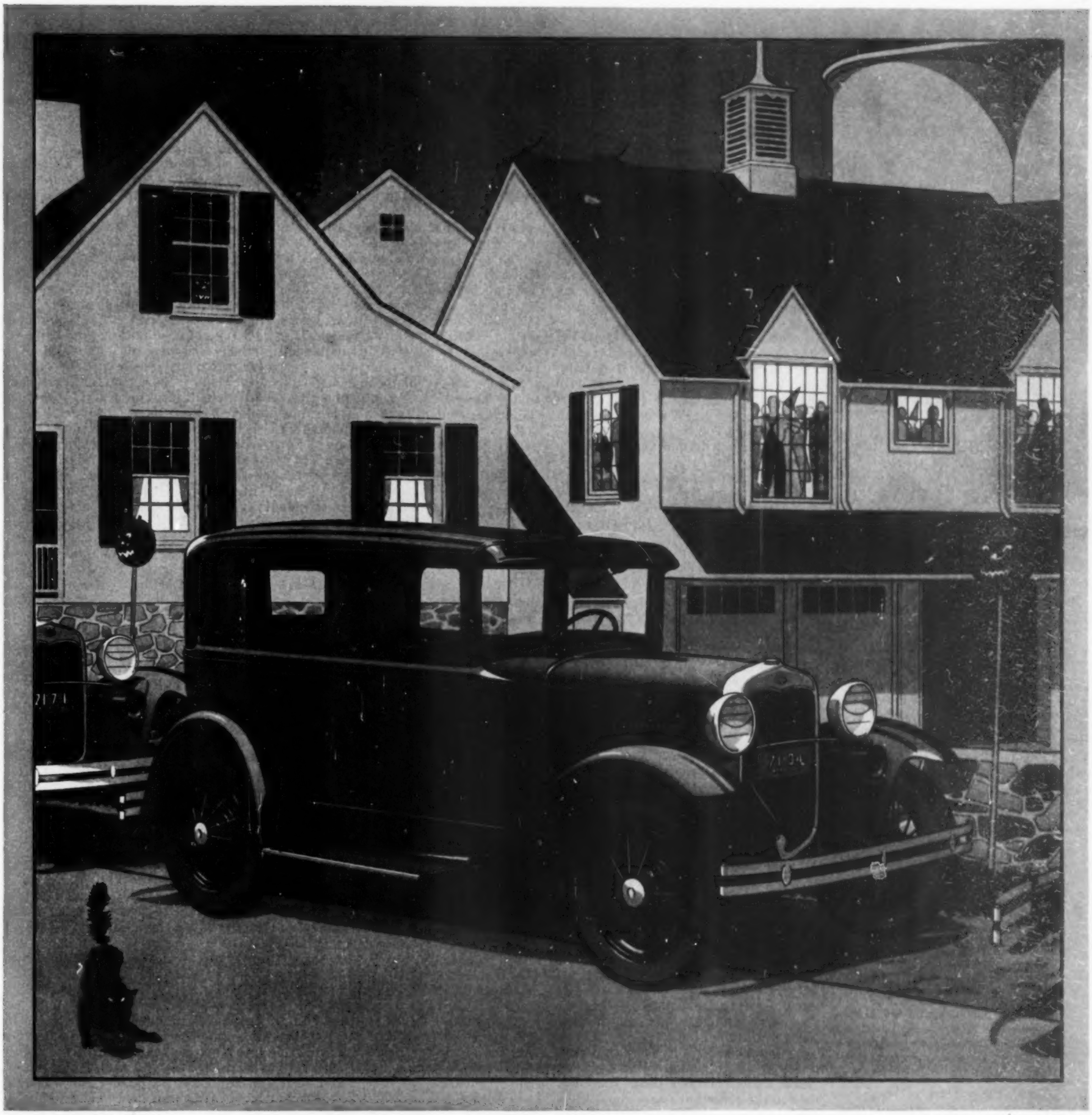
FORD MOTOR COMPANY



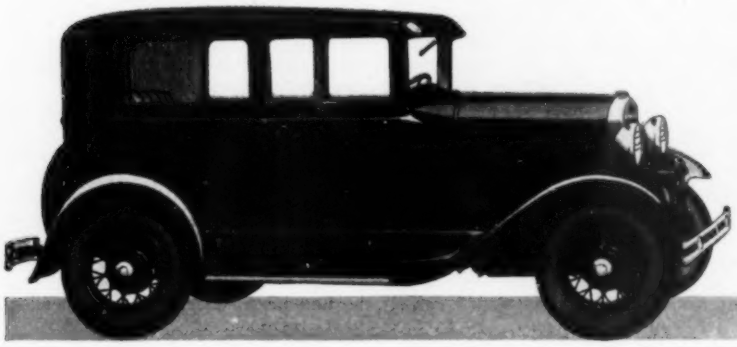
THE NEW FORD ROADSTER



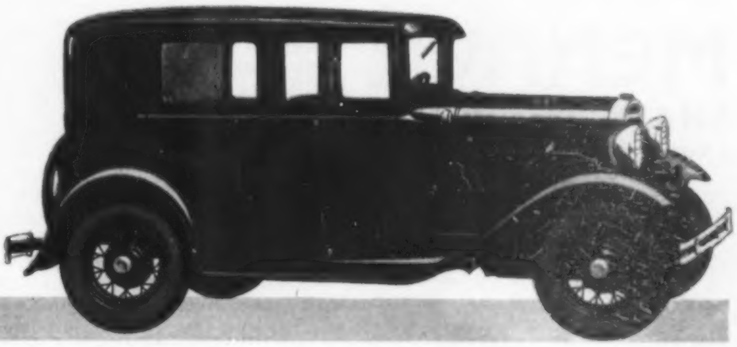
THE NEW FORD COUPE



THE NEW THREE-WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN



THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN



THE NEW FORD DE LUXE SEDAN

"It makes the contract and 2 extra tricks"

SIDNEY S. LENZ

THE authority on Auction and Contract. This very day Bridge players everywhere are consulting his new book, "My System of Contract Bidding."

"I suppose, Jim, that what I want from a shaving cream is exactly what most men want: a clean, quick and comfortable shave. Mennen certainly lives up to its contract in that respect. I've used it now for two years—at home and on my trips. Always and anywhere—Mennen does its job.

"Now, as to the two extra shaves: Those are the bonus above the line. And 20 extra shaves from every pack of blades is not so bad! . . ."

Thousands of men have tested my guarantee of "2 *more* shaves from every blade with Mennen—or money back." Since I first made the offer (Jan. 25, 1930), just *one* man has asked for his money back. Is that, or is that not, *proof?*

Mennen, however, doesn't stop with giving you smoother and more shaves. It also helps you to keep your skin clear, healthy, free from blackheads, pimples and blemishes. The lather penetrates into the pores, loosens and washes out the deeply imbedded dirt which soap and water can't reach.

Two Mennen creams to choose from —(1) *Menthol-Iced,* with its triple-cool tingle; (2) *Original,* famous for quick, creamy lather.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAMS
2 KINDS: ORIGINAL—MENTHOL-ICED

The MAN'S Talcum
Mennen Talcum for men doesn't show on your face. But it does give your skin real protection. Absorbs excess facial oil. You look and feel cleaner all day long.
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN

LIFE SENTENCE

(Continued from Page 26)

there should be more to it than that. There should be a whole heap more."

He sat down heavily on an Italian chair that happened to be behind him, and remained for some time with his hands over his face. "Gee!" he said. "That bell of white flowers we got married under!"

When he looked up again Josephine was standing erect, her brows meeting as she looked down on him in a steady stare of disfavor, while her hand fluttered in front of her mouth. It seemed probable she was masking a smile of satisfaction of which she was ashamed, but which nevertheless came and went.

He tapped the gold-painted wood of the chair arm and stroked the brocade. "Well," he said, "this is a grand room, and I'm glad to leave it." He got onto his feet and shook his head at her. "And you're a grand woman, and I'm glad to leave you."

She continued to press her fingers against her lips.

"You are the meanest, ugliest woman that ever lived!" he suddenly burst out. "And what makes me sick is that you might have been great if you'd only been a fraction better than what you are! You've missed it by a hairbreadth. But, you've missed it! There can't be a woman on the streets who's such an unmitigated nuisance to everyone that she's tied up with as you are. And the pity is you started fine. It's because you started fine that you've turned into the hard-mouthed pest that you are. You were big enough not to let me make a fool of myself that evening when I wanted to cry off our marriage; and ever since you've been smaller than your own little finger. You were big enough to say that you wouldn't let me throw away my happiness just because I had cold feet, even though I'd put you in a position where convention almost forced you to do it. But you weren't big enough ever to forgive me for the insult to your pride, even though I've done everything I could to atone. You've tried to prove me a poor dog so that you can feel that an insult from me doesn't matter.

"That's why you've fixed this real-estate business the way it looks, as if it was something you'd pulled off with me like a dead weight on you, though you know I was behind you all the time, except when you asked so much that nobody would have given in to you. That's why you've faked all this damn nonsense about the children, though you know as well as you know your own face in the glass that I care about them the way you do. That's why you've carried on this way about this thing with Judy, though you know that I couldn't help it any more than I could help a skunk coming and dying in the yard. But, of course, it wasn't like another man's slip, because other men haven't done to their wives what I did to you two days before our marriage. You had to give me hell, hadn't you? That's why you had to tear up everything good that we'd done together, and let heck happen to the children, so that you could have the fun of putting that poor flatfish, Jack Lambert, in my place, and saying to the world, 'I know them both, and, believe me, this is the better man.' Well, have it your own way. It suits me. Sure, it suits me." He walked toward the door and turned there to cry: "You can't believe how well it suits me. I thought I was in for a life sentence, and now I'm free. It's good to be free!"

While he had been unburdening himself he had not paid much attention to the impressions his eye was recording. But once he had banged the door it seemed to him that from the moment he had mentioned that which was never mentioned between them, Josie's gown had suddenly ceased to seem a part of her easily handled magnificence and had hung about her in unmanageable, hostile folds, as if she were a little girl who had put on her mother's dress, and had been caught, and would have run away if it had not been for this great horrid train. He tried to go back and see if it were so, but found that Josephine had locked the door.

So the merger happened, after all, some years before he had planned. As soon as Josie had got her divorce and had started for home again, he himself packed his traps and went West. For the corporation that had taken over his business was trying to ginger up the Coast market by starting a factory two nights and two days the other side of Chicago, where an ambitious state was backing its newly developed coal and iron fields, and he had been offered the job of organizing it. He was very glad Josie and he had split when they did, for now he could go right to taking it. And it was a grand job. It meant turning a mixed crowd of crusted farm and ranch workers on the one hand and raw immigrants on the other hand into a modern industrial army. It meant housing them and feeding them and clothing them and seeing they had the right sort of place to go nights to keep them sweet and efficient. In fact, it meant making a city and its citizens.

When he got out there the job did not disappoint him; and he found that he was one of the Easterners who, if they have been afflicted by a slight melancholy from their birth up, can blame it on the fact that it was the West they wanted all the time. His factory stood halfway up a winding valley that looked down over irrigated plains to a great lake that stretched silver to the sky line and overpassed it.

For his operatives he built houses low down on the plains, but he himself lived a mile or two up the valley, where he could step out-of-doors and find himself at once on trails that led from the hills to the mountains, to the feet of the great peaks that have their own names and own characters, and wear their snow crests as if they were orders. All his life he had felt about high ground that if one went on and on climbing it one would come to a region where the air was pure with an eternal and positive purity that could never be polluted by human breath, and yet was not inimical to man like the snake-breeding desert. When he sat on a ledge of black rock, listening to the wind in the high pine forest and looking down on the great lake which still, even when seen from the heights, overpassed the sky line, it was apparent to him that he had found this region.

But every circumstance alike of his new existence enchanted him. "It's a great life!" he used to say, setting his hat, which he now wore with a rather wider brim than was necessary, farther back on his head. "It's a great life!" By this he meant, among other things, that nobody who saw him in his present could have guessed anything about his past.

A little more than a year after Corrie settled in the West he married again. She was the prettiest girl in the town and she had a nice steady temper. She did not even get cross when he kept on calling her Josie around the house. But in that, of course, she showed her good sense, for it was just a slip of the tongue. He hardly ever thought of his first wife, or Cherrygarden Bluff, or Montarac. There was no reason why he should, for he was so conscious that his wife had instilled in his children her legend of his weakness and worthlessness that he fought shy of them in his thoughts as one does of people whom one knows to have a mistaken and unalterable contempt for one. The only times that he ever spoke of Josie came when he and his second wife were alone together, and an unexpected beauty broke on them. Perhaps they might be strolling around the house with the dogs the last thing before bedtime, and the moon would rise above the far peaks and cover the hills with a thin snow of moonlight and strike a clean, cold radiance from the face of the cliffs. Then he would fall silent and walk at some distance from her, with his head down, as if he were listening compassionately to the whimper of the coyotes. Presently he would jerk up his head, as if he were weary of listening to their complaints, come back and say how good it was to be with her and be able to enjoy good moments when they came, and how all such things had been spoiled for him in the past because his wife trailed her grievance-bedraggled beauty between him and them.

Never did he speak of her in any other connection until one October morning when the papers carried headlines telling of a crash in Wall Street such as had not been known before.

"I am worried," he said at breakfast to his second wife.

"Why?" she asked. "I thought you hadn't got anything on margin?"

"Sure I haven't," he answered. "I've got enough put by in bonds to take care of us for the rest of our lives, and there's my salary, and I guess we can wait for the stock I have in our corporation to right itself. But I was thinking of Josie."

"Why, what stocks has she got?"

He was surprised to find that he had no idea. Simply he was certain that by this time she must have launched out into complicated financial adventure on much too large a scale to be confined to Montarac, of the sort that was most likely to be punished by this collapse. He knew it as an engineer who has studied a river can know years after how its course will be affected by the current weather. He also knew that ruin inflicted by this blind and senseless disaster, against which her will could raise no defense, would cause her the most unspeakable agony.

"I guess she's always playing the market," he said evasively. "There couldn't be a crash that wouldn't get her somewhere where she lives."

He read on down the list of stocks and said "Ah," as if he had recognized a pet holding of hers. But really it was not so. It was only that he had seen the name of a motor corporation that he had heard Jack Lambert speak of years before.

"I am worried sick over this," he said. "It affects the children, you know.

(Continued on Page 63)

Among the AC factory-equipped cars are: BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · CHRYSLER · DE SOTO · DODGE BROTHERS · DU PONT · DURANT · ESSEX · HUDSON · LA SALLE · MARQUETTE · NASH · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · PLYMOUTH · PONTIAC · VIKING

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"Change them every 10,000 miles"

AC CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

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The Queen Anne radio-phonograph—A very attractive period model of the new General Motors Radio, refined and graceful in style, in harmony with any setting—completely equipped for both radio reception and the electrical reproduction of phonograph records. $198 LESS TUBES

General Motors Radio offers an exceptional value in a fine radio-phonograph

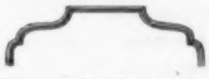
THE QUEEN ANNE COMBINATION · $198.

LESS TUBES

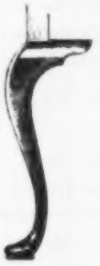
THE General Motors Radio Corporation presents the Queen Anne radio-phonograph — one of the most unusual values to be found in radio today. This admirable instrument is priced at only $198, less tubes. Here is a value all the more impressive when you realize that this handsome period model of the new General Motors Radio provides the best that modern science can contribute to radio and phonograph performance — and, in addition, offers in its cabinetwork a type of design which has stood for centuries as a standard of good taste in furniture.

This fine instrument is equipped with the Visual Tone Selector — a remarkable new feature of the General Motors Radio with which you can actually "tune" radio reception and phonograph reproduction to please *your* ear!

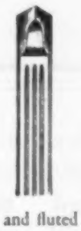
QUEEN ANNE
Period Characteristics



Molding of this shape and type is identified with the Queen Anne period.



The most distinctive feature of Queen Anne design — the cabriole leg with pad foot.



The beveled and fluted edge with canted corners is a pleasing characteristic of this popular period style.

Before you invest in any type of radio instrument it is advisable for you to see and hear the Queen Anne radio-phonograph. The nearest General Motors Radio dealer will be glad to give you a complete demonstration. He will also explain a new policy which makes it possible for you to keep your General Motors Radio cabinet as long as you like — and still enjoy all future developments in chassis or speaker at the lowest possible cost.

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* * *

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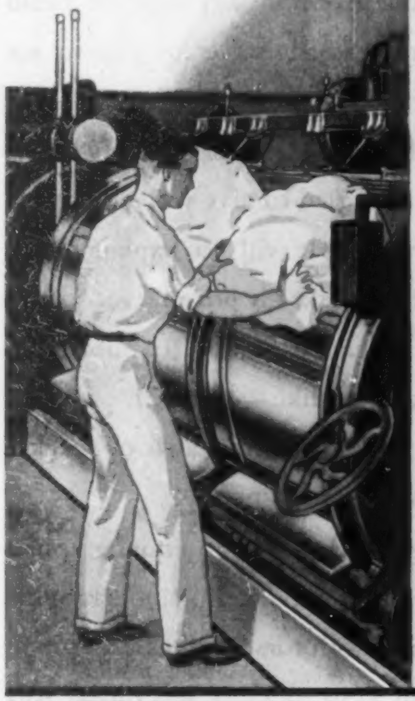

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Grinnell Washing Machine Corp.	*Grinnell, Iowa*
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INCO
MONEL METAL

(Continued from Page 58)

Would you mind if I made a date with her in Chicago some day soon? I guess she could meet me there easy enough; she goes over there all the time to stay with an old aunt. And this is a thing that ought to be gone into. Do you mind if I send her a night letter fixing this up?"

"Why would I mind," said his wife, "knowing the way you feel about her?"

But he sent a straight telegram, after all, instead of a night letter. The thought of seeing her again made him feel so nervous that he could not bear the delay. And when it was crossed by a telegram from Josie in which she asked if she could see him in Chicago three days later, he became more nervous still.

He called up his wife and said: "Darling, I guess I'll have to go to Chicago. Josie's telegraphed me right now to say she wants to see me. She wouldn't have done that if she hadn't lost the hat off her head. I'll have to fix things up for the children."

"Do you want me to go downtown and get your reservations, or will the office do it?" she asked.

"I'll do it here," he answered. "And you're sure you don't mind my going?"

"I'm only sorry you have to go," said the voice at the other end of the telephone, "because I know how you'll hate it."

She was as good to him as the West had been. When she drove him down to the station the next afternoon he said with conviction: "I can't tell you how I loathe leaving you. But I'll tear back the minute I can. It seems she and this chap Lambert are on their way through Chicago to stay with his folks up in St. Paul, and they haven't but an hour or two between trains, so I've told her to come along to the Drake where I'll have a room. We'll get through our talk and run. I guess I'll be back Tuesday."

"Won't that be grand?" said his wife.

"You don't know how grand," he told her, "because you haven't been through what I have."

"Well, I can see that going away is making you look sicker than I've ever seen you," she said. "I guess a man never hated a woman worse than you hate her."

As he looked down on her from the Pullman windows he found himself thinking in a patronizing way that her face was rather too round and simple. He was shocked at himself for being critical of a face that was smiling to say a loyal and kind good-by. That he should be capable of doing it showed that he had fallen again into the atmosphere radiated by Josephine, who would never suspend an intellectual judgment because the object judged had a claim on her emotions. That was unlovable. Everything about Josephine was unlovable.

His wife had been right when she guessed that no man hated a woman worse than he hated Josephine. He hated her so much that he could not eat any dinner, either that night in the dining car or the next night when he had to wait for a few hours between trains in a small town where the Rockies give way to the plains. Instead of eating there he had a bath, and as he combed his wet hair in front of the glass he noted how the prospect of meeting Josephine had scored old-man lines on his forehead; and later he had walked in the dusk through the town, which with its rickety timber houses and its hitching posts had not altogether lost the character imprinted on it by the lead mines, and was therefore to him the embodiment of the kind West he loved. Tall people strode through the shadows, calling to one another in deep, even-tempered voices. He felt sure that there were lots of men and women in this town who would understand what this trip to see Josephine meant to him, would see that it was like going down into the pit. But it was no good; one cannot put anything that matters into words.

He thought he would like to stop here forever and lose his name, and take a job as a soda-fountain clerk and stand there all day face to face with these people whose kindliness he trusted, though his knowledge of the limitations of speech would save him from ever trying it unwisely, shaking the innocent sweet things they liked to drink good and sweet for them.

But that was foolishness. His adult destiny was different and abhorrent. Though this was the West, it was the end of the West. Tomorrow he would wake up and find the Middle West flat around him, and every moment would bring him to the terrible, acid, energetic East.

He got into Chicago in the middle of the morning. All the previous day he had such a blinding headache that even the tender monotone of the Kansas plains was intolerable to his retina, and he had sat all day in the Pullman with his eyes on his knees, eating nothing. All night the wheel of Josephine's misdoings had revolved in his head, and he had cried silently to the darkness: "Why have I to give any more of my life to this woman? Why do I have to see her again? But I suppose a man must look after his children."

Yet when he stepped off the train he felt well and full of quick decisions, easy power. He went to his hotel and made them change the suite they had given him for one that looked over the lake. It struck him as pretty silly that now he had to have a sitting room to see Josie in, or they would have been thrown out. There was a telegram from Josie waiting for him, saying that her train was an hour late and warning him to be sure and wait in for her, since she must leave the town by an early-evening train. He felt slightly exasperated by that, and got busy telephoning for his own reservation on a west-going Limited that started about six. He told them to come for his bags about half an hour before the train started. Then having settled everything, he had a bath, and got a barber sent up to give him a shave. He told the barber he ought to go West. He felt young and victorious and well-fitted to direct other people's lives. Everything in life seemed unusually pleasant, and putting on his clean underlinen gave his skin a shock of delight. He could not think why he had worried so much about meeting Josie. He would settle her affairs, at least as well as she deserved, for if she had dipped herself too deeply she would just have to learn her lesson. But at any rate he could increase the children's allowance. It was the children he cared about.

He went out presently and took a turn along Michigan Boulevard, but the wind got in between his skin and his shirt, so he hurried back to the hotel. There was a florist's shop just beside the entrance, which lit up the grayness with a show of yellow and red chrysanthemums, and he stopped as he might have to warm his hands at a fire. Soon he noticed one of the girls inside the shop watching him through the flowers, and he felt a fool, so he passed on. But that, he reflected, left him still looking like a gaping fool, so he went back and walked into the shop.

"We don't have flowers like this where I come from in the West," he told the girl as he chose some chrysanthemums. It was not true, for his wife always had the house full of flowers; but it excused him for staring like a boob into the window. He bought quite an armful of chrysanthemums, and came out feeling foolish. He had no use for them. It meant trouble giving them to a bellhop to take up to the chambermaid with a message about fixing them. There was no reason why he should care whether a girl in a florist's thought him a boob or not.

In the restaurant he ate for the first time since he had left home, a large, elaborate meal. There was something like a storm raging out on the lake. He watched it through the vast windows without perturbation, though usually he disliked violence in Nature almost as much as in human beings.

"Why did I need to get all wrought up about this?" he wondered. "I will simply go into whatever statements she has brought along, and figure how much she needs, and then I'll write to her lawyer and her broker. I'll feel the same as if I were dealing with anybody who'd once been in business with me and isn't any longer."

He would have stayed down there longer if he had not remembered that his wife had packed a flask in his bag. He went up and got it out, and had a couple of highballs. There was nothing to worry about. The room looked fine with all the red and yellow flowers. By the clock set in the wall he saw that it was much earlier than he had supposed.

He had ample time to have a sleep, so he lay down on the couch and closed his eyes. The chatter of the windows in their frames soothed rather than disturbed him. The only time he had ever been to Europe, a few years after he had married Josie, he had enjoyed as much as anything a few days on the homeward crossing when a storm picked up the great ship and rocked it from side to side without cease.

He slept, but awoke the minute the telephone bell started ringing. When the operator said that Mrs. Lambert was downstairs he stared into the transmitter, seeing that instrument which is hardly ever seen by its users. He felt an acute desire to say, "Tell her to go away." There was a type of man who would do that if he felt like it. While he reflected on what else he knew about that type of man, and whether he would enjoy belonging to it, the operator testily repeated the information. He could imagine Josephine waiting near the operator, tapping long fingers on the desk, marking up the delay to his discredit, even though she had come to him for his help. He barked his directions to her.

While she was on her way up he went and looked at the storm, biting his lip at it as if he had to reduce the angry confusion to order by argument. He must not lose his temper with her. Even if she took this thing in an ugly way, he must not try to get back at her, because he must keep separate from her ugliness. It had overwhelmed him for years. Now that he knew what life could be without it, he must not go under again for a minute.

Then she was standing in the doorway. There was always a suggestion of something spiral about her, as if under her clothes and her flesh there coiled up a spring, and the long dress she was wearing made this seem so more than ever. Neither her body nor her head

(Continued on Page 66)

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Thousands upon thousands of American motorists have already driven The Eight as Buick Builds It . . . and have discovered that Buick's promise of 27 years again has been fulfilled. *Once more, Buick has built a better automobile!*

You have only to take the wheel to know the difference. You have only to make your own tests, over your own roads, to realize what Buick's 27 years' experience in fine-car manufacture means in building a Straight Eight. You have only to make comparisons to find out how the combined resources of Buick, Fisher Body, and General Motors have been translated into value in The Eight as Buick Builds It.

Accept this invitation from the Buick dealer in your community. Take the wheel. Thrill to the 80-mile per

AS BUICK BUILDS IT

hour speed—the swift acceleration—the marvelous hill-climbing ability of this great new eight. Test the ease, the quietness, the smoothness of Buick's new *silent-shift* Syncro-Mesh Transmission. Experience the luxury of Buick's new Insulated Bodies by Fisher . . . richly appointed, with a choice of whipcord, broadcloth, or mohair upholstery . . . and skillfully sealed, by a new method, against heat, cold, and noise.

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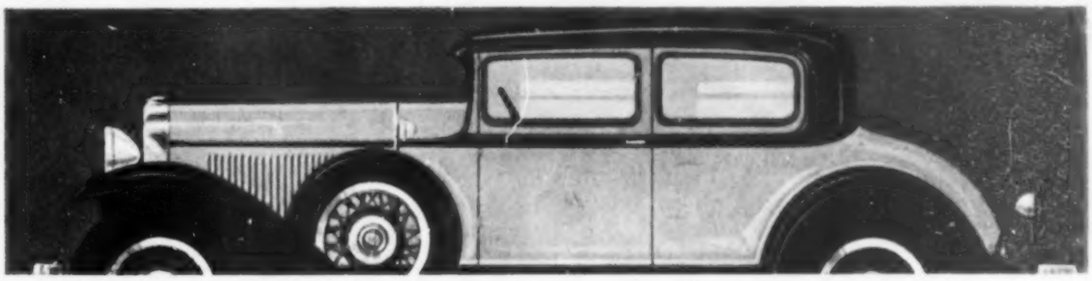

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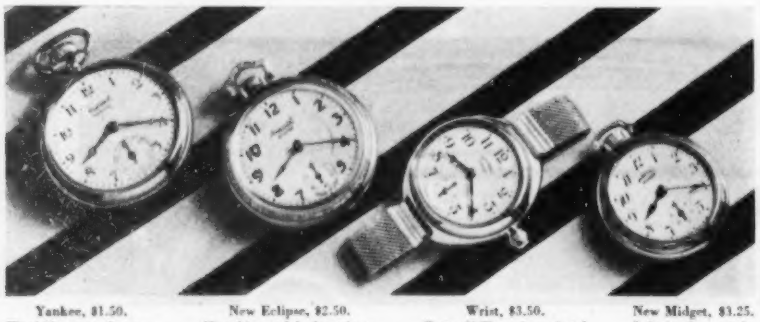

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New Midget, $3.25. It is tiny but tough. *Radiolite, $3.75.*

Illustrations slightly less than half actual size.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

(Continued from Page 63)

was bowed, and though it was four years since he had seen her, and she must now be thirty-eight, she struck him as having kept hold of her looks. She had not easy possession of them; she had easy possession of nothing. But in spite of her massaged look and the too regular crenelations of her hair that showed under her hat on each side of her face, she had still a great deal of her high-colored beauty. "Women do not lose all they say they do when they lose their youth," he grumbled to himself.

Yet she had lost something since her youth. As he scrutinized her to see how she was bearing up under the situation, he noticed that she raked the room before her with a quick, defensive glance—as in old days a man with enemies might rake darkness with his sword—and realized that this was without particular significance, for that was how she always looked when she went into a room, or when a stranger came in on her. He remembered how years before she had proudly and happily smiled at him when she found him watching her from the foot of the stairs as she tended the roses. That expression had been missing from her repertory ever since.

"After all, I did that to her," he thought. "It wouldn't have had the same effect on a nicer woman, but she's as she is, and I did it to her. I must try to make up for it." So he went forward and crushed her hand as he had learned to do in the West.

"How are you, Josie?" he asked heartily.

"Fine," she said. She had difficulty in drawing her dry lips back from her teeth, so that her smile looked insincere. But he knew her well enough to have learned that it was the insincere smiles that Josephine could manage as easily as an empress acknowledging the obeisance of her subject, and the sincere smiles that seemed to hurt her face.

"I guess it's been a help to her through this bad time to feel that I'll be right behind her," he thought. "I guess she feels grateful." Kindly he said, "Come right in and sit down, and I'll mix you a highball."

Her breath was driving through her teeth very quickly, as if her heart were bad, and coming up in the elevator had been too much for her. But the color on her lips and cheeks was still the color of health made visible, and when she sat down in the armchair there was nothing wavering about the hands with which she opened the heavy coat and straightened her fine woolen black dress so that a diamond pattern formed by silk stitching lay in its right place on her waist.

She looked so exquisitely neat and dustless that it flashed across his mind that she could not have come there direct from the train, that she must have stopped in somewhere to bathe and change. But looking up at the clock, he saw that she had not had the time for this.

"How are the children?" he asked.

"They're fine," she answered. Her voice was a little unsteady with excitement. "They sent you their love."

"Uh-huh," he said, but went no further.

"Diana's preparing for Bryn Mawr," she added brightly.

"That so?" he said. "Worth while if she's got your brains." He thought to himself, as she flashed up a quick eye to see what he was thinking: "She seems pretty chipper considering the way things are. I guess that's Lambert. He hasn't the guts to take a beating and he'll have fooled her into believing that he's got some plan that will put them on their feet again. I remember how he was in business.

"But if her holdings are what I think they are they'll be sunk for a year. She ought to have more sense than to listen to Lambert. But, gee, she looks well. She always did love a fight."

Corrie got up and walked about the room. The storm shook the windows and he grimaced at it; then turned back to her, smiled and lifted his glass to drink to her. Her answering smile was slow and almost voluptuous. He put down his glass smartly to show he was ready to talk business.

"Well, Josie," he said, "how much are you dipped on this thing?"

She answered. "Not a cent. I guess I can let you have all you want."

He picked up his glass and twirled it, looking down into it though it was empty. "Do you mean that, Josie?"

She jerked her head high. "Not a cent. I guess I can help you out with all you're likely to have had on margin."

"So that's why you came," he said, and laughed for a long time. "Well, I haven't lost a cent either. I came here"—he laughed again uproariously—"to lend you money."

"To lend me money!" she exclaimed, jerking her head still higher.

He thought to himself: "Yes, lend you money, and damn it all, why not? You might have been caught like the rest of the world. If you weren't it must have been by accident, though I suppose by now you've built up a legend that it was just because you're the wonderful Josephine that's above everybody else. I guess Lambert's helped you get that way. I said that boob was just a cheer leader." He realized that he was glaring at her. "Well, it's a shame this isn't April the first," he said lightly.

Josephine seemed stunned. "Did you come all this way to lend me money?" she asked. "That was good of you. Corrie, that was real good of you."

"Oh, it was nothing, no more than what you've done," he said. "I guess we can always look to each other for that sort of thing."

Before he had stopped speaking she had brought her brows together in a slight scowl. "Why didn't you wire the position?" she asked.

"Why didn't you?" he answered. It was beginning to hurt him, the strain of keeping in order his good-humored smile.

For he was saying to himself: "I know why you didn't wire. You took it for granted that you would be up and I would be down. I know that feeling you have."

There must have been some tartness in his tone, for she murmured, her great eyes looking hungrily about the room, "I only meant that you might have saved yourself that terrible long journey."

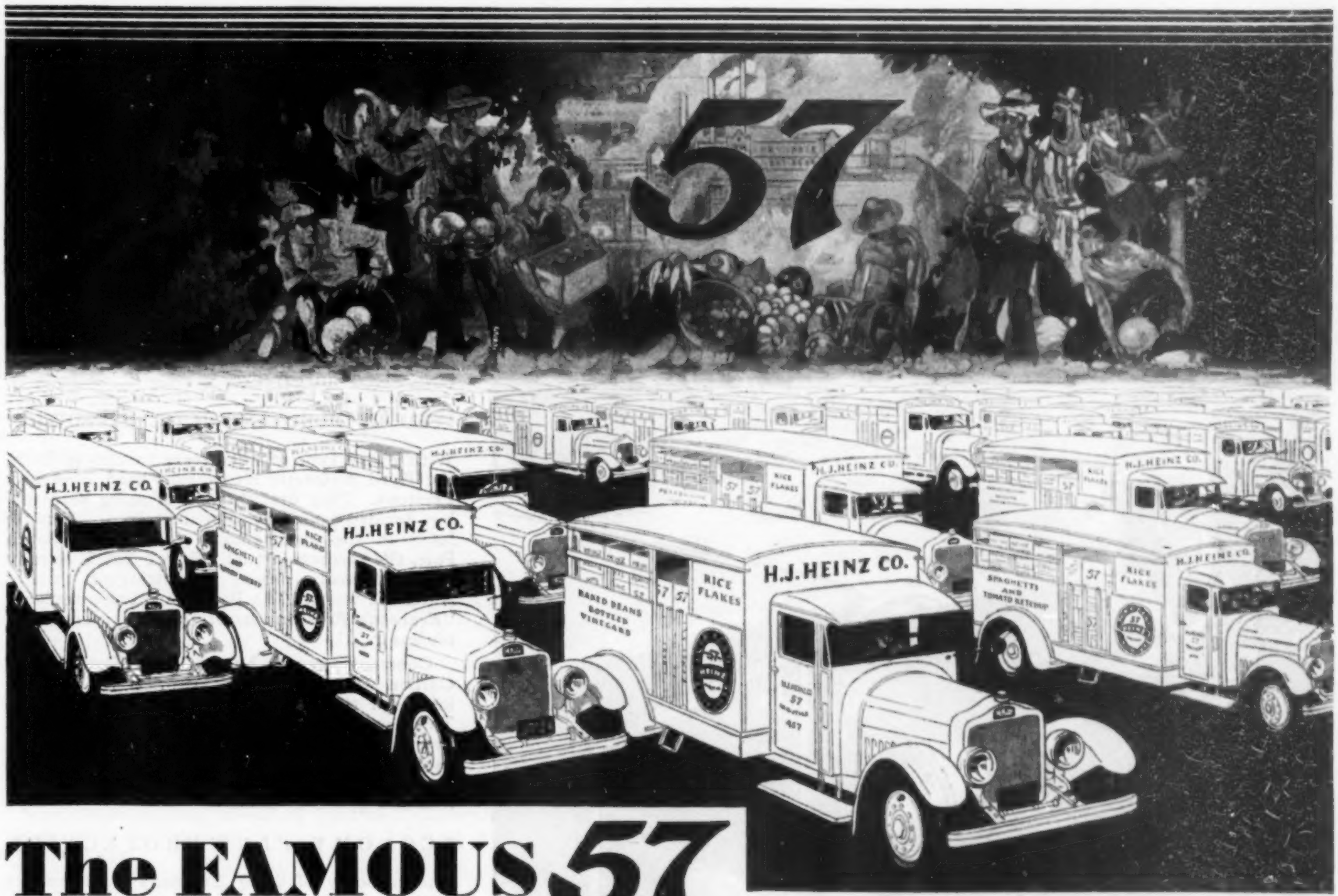
"Isn't so bad," he assured her brightly. "I'll be back Tuesday. I'm pulling out this evening early. My new place needs me to look after it pretty badly."

"Why," she said vaguely, "are you building a house?"

He could have choked. It was as if, grown tall as the skies, she had knelt beside his white town and spat into the central square. "No, a garage," he said.

"We had to come anyway," she went on.

(Continued on Page 69)



The FAMOUS 57 Varieties travel on White Trucks

Quality in the manufacture of pure food products has been the keystone in building the world-wide business and reputation of the H. J. Heinz Company. To maintain this quality there is constant supervision and immaculate cleanliness throughout the Company's 25 factories and over 85 sales branches and warehouses everywhere.

Heinz draws its raw materials from the markets of the world and sends its finished products to the markets of the world. Even the seeds are specially grown that produce the Heinz crops that require an army of over 200,000 people to harvest.

It is a policy of long standing that the distribution and delivery of the famous "57 Varieties" must reflect the same high standards of quality that go into their manufacture.

To meet these exacting requirements, the H. J. Heinz Company operates a fleet of over 100 White Trucks. Truck routes and schedules are planned with perfect regularity. Customers know and depend on Heinz service, and White Trucks keep that service dependable.

Every truck in the Heinz fleet must operate at a specified percentage of sales, and the efficient and economical operation of these Whites keeps this percentage at the lowest possible figure.

In every line of business you will find White Trucks delivering the same kind of low-cost transportation that has built the great Heinz fleet.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

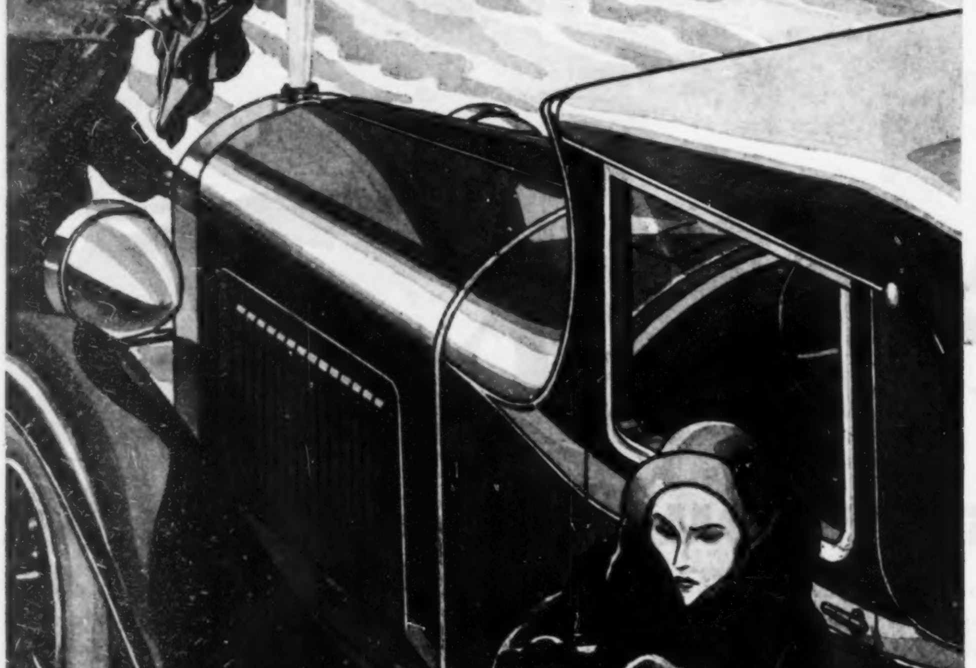
WHITE

A COMPLETE LINE OF FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER

TRUCKS
BUSSES

© THE WHITE CO., 1930

DOES YOUR CAR HAVE CHILLS AND FEVER?



Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association

YOUR calendar will tell you that winter is about ready to lay icy hands on everything in reach — including the radiator and engine of your car. If you use a *transient* anti-freeze . . . the kind that evaporates when the weather warms . . . the next cold snap is apt to be disastrous. You can avoid all such danger with a single filling of Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

USED BY BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

With every type of anti-freeze to choose from, the Byrd Antarctic Expedition used Eveready Prestone. They first thought of using kerosene, but decided against it. Fortunately . . . because later, in the unimaginable cold of the South Pole, the kerosene actually froze! Yet Eveready Prestone easily passed the stringent test of Antarctic winter. The Byrd Expedition radioed: *"Eveready Prestone meets all manufacturer's claims . . ."*

Constant research by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation laboratories has further increased the efficiency of Eveready Prestone. This year it is actually superior to the Eveready Prestone which more than a million motorists used to their complete satisfaction last year. So that you may easily identify Eveready Prestone, it is now *green* in color.

ECONOMY *PLUS* PROTECTION

The economy of using Eveready Prestone lies in these two facts: (1) A single filling will last all winter, irrespective of temperature-fluctuations. (2) Eveready Prestone is an *undiluted* anti-freeze. Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required to give your car complete all-winter protection. For example, if the radiator capacity of your car is three gallons, you can get complete protection from early fall to late spring for a cost of $2.50 to $7.50, depending on whether you live in a moderate or extreme climate.

Go to your dealer, before he gets swamped with work during the first cold snap. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight.

You can put Eveready Prestone in *today*. It's always in tune with the temperature.

The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 31 stations.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection.
2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable.
8. Odorless.
9. Economical — one filling lasts all winter.

(Continued from Page 66)

"Who's we?" he asked.

"Jack Lambert," she answered.

"I suppose you left him sitting down in the lobby," he said. "Too bad, with all the bellhops falling over him. Shall we have him up?"

"He's over at the Blackstone," she answered.

"Well, that's a whole heap nicer for him," he said cheerfully. "I'm glad about that. Well, we've made a couple of fools of ourselves. Haven't we?"

Her head was downcast. "Yes," she said.

"But a couple of nice fools, running to help each other out. Nice fools, aren't we, Josie?"

She nodded. Her face was childish in its sulkiness.

"So we'll just shake hands with each other, and say that we like the kind of fools we are, and turn round and go home, and never have another moment's ill feeling against each other. I haven't any ill feeling against you. Have you any ill feeling against me, Josie?"

"No," she said.

"We would have had if we hadn't parted when we did. We're both the same kind of nice fool, but we weren't the kind of fools that need each other. I said that from the beginning, and I guess I was ——"

Why had he said that? But maybe she hadn't heard. For she had raised her head and cut into his words: "How did it happen you didn't get hurt in the crash?"

"I put a whole heap in bonds," he said.

"When did you do that?" she asked.

He saw what she was after. "Oh—I guess a year ago."

Her eyes rested on him a second, then slid to the corner of the room.

"Say right out you know me so well you know I'm lying and I sold out two years ago!" his thoughts raged. "But what's the harm of me taking the chill off for myself? I've got a right to lie like anyone else."

"Too bad," said Josephine.

"What's too bad?" he asked pugnaciously.

"Too bad you shouldn't have raked in some of the profits that have been lying about these last few years," she explained.

"Well, I should have lost the lot if I'd hung on, shouldn't I?" he burst out.

"Sure, sure," she agreed, in a humoring tone.

"Well, I would, wouldn't I?" he cried.

"Oh, sure, that's what I'm saying," she assured him. But when she fell silent the corners of her mouth turned up as if she held back a complacent smile.

"How did you keep out of it?" he demanded. "Something damn smart, I suppose. Yes, you wouldn't be you if you weren't smart, would you? Well, let's hear about it! Out where I am now in the West I don't meet smart people any more. Tell us about it, Josie. It'll take the hayseeds out of my hair."

She kept her head down and murmured, "I just had a hunch."

"Well, wasn't that smart?" he said. "To have a hunch that no one else had, and that everybody else would have given their eyes to have! Gee, if that isn't smart, what is?"

"And anyway," she told him, still murmuring and keeping her chin on her breast, "I had to sell out about then."

"What's that?"

"I had to sell out about then," she repeated.

He knew perfectly well from the silken sullenness of her tone that he was wresting from her a secret which she was quite willing he should know, and that she was willing because there was some implication in that secret which he would find profoundly humiliating. Yet he could not stop.

He went and stood over her. "What do you mean, you had to sell out? Are you putting all your eggs in one basket?"

She lifted her head and looked into his eyes. "They're my own eggs." Her chin went back to her breast again.

"Say, Josie, you didn't have to tell me that. I never put my hands on your money. But I would just hate to see you making a fool of yourself!" Something cold and remote in him said before the words were out of his mouth: "You know she never makes a fool of herself. That's one of the reasons why you hate her," and a new muscle in her cheek twitched as if she were thinking the same. Yet he had to go on: "I'd feel easier in my mind if you'd tell me about it!"

With a detestable affected reluctance she said, "Jack and I have joined up with some folks in Cincinnati to handle that Quintin River power scheme."

He had to put down his glass. "But, Josie," he stuttered, "that's a terribly big scheme!"

"We didn't see why Wall Street should get away with everything in these United States," she said with a gloating dourness.

"But, Josie," he expostulated, "you and Jack Lambert'll never ——"

She rolled an ironic eye on him. "What's that?"

"It's too big, Josie, it's too big!" he cried. He paused for a second, his mouth open. Before him there appeared, in the bright colors of washable paint, an image of her enterprise; and he recognized its essential characteristic as success. He was familiar enough with current financial adventure to guess who the folks in Cincinnati would be. They were a sound crowd. He was fair enough, too, to recognize that Jack Lambert was the kind of guy who, though he never initiates anything, never loses his head. Put him in charge of big things and he will deal with them as coolly as if they were little; and Josie had put him in charge of the big things all right. There would pile up one of the great outside New York fortunes. He knew it. And why should he feel sore at it? Why shouldn't he feel grand about it? He wasn't mean. Yet he found himself protesting: "Why, Josie, it's a wild-cat scheme I wouldn't have thought you would have fallen for! For crying out loud! Why, Josie ——"

"There's more to do with money in a new country than put it into bonds," she told him icily.

"Holy smoke, Josie, one couldn't tell the difference between you and a rattler if one went by the tongue!" he groaned. "Would you like to know why I put my money in bonds? Some of it. Most of it's where it ought to be, in the business where I work. But I put some of it in bonds two years ago—a year ago—because I wanted to see my wife was all right whatever happened, and she's a real woman, the kind that can't look after herself; and I work so hard these days that I hadn't time to watch the stock market. I suppose you don't believe that?"

"Oh, sure," she said; "you always worked hard."

(Continued on Page 71)

This Seal marks each Selected Bostonian

For gentlemen who insist upon that "added touch of smartness" . . . in footwear

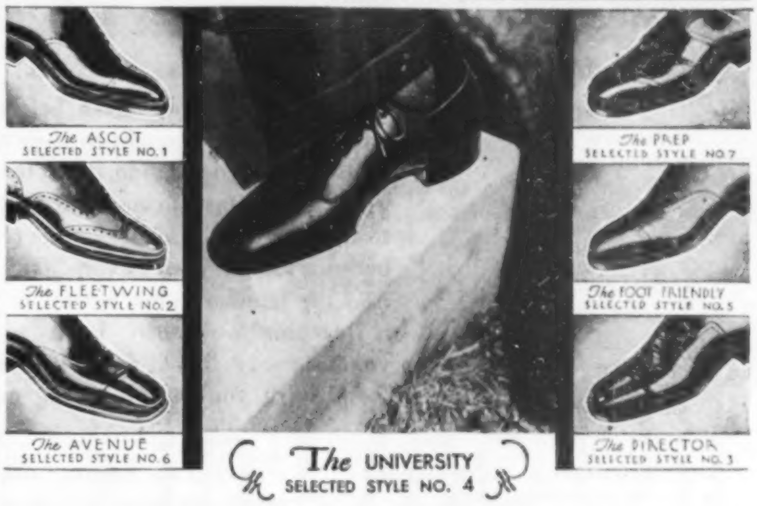
Bostonians Seven Selected Styles

Selected! The very word tells you to expect distinguished style in these seven smartest shoes of the season. Patterns that delight the masculine eye. Styles that bring a note of newness to active feet.

Chosen from over a hundred new patterns for their distinctive looks and refreshing comfort. In all the seven, not one twin. Each style is markedly individual—expressing the best taste, the newest lines of a particular type.

Let their smart appearance and exclusive style contribute to your good appearance—today! There's a Selected Bostonian for every taste, every age. All modestly priced at $7 to $10.

Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Company, Whitman, Mass.



BOSTONIANS

FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

The Type of Person who Prefers LAVORIS

You May be Certain *Her* Children Will Know

You know her type. Even before her children arrived she gave thought to their teeth, and oral health. She knows, too, that these little folks wouldn't hesitate to mention bad breath, even to their parents or visitors! She remembers that her own mother used Lavoris daily. So does she. And the familiar "pink bottle" in the bathroom is teaching a healthy habit to her healthy youngsters. . . . Try it yourself. No matter what mouthwash you may be using now, switch to Lavoris for a week. Feel how that fine, glowing aftereffect tones up your mouth and throat. See for yourself how Lavoris detaches oral debris, dentifrice residue, food particles, and sweeps them *out* of the mouth. See that your entire family visits the dentist regularly, as often as he suggests, and that Lavoris is a daily routine. . . . At drug counters everywhere.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. Toronto, Canada

Note to Members of the Dental and Medical Professions:

Lavoris prints its formula on every bottle, and in every advertisement emphasizes the need for ethical oral advice and treatment. Your suggestions and comments will always be appreciated.

"Remind the Parents," Dentists Told Us

Dentists the world over have shown keen interest in Lavoris advertising. "Show parents how children are eager to use Lavoris," some said . . . "Tell the public that bad breath is a symptom and not a disease" . . . "Encourage the use of Lavoris daily, morning and night."

LAVORIS

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

© 1930, L. C. Co.

(Continued from Page 69)

"Meaning that the poor dumb beast always had its nose to the grindstone. It wasn't that that was the matter with it. Just that it had no sense. Well, I tell you that maybe I wasn't much when I was with you. There are things that eat out a man's guts. But now I'm doing a man's work."

"Sure you are," she said. "I know that, though I don't know much about your corporation. I just see it in the stock lists, that's all."

He drew in his breath with awe. "You are mean! You are so mean that there's a kind of grandness in it. You said that because we aren't where we ought to be yet. Gee, we can't be, laying the foundations the way we are out West. But you wait till 1932. You'll know about our corporation then."

She breathed, hardly audibly, "Sure."

"I want to kill you quite a lot," he told her, and walked the length of the room. For a minute or two he stood and looked out of the window at the storm. He turned and said over his shoulder to her: "That bell of white flowers we were married under! Funny, isn't it?" Then he went back to the contemplation of the waters, until he swung about and walked back again, wondering if when he got to her he would do something that would send him to the chair. However, something came into his head that he had to say.

"Anybody's got to hand it to you," he said. "You're so smart when you're mean. You wait till 1932, you'll know about us then! That's the kind of line a failure pulls. Only it happens to be true of my corporation and we aren't failures. But the way you listened and the way you said 'Sure' just tagged the lot of us as poor whites. Oh, you've done it. I've got to hand it to you. You've taken away my faith in jobs. I'll have to get back to my work and the real woman I live with before I'll believe in myself again. Oh, you're swell."

She grumbled, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes, you do. You're too smart not to know what I'm talking about. Gee, I hate to think of what you'll do with Quintin River. Money's the big thing, isn't it, Josie? Being great big magnificent Josie with nearly all the money in the world. You'll make a grand thing of Quintin River. You'll have Southern niggers coming up and living where they can get in, knee deep in filth. You'll have Mexicans too, won't you, Josie! And you'll have Italians too—lots of Italians. You won't do anything for them, and you'll look snooty when they fester in the rottenness where you've put them. You'll put welfare workers on them then and go all Nordic. You'll have labor troubles that'll cost the corporation a fortune, and could have been avoided if you hadn't done the heavy all over them. You're mean and you're dumb. And always you'll get away with it. You'll hold your head up and people'll think you're grand."

She said, still keeping her head down, "I'm just awful, ain't I?"

"You're so awful," he told her, "that it makes me sick to think of my children being brought up by you. I wonder what you'll make of them before you're done."

Suddenly she stood up. "You needn't worry. They look like you and act like you all the time."

"That must be terrible for you," he said. "What do you do about it?"

"What I can," she answered. "And thank God they've got a real man living with them now as an example."

"What, have you left Jack Lambert and picked something better?"

"I'm talking of Jack Lambert. He's a better man than you."

Laughter poured out of him. He was afraid he would not be able to stop it.

"Stop that noise. You're like a hysterical woman."

"I am not. Times have changed. Hysterical women act large and calm nowadays. You have to watch them before you find out they're just crazy with meanness."

"I'm going now. Thank God, Jack Lambert's waiting for me."

"Thank God my wife's waiting for me. It tickles me to death the way you call him Jack Lambert. You don't call him your husband, do you?"

"I give him his name because he's a real person and doesn't just tag around with me."

"You can go on when you like. But I wish you'd tell me why you hate me so. I never did anything to you."

"I guess you're right. I hate you. I hate the bones in your spine that don't stand up straight, the blood in your veins that isn't red. I hate the silly hair on your head that isn't like a man's hair. And you've done a lot to me."

"I never did a thing. Yes, I did, though. I hated you the way you hated me. Do you know that out West we have to make roads up on the hills, and every once in a while we come on great outcrops of rock? They're hard and they're mean and they aren't any good. They're just in the way and you can't get on till they've gone. They always put me in mind of you. Whenever I see one go up with the dynamite I say to myself, 'That's a good divorce!'"

"If I'm like a rock you're like a swamp. You're like those swamps down by the river that you can't drain. You're weak and sloppy."

"What's this lie that goes on and on about me being weak? I'm not weak. What have I done that's weak?"

"What's this lie that goes on and on about me being hard? I'm not hard."

"You're so hard I want to kill you, Josie. Now I've seen you I can't think there'll ever be anything decent in the world so long as you're here. You are mean. I want to kill you."

"I wouldn't mind being killed if they got you for it."

"Yes, that's you. Hell, you're mean. You're so mean you wouldn't mind giving your life to get me into trouble. All the same, I'd like to kill you."

"How'd you kill anybody? You couldn't do it. You haven't got the guts."

"Haven't I? I'll show you."

They were shouting so loud that for some time they did not hear the knocking on the door. When it penetrated to them they stood and watched the door in consternation.

"Hell, they won't stop me," said Corrie. "Let 'em knock."

But a service key clicked in the lock, and a bell boy stood and looked at them.

"Say, what did you want?" asked Corrie.

"Come for the baggage."

"Will you get to hell out of here?" said Corrie. "I told the desk to send at half-after five."

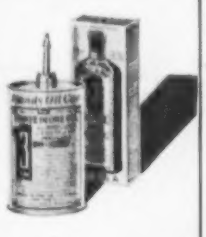
"Well, sure, it is half-after five."

Corrie flung out his hand at the clock on the wall. "Does that say half-after four or does it not?"

(Continued on Page 74)

does 3 important things in 1 minute

AT LESS THAN A PENNY COST



CLEANS

3-in-One Oil *softens* or *dissolves* all gum, grit, rust and dirt, and works them out from moving parts and bearings. *Reaches* and thoroughly *cleans* every metal surface.

LUBRICATES

Triple blending makes 3-in-One Oil penetrate the tightest bearings quickly and give longer gum-free lubrication than plain mineral oils. Its lasting film immediately cushions every friction point.

PROTECTS

3-in-One Oil sinks into microscopic metal pores, forming a light but moisture-proof film that prevents rust and tarnish in any weather or climate. Does not evaporate.

LUBRICATION experts say there are *three* things that oil should do to meet the full needs of general household use. It must *clean*. It must *lubricate*. It must *protect* against rust and tarnish.

Three-in-One Oil does all these things at once. And it performs all three services better than other oils because 3-in-One is a scientific blend of animal, mineral and vegetable oils, especially compounded to meet the particular needs of housekeeping.

Why 3-in-One is different

In factory or workshop, tools and machinery are used almost constantly. They rarely "gum up" or "rust out." They are eventually worn out from constant service.

But in the home your sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, washer or lawn mower is used only for short periods. Most of the time these devices lie idle accumulating dirt, rust and gum. Consequently the right oil for home use must *protect* your equipment, keep its bearings and moving parts bright and *clean*, in addition to providing effective *lubrication* to make things run easily and quietly.

Triple Action—Single Price

Three-in-One Oil meets these three different needs far better than any plain mineral oil. And performs its extra service for you without extra labor or cost. For 3-in-One Oil is so economical. It takes only a few drops to work wonders. A little goes such a long way. And its regular use adds extra years of service to your household equipment—postpones the day of replacement or repairs.

For sale in good stores everywhere, in handy cans and bottles. When you buy, be sure to look for the red trademark → 3 Send for free sample and booklet "79 Uses in Your Home." Address Dept. 8

Some Household Uses of 3-in-One Oil

Cleans and *protects* as it *oils* sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, clocks, door locks and hinges, electric motors, window latches, squeaking casters, fans, exercisers.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William Street, New York
Factories: Rahway, N. J. - Montreal, Que.

3-in-One Oil

CLEANS LUBRICATES PREVENTS RUST

ONE *will always*

They Satisfy
that's why!

MILDER★...

★

MILDER... Chesterfield's more delicate flavor and fragrance are not the outcome of chance, but the *natural* result of blending fine tobaccos that are themselves mild, sweet and fully ripened. There can be no harshness, no bite, no irritation in tobaccos so carefully selected and so thoroughly mellowed.

Chester

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

stand out!

and BETTER TASTE**

★★
BETTER TASTE... Richer in aroma, smoother in balance, with an extra something of refreshing goodness, that's why smokers find in Chesterfield that better taste which spells true cigarette enjoyment. No wonder the comment most frequently made of Chesterfield is..."THEY SATISFY!"

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO
Such popularity
must be deserved

field

WINS FIRST PRIZE—*Mrs. Martha Curran Gray, Minneapolis, Minn. Chosen America's Loveliest Mother in Photographers' Golden Anniversary Contest*

ARE YOU TOO "MODEST" *to make your family happy* THIS CHRISTMAS?

They want your PHOTOGRAPH, the Gift that Only You Can Give

You cannot realize how much your photograph will mean to the family—and to your friends. But when their faces light up as they receive your gift-portrait—you'll know that your choice was indeed ***an inspiration.***

Now is the ideal time to prepare for a "photographic Christmas." Your photographer can give you the full benefit of his skill, unhurried by last-minute urgency. Arrange for an early sitting!

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH
The Gift that only you can give

(Continued from Page 71)

With the insolent pride of the young who find themselves able through secret information to put their elders to shame, the bell boy squawked. "Sure, it says half-after four, but it's an hour slow. The central do-funny of them clocks ate something this morning, and there isn't one in the house that isn't fooling."

Corrie looked at his wrist watch. "I guess you needn't get to hell. Take my bag. You'll find it there in the other room."

They stood still, listening to the buffets of the storm on the windows, till the bell boy came back through the room again.

Corrie said, "When do I have to leave this hotel to catch the six o'clock Limited?"

"It takes all of twenty minutes."

'I'd best leave in ten minutes, then."

"That's right."

As the door closed Josie dropped on her knees. Tears were running down her cheeks, and she seemed about to fall forward on her face. Corrie knelt in front of her, so that he could take her in his arms.

Her lips against his fair hair, she whimpered, "I thought we had another hour!"

He groaned onto her dark hair: "Ten minutes, we've only got ten minutes. Josie, how are we going to bear this?"

Rocking together in the slow, endless rhythm of their grief, they looked ahead into the years which they must spend imprisoned in their freedom from each other.

(THE END)

THE GUNS OF THE ENEMY

(Continued from Page 13)

with very fine and soft reddish-brown hair. Its silky quality made it move into greater confusion every time he turned his head. The color was no doubt responsible for the seeming green of his eyes as they gazed, direct and candid, glittering a little, from either side of a thin, sensitively sharp nose. He dressed in tweeds with wide, soft-collared shirts, and neckties, thick, plain-colored and loosely knotted. He had been born in Antwerp, where his name and family were notable, though historically Dutch, not Belgian. For teaching French, this was his principal qualification. He had been brought up speaking it, though he must have been in America since he was ten or twelve, and was himself a Durham graduate. Doctor Holt was indulgently fond of him; during his first terms at Durham his parents had lived mainly abroad and Doctor Holt must have acted practically as his father. He had not been out of college quite a year. Though he looked like a man to us, he was not more than twenty-two. Doctor Holt doubtless thought of him still as one of his sixth formers. Doctor Holt called him Van, though his name was Frederick; and so, except in addressing him, did we.

That morning when the Frenchman was going to speak to us in French, Van did not appear in any way unusual. His reddish hair had tumbled down one side of his forehead; he stood a little to the left of the blackboards, tossing a piece of chalk up and down. He was accustomed to do this when he was waiting, and since he never looked at the process and yet never failed to catch the chalk easily, it gave him a curious air, at once nonchalant and impatient. His greenish eyes were no more bright and irritable than ever, but his tone was crisp.

"Now, shut up!" he said. "There won't be any recitation this morning. Monsieur le Commandant Loiseaux"—his effortlessly perfect accent might have been a ten-foot pole with which he poked dirty and dangerous rubbish; but no one was then alert enough to see it that way—"is going to talk to you in his native tongue—to all the French courses. I presume that he is going to sell you more of the war. Fortunately, you'll only be able to understand about two words. When he finishes, shout at the top of your lungs: '*Vive la France, à bas les Boches!*' Now get back to the study hall."

What he thought was not precisely obscure. We might have foreseen everything that was going to happen, but still we didn't, nor did we even notice particularly that he alone of the French department was again absent when the major spoke. As Van foretold, we only understood about two words, but, as he sardonically suggested, several of the more literal-minded did shout, "*Vive la France!*" Afterward they wished they hadn't, for it takes more than a war to destroy Durham's scorn of any such showy demonstration. The cheers in the schoolroom had been a mass matter; no one was conscious of scrutiny or feeling like introspection, but that incident was closed. In broad daylight, at ten o'clock on a spring morning, Durham was not going to take its war in any death-and-glory mood. War was already enhanced by a noble solemnity and an emotional importance. Our attitude was, in fact, exactly that of America; with the special, local result that when we took things hard, less than usual was said about it. When little is said, much must be taken for granted. As your know, what people took for granted was that we were fighting for humanity and could not longer allow the Germans to infest the earth.

This may not have been entirely true, for Doctor Holt. His was a singularly pure patriotism, simply a respect for our different state which was unflinching and calmly reasoned. He had the courage—and courage it is if you value your reputation as a thoughtful man—to state: "Our country, right or wrong." Most people mistake the statement for jingoism, but it can be—and in Doctor Holt's case it was—the hard, honorable answer to an intolerable question. The question was not: "Do I believe in war?" At that moment when the republic had irrevocably committed herself, there could be only one question: "Will I work with her, or must I work against her?"

As a result, Doctor Holt did not roar out his very real detestation of militarism. Keeping his ominous guard over what he believed in, he had no time for irrelevancies of that sort. The most important thing he could do seemed to him to be preserving Durham unchanged as far as possible. Farsightedly, he could make a preliminary submission to changes of an irking sort. It would be too much to say that he did this with an easy mind, or philosophically. He must have had many bad moments. His profile was somber and dangerous as he looked at

(Continued on Page 77)

YOUR EXIDE BATTERY

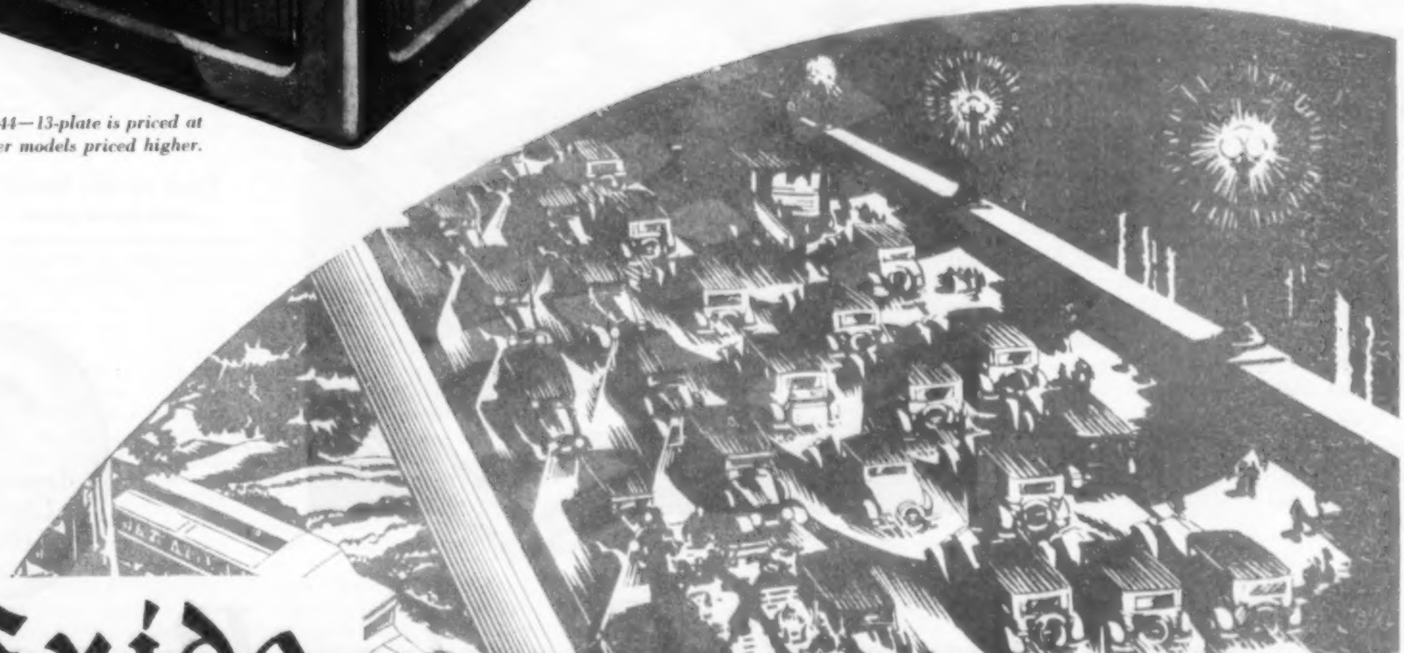
**. . . the great Utility Companies
depend on EXIDES—
have you one in your car?**

THE great power companies that serve our giant cities have invested millions of dollars in Exide Batteries to safeguard their electric services to the public in times of unexpected peak loads or emergencies. These companies have selected Exide Batteries because they have proved dependable under all conditions.

Why not have the same *reliable* make of battery in your automobile—the most scientifically designed, perfectly built battery that can be produced, made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose. Telephone or visit your nearest Exide dealer and consult him about your requirements.

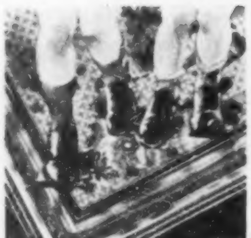
THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

The Exide 44—13-plate is priced at $7.95. Other models priced higher.



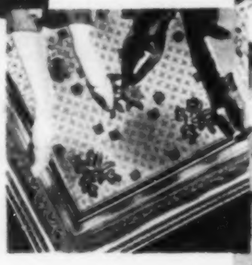
Exide
BATTERIES

Rugs for DOUBLE-DUTY in Patterns that are NEW



ALL DAY LONG

In homes where there are children, dirt and mud are bound to be tracked in. But don't worry—let the youngsters enjoy themselves.



IN THE EVENING

If the rug is an Armstrong's Quaker Rug, all dirt and stains wipe right off. And the rug is bright and smiling again for visitors.

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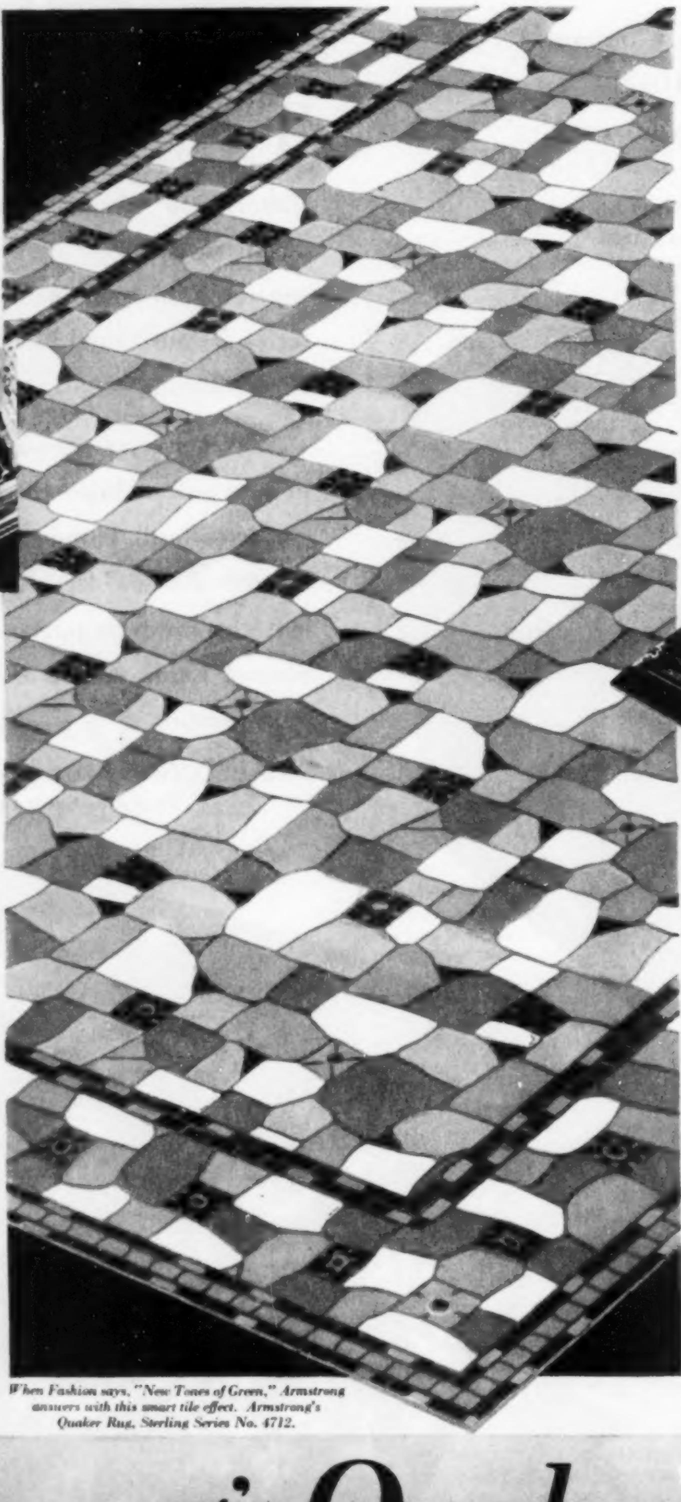

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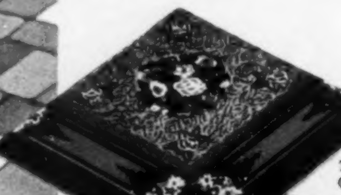

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Rug

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

(Continued from Page 74)

the class of 1917—fine, long-limbed, hard-muscled boys, who had now in mind insignia more desired than Durham athletic letters. Their ambitions centered no longer on beating Somerset. Their chief anxiety concerned the preposterous apprehension that recruiting sergeants might find their hard and healthy bodies not good enough for annihilation by high explosive. Meanwhile they petitioned the head master to have daily drilling.

Doctor Holt did not refuse them. Here he went with the war. In the evenings he certainly stood out against it. He wanted his sixth form to go to college, not to the Army. He didn't consider them fit for the Army, or, at least, fit for the undreamed-of experience the war would probably offer them. Taking them for talks, one by one, as he did, he was probably educating himself too. He would see the possibility of having some time, perhaps very soon, to face the whole school in emotional opposition. He meant to hold Durham like a fort against the national extravagances of war. People who work with boys must take, automatically, a long view; what they would be like in ten years concerned Doctor Holt more than the present.

Some of that graduated sixth form probably gave way during the difficult summer, did not go to college. But his fifth form, which was the sixth now, Doctor Holt got back intact. Two young masters had gone. The new alumni directory showed page after page of names whose business or college address had changed to a camp. We began drilling again as soon as school started, and now there were wooden rifles to assist the illusion. Some patriotic person had presented us with a fine stand of colors; in addition to the national flag, a black silk one with the Durham seal in white on it.

Perhaps these small finishing details, acquired and employed with a very blatant zest, were instrumental in driving Mr. Van Artevelde to protest. Perhaps he had been spending the summer in touch with high-minded and determined semiprofessional pacifists. Van was naturally a socialist of some sort. In those years directly before the war, almost everyone who had the happiness to be young, intelligent and carefully educated was a socialist. This was in part simple intellectual snobbery, and the first cold wind from the world as it was blew it away, but Van was naturally an idealist, as well as being stubborn. To men of his temper, socialism's pathetic impracticality is not its worst argument; just as the principal charm of pacifism may be its dangerous unpopularity. I think those wooden imitation guns and the second flag—the black one with the Durham seal—touched Van off. He contented himself, to start, with the most passive protest. It was, in fact, a good deal more like surly bad manners than the frank stand of conviction. Van had a class getting out before recess. Consequently, he passed through the quadrangle while the battalion was forming up for fifteen minutes of drill. I don't know how many times he had gone by the colors without removing the béret, which he wore, I suspect, on purpose. It was on a morning well into October that some idle and aggressive sixth former did notice it, as the color guard went by Van, and shouted, with blunt disregard of our fragmentary discipline, "Take off your hat!"

The shouter undoubtedly thought that Van had simply been absent-minded, and he stole the chance to emphasize his unnecessary zeal. I dare say he didn't grasp the appalling fact even when Van gave him no heed. Some others, their attention attracted, noticed now, and they all yelped together, not unlike excited puppies, "Take off your hat!"

They were, however, in motion, and their officers intervened with indignant commands. Van continued on his way to the study hall, where his rooms were, and disappeared. Most of the marchers never understood, or promptly forgot, the disturbance; but there was one at least who knew Van's tastes and habits. This was a prefect named Kenton. Kenton was a slight, good-looking boy with intellectual tastes. He had been fairly intimate with Van. Consequently, Kenton did know something of Van's socialistic attitude. He knew, for instance, that Van received a liberal magazine, at the time—it was about to be suppressed—devoted almost entirely to vicious cartoons, mocking this capitalistic war and America's shameful part in it. Kenton knew that a long file of this publication reposed on a shelf in Van's closet. That afternoon he went there with Bunny Potts, one of the biggest and most magnificent halfbacks who ever wore Durham colors; and a third sixth former named Webster. They tore up all the magazines and littered Van's study with the pieces.

They were, naturally, in a very righteous mood, but the action was almost reflex. Van had injured something—perhaps less tangible—of theirs that morning, and they retaliated by injuring something of his. Since—in the rudiments at least—they were thinking beings, they selected something whose destruction could be explained on the then-highest grounds. Their strength reached approximately the strength of ten because their hearts were patriotic.

Van, returning to his rooms, was doubtless annoyed, but he may have been exhilarated too. He walked over to Doctor Holt's study. "Pater," he said—the term was one used by Durham men in affectionate familiarity to the head master—"some little rotters have ripped up a lot of magazines in my room. Sting them, will you?"

Doctor Holt went promptly into one of his disciplinary rages. At Durham, masters are sacrosanct in person and property. Outside their classrooms they have no duties or responsibilities. They do not mix in the ordinary discipline of the school. This was a fine but important point. They are, so to say, unarmed, because the notion that a master might ever have to protect himself passed the realms of the possible.

As Doctor Holt didn't ask the nature of the magazines—the offense was *ipso facto* too heinous to make that important—he did not expect the delicate situation which might be forthcoming. At the afternoon assembly he came striding, without warning, through the doors of the schoolroom, his eyebrows together. He had his chin well up, his head turning from side to side, as though he expected to determine on sight who the offenders were. He mounted the three steps to the platform.

"Attendance taken, John?" he said to the senior prefect. If anyone hadn't been sure when the doors opened what was coming, the sound of Doctor Holt's voice was self-explanatory. Almost everybody suffered an immediate cold *malaise* around the stomach, a slight sweaty feeling in the hands. The Old Man, in the popular phrase, was on a rampage.

"Well," he said, facing the school with a sort of roar, "I want to know at once who went into Mr. Van Artevelde's room during his absence and destroyed property of his. Stand right up!"

There was a second's quivering silence. Scores and scores of tense nerves relaxed in thanksgiving. No sensation was ever sweeter than finding that, after all, Doctor Holt wasn't looking for you. Then, deliberately, like an elephant coming, majestic, to his feet, the peerless Bunny Potts appeared above the sixth-form rows at the back. Webster, in the corner, stood up too. Doctor Holt opened his mouth to roar, but at that instant, on the platform, Kenton arose.

For another second Doctor Holt was enraged into speechlessness. He looked from one to another, and they looked back at him, dogged, serious. Then he took two violent steps on the platform and jerked the silver-banded prefect's stick out of Kenton's hands. He broke it and slammed the fragments on the floor.

"If I ever hear of anything like this again," he said, "it will mean instant expulsion for the participants. Potts, Webster, Kenton, I'll speak to you in the study at once. Dismiss, John."

I don't think that Durham had ever seen such a thing happen to a prefect before. The bells rang; the school stirred in stunned incredulity. Only in the halls did the inevitable murmur of question and passionate conjecture arise. Kenton was quite white, but the obligations of greatness kept him composed. Bunny Potts was perfectly placid, his big frame swinging easily. Webster looked nervous. Doctor Holt was walking across the quadrangle and they followed him at a formal distance. People paused to watch them as they went into the opposite doors. Then somebody said—you could never know how it had been found out—"Van had a lot of magazines against the war, and they tore them up." It was all so astonishing that there was no immediate reaction, one way or another.

Webster was the one who explained. Bunny Potts had an awkward speechlessness not uncommon in fine athletes. Kenton's pride was slashed to the quick; he would have died before he let Doctor Holt think that he was trying to save his prefectship with excuses. Though Webster's explanation would in no way be adequate, Doctor Holt's attitude must have changed instantly. Facing these three cowed but faintly rebellious young men, he probably saw at once that it had come—the war had arrived. I suppose that he meant to nip it there, when he had three only to deal with. This would be why the one or two intrepid souls who secreted themselves on the stairs outside Doctor Holt's study to report the roaring heard nothing. Kenton and Webster and Potts were up some time. That night at supper they went to Mr. Van Artevelde's table, and though what they said was of course inaudible, plainly they were apologizing.

Van was not very cordial. That much could be noticed. If he cared about peace, it was a mistake. Unformed sentiment undoubtedly crystallized against him, for the school considered that Kenton and Webster and Potts, regardless of possible pressure, were doing an essentially sporting thing.

That feeling must have been very strong the next morning. A special section of third-form French—I may as well admit that it was for people not doing well, and that I was in it—which Van taught, had assembled and we felt

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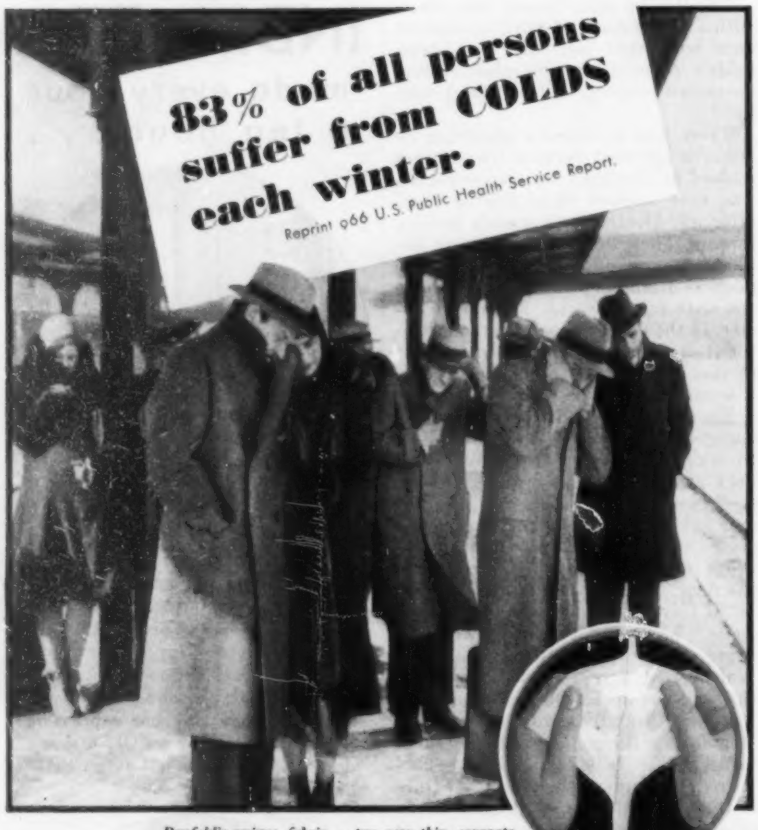
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surly. Van's shirts and neckties, his floppy reddish hair and little mannerism with the chalk seemed somehow insolent and irritating. Several boys neglected to say "sir" when answering.

Van could not help being aware of this, but no young man wants to make a scene over whether brats called him "sir" every time they opened their mouths. This was a delicate little dilemma, since Van could sense, too, that each successful omission increased a furtive impudence in the class. Unfortunately, he postponed, as most people would, the unpleasant issue.

As it happened, the textbook that we were using was French Government propaganda, though nobody then thought of propaganda as meaning anything you believed. The war, deloused and disinfected, free from the more revolting forms of bloodshed, went on in anecdotes, each preceded by a vocabulary. They were anecdotes about the extraordinary gallantry of the French people and the chivalry of their troops. I can still remember the ridiculous little story that morning. It turned on the alleged fact that the phrase, "*tête de boche*," had, "thanks to the German atrocities," assumed a meaning so deadly that its application by one Frenchman to another must be punished by law to keep angry people from mutual slaughter.

The smirking, artificial naïveté of this story would have been hard enough for anyone to swallow any time; for Van this morning it was absolutely impossible. He said sharply: "Of course I hope you won't believe all this drivel. If we want to fight Germany, that's one thing, but people not engaged in the holy murder are under no obligation to disguise themselves as imbeciles."

He was answered, and promptly, by a sullen, semi-audible snarl. We were restrained by our position and his, however. Military camps are not the only places where people are disciplined to stand under fire; and though this fire was especially galling, we were, most of us, starting our third year at Durham. Perhaps the similarity occurred to Van, or maybe his own age didn't separate him from us much in spirit, for he wheeled at the sound. "Well, you little fools," he snapped, "you aren't in the Army yet! But you will be. You're just the sort they can stuff full of stupid lies about how you owe it to civilization to behave like muckers."

There is no particular need to mention who, at that point, was coherent enough to stand up, vibrant and heroic, and tell Van that we wouldn't stay in his classroom. "We won't be taught by any rotten pro-German!" this boy shouted, and started eagerly to leave.

Righteousness, as so often it does in such matters, here reënforced again the natural juvenile impulse to get out of a class. Everyone arose, delighted to break the monotony of the morning for so good a cause. "Sit down!" Van said, but seeing that nobody was going to, he dropped his dignity and won the race to the door. He put his back against it and said over the uproar, "You've all got two hours' detention."

We formed an indecisive circle, a nervous pack. "You let us out!" cried several voices. Little as Van liked killing, I think that he could have killed then, had he any suitable instrument, or any inspiration as to how to begin. The boys in back started to shout, "Pro-German! Pro-German!" Somebody yelled impulsively, "He's not even an American. He's a dirty Dutchman!"

We had never, so far as I know, thought of the Dutch people as being dirty or in any way inferior before, but the idea was instantly popular. "You nasty little mutts!" said Van. I think he might have hit some of the nearer ones, had not the door at that moment opened behind him.

At the same hour, fourth-form algebra was held in the classroom next to us. Though Bunny Potts was in every respect a sixth former, he hadn't yet managed to pass his college-entrance algebra. As a result, he happened, unfortunately, to be the only person of any authority within earshot. He came into the room, belligerent.

"Shut up!" he rumbled. "Sit down!" He saw Van then, and said rather truculently, "Keep them quiet, will you? We're trying to work in the next room."

"Get out of here, Potts!" snapped Van, ungrateful for the pause instantly produced. "When I need help from a thick-headed boob like you, I'll send for it"—Van had not forgotten the magazines yesterday. He was, for all spiritual purposes, right back in the sixth form himself; with Potts merely the not very big and far from bright brat Van remembered in those days.

This division of authority gave the third-form section its chance. "We won't stay here, Bunny!" someone cried. "He isn't teaching anything! He just talks pro-German!"

"Shut up!" thundered Potts, in angry perplexity.

"If you want to have a bad attack of patriotism," said Van, icy with rage, "just sit down and I'll go on with what I have to say on the subject."

"I guess you won't," said Potts, scowling. "You say one more word against America and I'll smack you a couple." His own forthrightness shocked him a little and he attempted a sort of lumbering reason. "You weren't born in this country, Van"—so, I suppose he was going to say, Van wouldn't understand how he, Potts, and we, the third form ——

"Born in it?" exploded Van. "Thank God for that! I wouldn't be seen dead in it nowadays!"

Bunny Potts was in many respects a slow and troubled thinker, but he knew instantly what he was expected to do when somebody insulted the United States. He hit Van so hard that Van actually left his feet, went down in a heap in the corner. He was knocked senseless.

I think we all ran out then, and kept running, to nowhere in particular. Fourth-form algebra surged impulsively from its classroom, and, down the hall, second-form history joined them.

Bunny was very much frightened. He picked Van up and carried him over to the infirmary so fast that Van was still unconscious when they arrived. No doubt Bunny Potts imagined that he might have killed Van, but the nurse had little trouble in discovering that Van, even as he had so rashly declared, was not going to be seen dead in America—at least not this time.

I dare say that no one actually expected the fist that struck a member of the faculty to wither, but the school certainly suffered a reaction not unlike the one which results always and everywhere from the sudden discovery that the gods are impotent and filled with dust. Bells ending the period had rung. More boys, coming out of the study hall with books under their arms and the intention of going to their scheduled

(Continued on Page 80)

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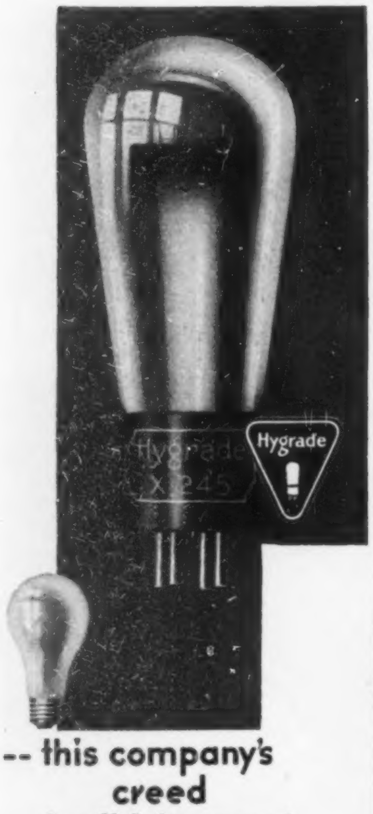

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(Continued from Page 78)

classes, found the whole routine in a perfectly plain state of collapse. They paused, asking what had happened. Then they joined the indecisive groups around the quadrangle. It would be hard for an outsider to understand the difference made by the absence of the handful of young men who served as prefects, but the prefects were the thin, strong skeleton of authority on whose articulation the school's movement and morale had been trained to depend. The sixth form had thought it necessary to have a meeting, and the prefects were attending it.

To an expert like Doctor Holt, the demoralization in the atmosphere must have been instantly apparent, but since his trusted lieutenants avoided him, he was some minutes in getting the facts, and those minutes were fatal as far as the application of ordinary measures was concerned.

Potts was the one who reported, and Doctor Holt rewarded him, Draconically, by informing Potts that he was no longer a member of the school. This was done without a scene, for Doctor Holt's rages were in a way instruments at his disposal—that is, they were sincere and unpremeditated, but he did not have them if he did not want them; and there would certainly be no use in one now. With Potts dismissed from the study, he must have sat a few minutes in thought, for some time passed before he appeared in the quadrangle. He proceeded to the infirmary, unhasty, looking neither to the right nor left, ignoring the slight, automatic consternation the sight of him had produced.

Van was sitting in the dispensary. He had a cold compress on the side of his face and the nurse had administered some brandy. Physically he was none the worse, but Bunny's heavy fist had not stopped at bruising Van's jaw. That socket-spraining impact was a thrust of reality, and it shook down the whole fantastic structure of his self-esteem. Strictly speaking, this had nothing to do with the school, or the war, or Bunny's highly correct patriotism. Van had read the right books and learned the right principles for a liberal intellectual; but from their initial urge to resist and resent Major Loiseaux's too eloquent and artful emotionalizing, Van had been taken step by fatal step to a point he hadn't planned on reaching. Every gesture had required a further gesture to justify it; and here he stood, or rather sat, in the infirmary, entirely alone and entirely friendless—Kenton's defection had been yesterday a scratch in a hot battle, but now, cold, it was deeper than he thought. He had liked Kenton.

Loneliness and hostility can be, of course, the price one pays for self-respect; and the historic blood in his veins had never shown any signs of lacking the old, intrepid stubbornness and valor in defense which had made the Netherlands too hard a nut for kings to crack. Its strength, however, was its convictions, and Van had long put himself past them. Now he was sure only of one thing—that he had pressed a bad course to the shameful spectacle of its worse end. If the land, in a wordless and immemorial way, seemed to bid him tread no more upon it, he himself was angered to sickness at his own actions.

Even the nurse, he thought, looked at him with a sort of contempt; similar impatient contempt had animated the very children in his French section, he could believe—not quite correctly—now. Even the slow-witted and amiable Potts had been able, despite the probably great cost, to endure it no longer.

It was one of the worst half hours he ever spent in his life, and the results of it undoubtedly surprised Doctor Holt, who would have been ready for Van to be enraged. Doctor Holt came into the dispensary quietly.

"Well, Van?" he said.

Van got up. "I'm all right," he announced. "I'm going."

"Oh, no," said Doctor Holt. "Sit down." He waved the nurse out and closed the door. "This is a disagreeable business, Van," he said. "I'm sorry it happened. I've had to fire Potts."

"I don't see why," Van said. "It was entirely my fault, Pater. If you thought it would be a good idea, I guess I might enlist. At any rate, I'll leave this afternoon. I can't stay around here, Pater, and I guess you don't want me to anyway."

"Is that all?" asked Doctor Holt.

"No, sir," admitted Van. "I'm sorry I've made so much trouble."

"I'm glad you're sorry," Doctor Holt nodded, "because you ought to be, Van. You've put me in a very hard position. As I told you, Potts is leaving the school."

"Could he stay if I went, sir?" said Van. He had a slight nervous reaction toward his ordinary manner. "He'll be missed in the Somerset game."

"Somerset may be missing men, too," said Doctor Holt. "Well, we'll do the best we can without him. I haven't had to give my talk on too much emphasis on athletics this year. No, you'll stay."

"Everyone's going to resent it," said Van. "I doubt if I'm worth a good halfback, Pater. I ——"

"I know," nodded Doctor Holt. "Ordinarily you might not be. I don't object to your leaving; in fact, I think it would be a decent thing for you to enlist. We'll arrange about your papers and you can leave the school at Christmas. But not now; just now I need you here."

"You wouldn't have any trouble about third-form French," said Van. "You could ——"

"It's the sixth form that needs instruction," said Doctor Holt, "and French isn't the subject."

The result of the sixth-form meeting was, besides a good deal of excitement, the decision of five young men to vindicate Bunny Potts by resigning. I suppose that they were rather intoxicated by the nobility of their decision. For the rest of us, feeling was running imitatively high, but little could be done about it. Doctor Holt appeared to have gone somewhere in his car, and the school seemed, strangely enough, to have ceased to exist. At least, there were no more bells, and though bells are a nuisance when you hear them, it is astonishing how disturbed you feel when suddenly you don't. Nobody knew what time anything was to be done. Nobody seemed to be in charge.

Technically we were having what amounted to an unexpected holiday, but it was spoiled by a certain confused solemnity. Outside it was breezy and bright under a fine October sky, but no one felt like going out. For hours on end one expected that at any moment something important might happen.

There was luncheon, all right, but since there were no bells, many boys didn't notice the time and so got nothing to eat. The sixth formers who felt that they had to go had finished their packing in the first burst of indignation, but the next train left after five o'clock. Meanwhile there was nothing much to do. The objectors had fallen into two groups in two rooms, and they read magazines.

At three o'clock a notice appeared on the bulletin board announcing general town permission. This seemed, I remember, much the most dismaying thing that happened. Town permission was restricted to two afternoons a week, and was distinctly a privilege. Subconsciously the school felt that it was behaving rather badly and didn't expect to be rewarded for it.

All of an hour was required for the general consternation and suspicion—of who knew what?—to subside, but by half-past four, boys were beginning to cross the bridge in small, pioneering groups. Many of them were hungry, and headed for the village stores; many were going because word had somehow passed around that we ought to see Bunny Potts and his supporters off.

I don't think that the latter feeling was very decisive however. Bunny Potts, with the passing hours, seemed certainly less of a hero and martyr. He was talked out as a subject. You couldn't go on forever saying, "Gosh, I don't blame him!" The fact that remained was the fact of his expulsion. It is not considered exactly an honor to be expelled from Durham; indeed, for members of the school it is the ultimate catastrophe. This accepted, uneasy flavor of the catastrophic was coming back; we were a little shy about Bunny Potts. I remember that I did not in the least want to go in town; what I wanted was for someone to ring a bell and have an assembly to explain how matters stood and what we were going to do next. I went in town because everybody else seemed to be going.

When I got to the station with several companions, it was astonishing to see how many boys felt the same or some similar way. There must have been as many of us as on that evening when Major Loiseaux arrived the spring before. Only we had no band and no impulse to cheer; no one struck the emotional keynote which would make up our minds for us. Those who might possibly have done it—the five sixth formers with suitcases and hats, or Bunny Potts—probably felt too much the same way themselves. They had come in earlier still. Bunny Potts, I remember, sat on his suitcases, looking at his hands and saying nothing, even when his supporters addressed him. The dusk was pleasant-colored and you could smell the sad sharp smoke of the inevitable October leaf fires on the lawns. The wind was down; the air was gaining a clean chill in the shadows of the hills.

We had stood that way, shifting and restless, hands in pockets against the cold, murmuring to one another and waiting for something to happen for perhaps fifteen minutes more, when something did happen. The barely needed headlights of a motor car came fast up the thinned tree arch of the long single street. This car turned in to the station, made its way quietly through the parting crowd, slid almost to the platform and halted. Doctor Holt sat in it, his gloved hands on the wheel. Van, his béret aslant, the collar of a tan topcoat turned up, sat beside him.

We didn't, naturally, know anything that had passed between Doctor Holt and Van. Van was simply there, and he looked as he always did; as always, he

(Continued on Page 82)

The *Cocoanut's Package* calls for X-ray eyes · · ·

but anyone can see what's wrapped in Cellophane

THE cocoanut goes the limit on protection, but it fails to show the world what it has inside. Those who use Cellophane show you what they have to sell.

While Nature's packages are perfect for their purpose, inventive man has discovered how to wrap his own packages as well as, if not better than, Nature herself. By means of Du Pont Cellophane, man is able to protect things perfectly *and still leave them visible.*

Cellophane is made from the purest form of vegetable matter in the world. As a wrapping it protects against all kinds of dust and dirt. It keeps things fresh. Yet you can see all it covers just as if there was no wrapping at all. No guessing what's inside the package. No misrepresentation. No disappointment.

Every day, in all the stores, you will see more and more things dressed in sparkling Cellophane. You can buy them with the assurance that they will be just as good as they look. Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

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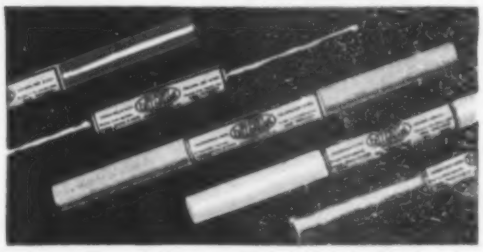

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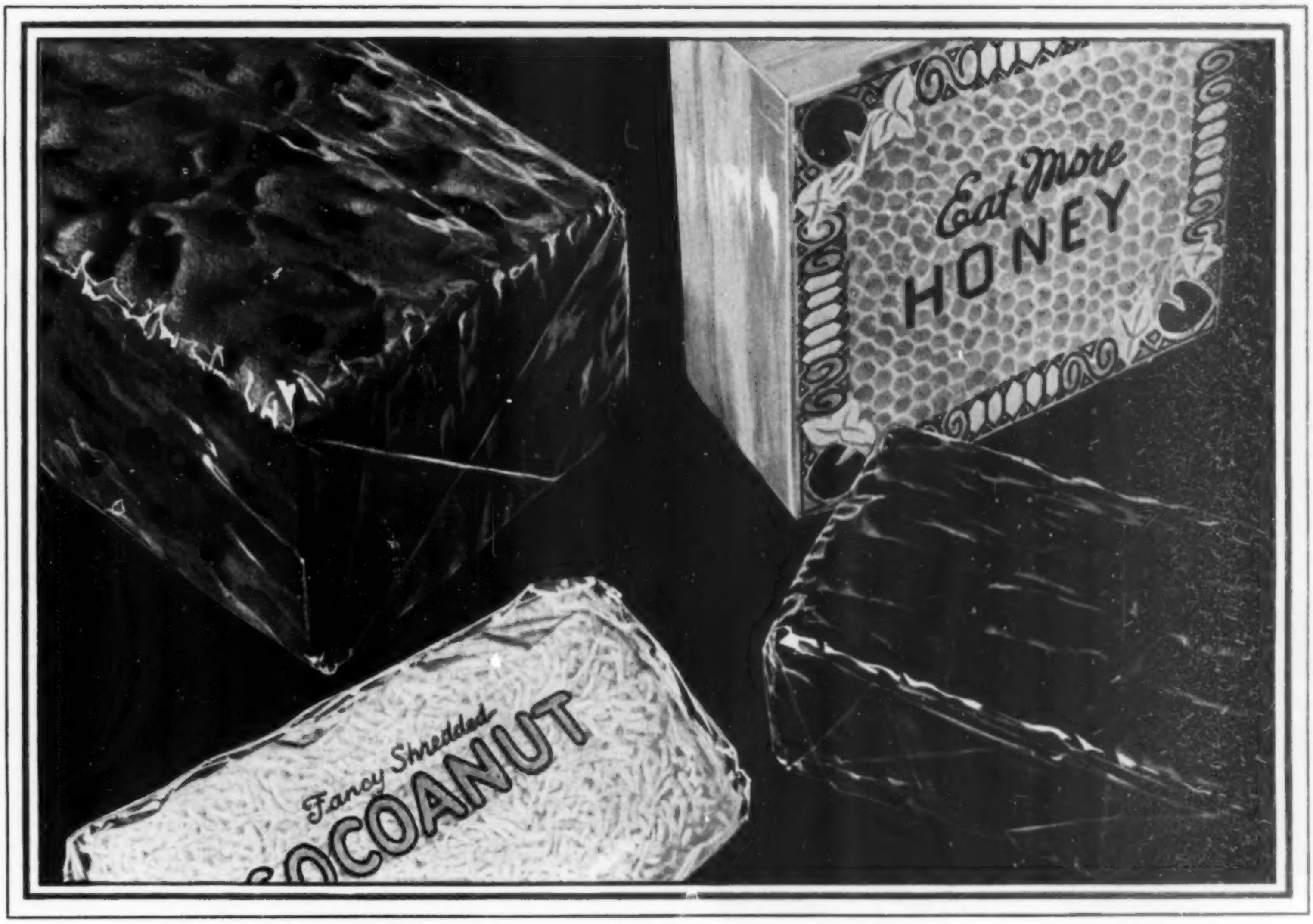

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CELOID FINISH
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INDIA BUFF
Boston Varnish Company

You're thinking of friends for dinner. What will they think of

your home?

This is the pleasant time of the year when friends are meeting again at dinner and over the card table. Vacations over, there are many pleasant relationships to be resumed. New acquaintances to be made. New friendships to be developed. And in all of these enjoyable associations—*the appearance of your home counts for so much.*

Your friends, old or new, will be looking around your house. Will they see woodwork and walls that are dingy and lusterless? Will they notice scarred furniture? You can make any part of your home bright and fresh today—by painting it with Kyanize Celoid Finish.

Kyanize Celoid Finish, a waterproof medium-gloss enamel, is easy to apply, brushes evenly, covers wood, plaster, metal or fiber board equally well, and gives a bright satin-like finish of remarkable wearing qualities. Boston Varnish Company, 360 Everett Sta., Boston, Mass.

To brighten your furniture

● Kyanize Lustaquik Finish, in 16 beautiful colors, is ready to blend with any of your decorative schemes. It is a brilliant hard-finish enamel which dries completely within four hours.

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● With Kyanize Floor Enamel you can easily and quickly beautify any type of floor. It brushes in evenly, covers solidly, and is free from offensive odor. Kyanize Floor Finish is a transparent varnish stain which dries completely in four hours.

Look around your home—your guests do.

● *There is a Kyanize product for every household use. Write for free booklet, "The Colorful Home," or see your Kyanize dealer today.*

(Continued from Page 80)

was the recipient of Doctor Holt's indulgent favor. You might think that nothing had happened, and I'm sure we resented it, but resentment, in the twilight and the cold and the aftermath of a hard, emotional day, was curiously mute and even half-hearted. We had fallen instantly silent, as though we expected Doctor Holt to say something; and the silence continued, deepening, while Doctor Holt lit his pipe and sat puffing deliberately, looking at no one in particular, unless it was Bunny Potts on his suitcases. Bunny had placed himself apart from the others, and the fact that he was not with them made them appear confused, rather aimless. They continued to talk in whispers to one another, but Bunny Potts was still looking at his hands, and Doctor Holt was still, contemplative, looking at him. Just then, faint but hoarsely clear and traveling fast, came the full roar of a locomotive whistle.

Bunny Potts undoubtedly jumped. Then he stood up, ponderous but swift. One could recognize anywhere that curious bearlike gesture of his with which he sized up the field and came to a decision as he lumbered into an end run. He left his bags and went right over to Doctor Holt in the car.

He looked across Doctor Holt and said to Van: "I'm sorry I lost my temper, sir."

"It's all right," Van nodded. "We all do. Sorry for what I said. Good luck, Bunny."

"Good-by, Pater," Potts said, finally looking at Doctor Holt.

The bell at the railroad crossing above began to ring with mechanical fury. Far-reaching, the radiant sweep of the locomotive's great headlight fled past us down the track. Doctor Holt held out his hand. "Try to behave yourself in the Army," he said. "I'd like you to be a credit to Durham."

Speech was drowned for a moment in the uproar of the locomotive's passage; dark-sided baggage cars, succeeding rows of bright windows, slid more slowly, jerked to a halt. Bunny turned and got his bags. Beside Van, Doctor Holt came quickly to his feet. He raised his voice, a clear roar, much louder than the locomotive.

"The regular evening assembly will be in fifteen minutes!" he thundered. "All Durham boys are, as always, expected to attend!"

He sat down, and you could see the movement of his hand. The car trembled on the roused engine, began to back. Now a lantern swung from the train vestibule; the yellow windows started to slide again. Abruptly we were looking at the retreating red lamps ending it. The five boys with hats and suitcases still stood just where they were before.

There came a general stir, a sigh and sound of voices. Turning, we could see the tail light, and the swift-shafted glow leaping ahead of Doctor Holt's motor. It had reached the very end of the fine leafless tunnel of the trees. Boys who had suitcases picked them up and we all began to move; quickly, for we had only fifteen minutes to get back to school.

HELLO, SUCKER!

(Continued from Page 17)

Mr. Horace Blashford swore. "The poor little sucker!" Then suddenly: "You know where this joint is?"

"Sure I do, mister."

Mr. Blashford reached for the door handle, missed it and wrenched violently at the air. The driver swung the door open and his new fare clambered in.

"Drive me there," he ordered, "and make it snappy."

During the drive up Park, across Madison, past Fifth and Broadway, Mr. Blashford delivered a continuous monologue on the foolishness of old fools and the tendency of the small-town mind to seek its sin in privacy. As the cab thumped under the elevated he switched abruptly to a moving word picture of good old innocent J. J. in a den of thieves. Finally the cab came to a slithering halt.

"Here we are, mister."

His fare got out and stared about him. "Where?" he demanded.

The driver indicated a narrow doorway, illuminated with a small lantern which shed a thread of cold light upon a flight of dark stairs ascending into entire blackness.

"Up there, mister."

Mr. Blashford laughed unpleasantly. "Some dump," he commented; then to the figure slumped over the wheel he suggested a coalition in the interests of good old J. J.

"There's five dollars in it for you," he urged, "if we get this sparrow out of the trenches before Christmas."

"It ought to be worth ten, mister."

Mr. Blashford stepped over to the cab window. "Do I look like the kind of a sucker that some cheap tout of a taxi driver could work his racket on?" he snarled. "Five is the ticket—take it or leave it."

The driver set his squeaking hand brake. He smiled ingratiatingly. Then he got out and came around the nose of his cab.

"You win, mister," he acknowledged.

Mr. Horace Blashford smiled down at him. A New York smile. "Now that we understand each other," he said, "suppose you lead the way."

The narrow stairs opened into a smoke-ridden room where a wrinkled lady in a surprising state of bloom presided over a tiny checking cavern and a blue-jowled youth in a blue shirt leaned elegantly against a scarred cigar case in earnest conversation with another elegant blue-jowled youth in spats and a light-gray hat.

Directly ahead a wide entrance led into a dark room flecked with amber lights. The wheedling strains of a well-known jazz rhythm stole out of the gloom. Mr. Horace Blashford wiped his moist brow with a pocket handkerchief of Irish linen and wrinkled his nose in distaste.

The taxi driver propelled him gently toward the wide opening. "You go in to the dance floor," he suggested, "and I'll take a look around out here—and the wash room."

Mr. Horace Blashford nodded curtly. "No monkey business," he warned darkly. "Report in here to me as soon as you get through."

The youth—in the dim light he became blue-jowled too—lit a cigarette and sucked at it as one deeply grieved.

"Listen, mister," he protested, "you told me where to head in at, didn't you?"

Mr. Horace Blashford smiled grimly, then passed into the inner room. After all, for a New Yorker born and bred, to triumph over a taxi driver was a minor

(Continued on Page 85)

$40,000,000

to insure your industrial future in

NEW YORK STATE

SITUATED right in the center of the country's population, with Europe at its very door, New York State is outstanding in its industrial advantages, including:

1. *Nearness to markets*
2. *Cheap electricity*

The New York State market is *permanent.* But what about electric power? Electricity is cheap now, but how long can present sources supply demand?

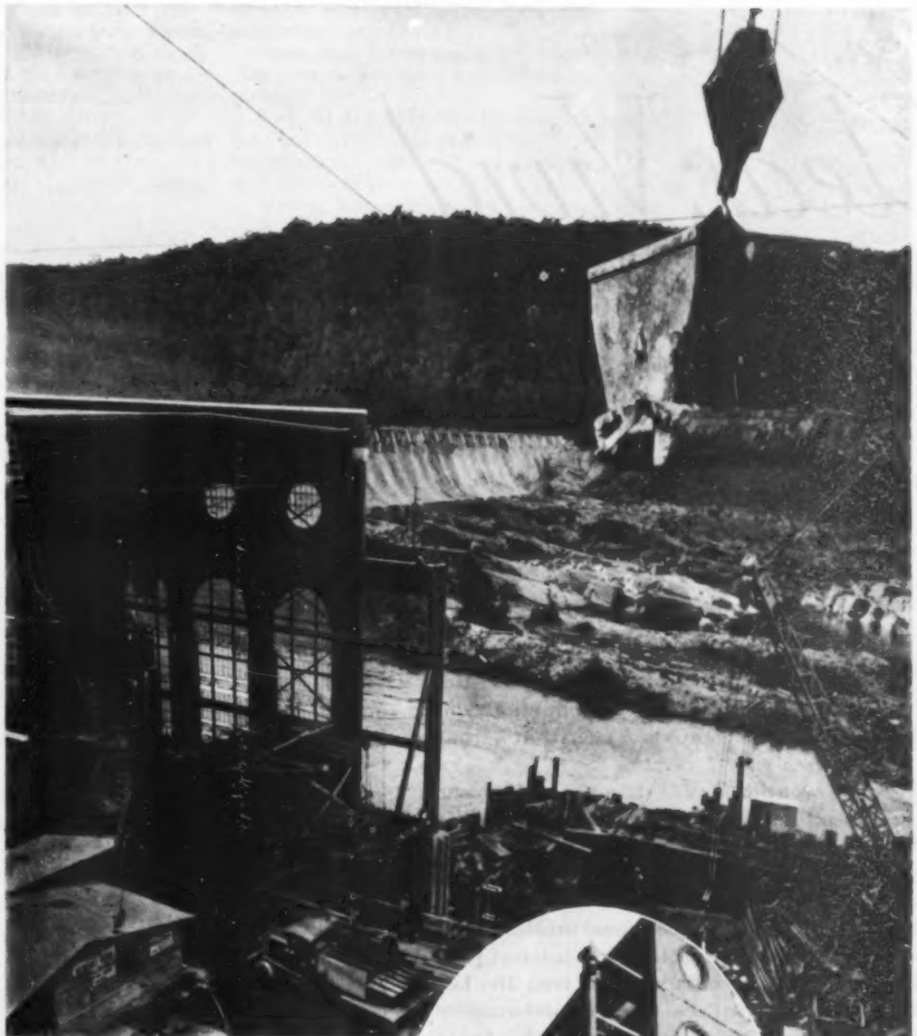
On this page is the answer to that. Cheap electricity is a matter of intelligently anticipating industries' needs, because of all the electricity generated today, by far the major portion goes to industry.

And in 1930 alone, the Niagara Hudson System is spending more than forty million dollars to insure an adequate supply of cheap electricity to New York State industry.

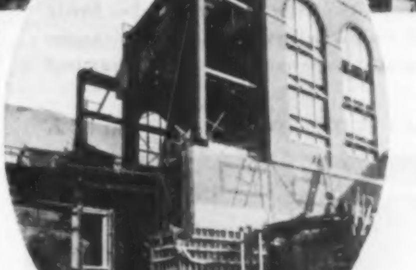
High up on the upper Hudson River at Spier Falls, hundreds of men are working night and day, blasting their way into the solid rock of a mountain so that 57,000 additional horse power shall be ready on January 1st.

Along the bed of the Raquette River, suntanned crews spent the last summer drilling out cores of rock, so engineers could plan the foundations for a 100,000 horse-power project to be started early next year.

In Buffalo, the capacity of the Huntley steam station has just been doubled . . . making a total of 622,000 horse power to anticipate the growing needs of the Niagara Area.



This immense new hydro-electric development will be in operation at Spier Falls, N.Y., by Jan. 1st.



Close-up of additions to Spier Falls plant, which will add 57,000 horse power to present capacity

You can make no mistake in coming to New York State, because New York is planning for you. And to help you further, the Niagara Hudson System maintains an Industrial Bureau of trained engineers. These men will make an impartial analysis of your business and its problems, and recommend, in an unbiased way, the locality in New York State best suited to you.

Their services are free and are fully described in an illustrated book, "New York, the Great Industrial State." Write for your copy today. Address the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Albany, New York.

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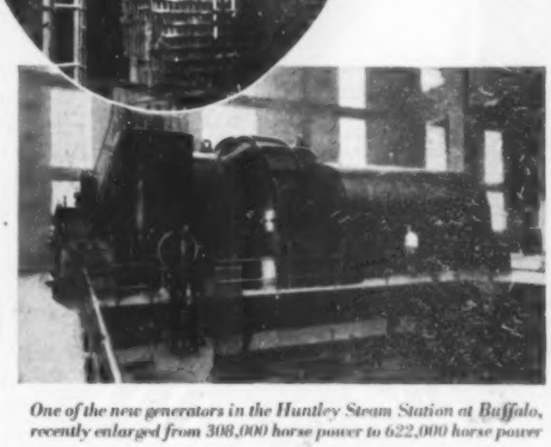
Hear Niagara Hudson broadcast fascinating stories of New York State. Every Thursday night, 7:30 - 8:00 (Eastern Standard Time), WEAF, WGR, WGY, WSYR.



One of the new generators in the Huntley Steam Station at Buffalo, recently enlarged from 308,000 horse power to 622,000 horse power

Write for our new book, describing the industrial territory served by Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, including among others the localities listed below:

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ALBION
ANGOLA
AMSTERDAM
ANTWERP
ATTICA
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BALLSTON
BATAVIA
BOONVILLE
BROCKPORT
BUFFALO
CANAJOHARIE
CANASTOTA
CANTON
CARTHAGE
COBLESKILL
CORTLAND
COHOES
DEPEW
DOLGEVILLE
DUNKIRK
E. SYRACUSE
FAIRPORT
FALCONER
FORT EDWARD
FORT PLAIN
FRANKFORT
FREDONIA
GENESEO
GLENS FALLS
GLOVERSVILLE
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GOWANDA
GREEN ISLAND
GREENWICH
HAMBURG
HERKIMER
HOMER
HUDSON
HUDSON FALLS
ILION
JAMESTOWN
JOHNSTOWN
KENMORE
LACKAWANNA
LANCASTER
LE ROY
LITTLE FALLS
LOWVILLE
LYONS
MALONE
MASSENA
MEDINA
MOHAWK
NEW YORK MILLS
NIAGARA FALLS
N. TONAWANDA
NORWOOD
OAKFIELD
OGDENSBURG
OLEAN
ONEIDA
OSWEGO
POTSDAM
PULASKI
RENSSELAER
ROME
ROTTERDAM
ST. JOHNSVILLE
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SARATOGA SPRINGS
SCHENECTADY
SCOTIA
SKANEATELES
SOLVAY
SYRACUSE
TONAWANDA
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HEAR that harmony, smooth and clear! Feel that warm, vibrant rhythm; melodious, realistic, satisfying. That's the kind of reproduction you hoped for when you bought your set...that's what radio can bring to you.

You can't expect this kind of reception unless your tubes are right. If programs sound harsh or mechanical, if your set seems to lack the pep it had when it was new, it's time you changed to Arcturus Blue Tubes, the tubes with the *Life-like Tone.*

Arcturus Tubes combine exceptional musical qualities with two other features that will interest you; *Quick 7-second Action,* and unusually long life. Let your dealer demonstrate these Arcturus performance points. Let him show you that Arcturus Tubes bring a new degree of radio enjoyment, more pleasure from every program, because they add a natural *Life-like Tone.*

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No 227
MADE IN U.S.A.
The BLUE Radio Tube!

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ARCTURUS

"*The* TUBE *with the* LIFELIKE TONE"

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(Continued from Page 82)

matter. A gray shape swam into his line of vision. Vaguely, the sales manager noted a slippery smile and patent-leather hair, and shuddered for old J. J.'s sake.

"The gentleman wants a nice little table by the dance floor?"

The gentleman shook his head. "I'm merely looking for a friend."

"The gentleman can probably see his friend better from a little table by the dance floor."

"I'm not going to stay," Mr. Blashford warned him frigidly. "Merely looking for a friend."

Would the gentleman step this way? The gentleman did so, through a maze of small tables where odd shapes huddled, to the edge of a gray patch of floor. Beyond, in a small alcove, a huddled pile of instruments proclaimed the orchestra at sudden recess.

Mr. Blashford sat down heavily in the cheap little chair pulled away from the table for his benefit by the gentleman in gray.

"Would the gentleman care for any refreshment?"

"I'm looking for a friend," Mr. Blashford repeated patiently. "When I find him I'll take him home and put him to bed. Do I make myself clear? However, while I am looking around you can bring a bottle of soda."

The soda came with the orchestra. As the floor filled with crawling shapes, Mr. Blashford gravely compounded a little something in the nature of a tonic calculated to soothe his nervous system—shattered almost beyond repair, he told himself sorrowfully, by his old friend's defection. Between grateful pulls at his glass he sought the little figure of old J. J. in the dim corners. The situation clearly called for a second prescription.

As he filled it, Mr. Blashford was suddenly aware that the chair opposite him at his little table was occupied by a girl. Even in the half light it was easy to see that her yellow satin evening dress was soiled and that her eyelashes were but icicles dipped in tar. She smiled.

Mr. Blashford did not. He spoke, coldly and deliberately. "I'm looking for a friend. He is from New Athens, Ohio. I'm not. Understand? I don't want to dance or buy a lady a bottle of wine for twenty-five dollars. In other words, I'm not a sucker; I'm merely looking for one. Get the idea?"

The girl raised a thin shoulder and continued to smile. "But even a big wise guy wouldn't refuse to buy a thirsty little girl one little drink," she suggested.

The big wise guy took another long and satisfactory dose of his prescription and nodded. "Right," he agreed, and the touch of thickness in his voice annoyed him. "If the little girl will have her drink and depart in peace."

The girl called a waiter.

Mr. Blashford went back to searching the room for his old friend and customer. He thought of Colletta and what she would think of the situation. The waiter came and went several times.

The empty gurgle which accompanied the attempt to compound a third prescription brought the sudden realization that he had been sitting for some time and that the girl in the soiled yellow evening gown was still there before him, her long red-tipped fingers toying with a glass of yellow liquid.

"Orange juice," he sneered. "I know that racket."

The girl laughed. "See your friend?" she asked.

Mr. Blashford shook his head sadly. Poor old J. J. He looked at his watch, gold-strapped to his wrist. The hands pointed to 2:15. With a swaying sweep of his hand Mr. Blashford summoned a hovering waiter.

"You go out there an' find my taxi driver," he commanded loudly. "An' send him in here. In here. Understand? And bring me my bill."

The driver came, cap in hand.

Mr. Blashford glowered at him. "What's the big idea? Didn't I tell you I was looking for a friend? Didn't you go to look for him in the wash room? Does it take two hours to find a little man in a wash room?"

The driver looked at the girl in yellow and his left eye drooped. He leaned forward confidentially. "Listen, mister," he whispered. "I just got the dope. See? I had to smell it out. See? Your friend came here all right, but he didn't stay. He said he didn't like the place."

"Don't blame him," muttered Mr. Blashford.

"So they went to another place. I just found out where it is. Up on Sixty-ninth Street, mister. I know where it is. Better hurry, mister. You can't never tell about these little men from the country."

His fare pushed back his chair and nodded. He took the check the waiter held out and studied it owlishly.

"How much is it?" he demanded.

His driver took the check and glanced at it. "Thirty-seven dollars," he said carelessly, then added swiftly: "Better pay it in a hurry, mister. You can't tell what may have happened to your little friend up in that joint ——"

But Mr. Blashford was no sucker. He waved his taxi driver aside and said so—loudly. "Thirty-seven dollars for a couple of bottles of soda and a drink for the lady? Never."

The waiter pointed out his error. "Three bottles of soda, one bottle of wine, five cocktails and two Scotch highballs," he chanted rapidly.

"I had the highballs, mister. You see ——"

"Damn the highballs!" shouted his fare thickly. "Who had the wine?"

"I did," said the girl in the yellow dress shrilly. "You bought it for me—an' the cocktails too."

Two other men were flanking the waiter. They stared menacingly at Mr. Blashford.

The taxi driver tugged frantically at his fare's sleeve. "Listen," he implored. "This is a tough joint. See? If I knew how tough it was before we started we wouldn't have come. See, mister? If you get into trouble what's going to happen to your friend? Let's pay an' get out."

The mental picture of little, innocent J. J. in the hands of a bunch of speakeasy sharpers decided Mr. Blashford. After all, it was worth thirty-seven dollars and more, just to get the poor little coot back safe and sound to the hotel. It was a duty, he told himself sternly, that he owed his old friend and customer. A duty he owed to Colletta and the New Athens Chamber of Commerce. At that very moment old J. J. might be facing some racket, helpless and inexperienced ——

Mr. Horace Blashford fumbled for his ostrich-leather wallet and finally laid four ten-dollar bills on the cheap nickel tray.

"Come on," he cried.

III

"HERE we are, mister."

Mr. Horace Blashford pushed the hand on his elbow away—far, far away. "Are where?" he inquired with measured dignity.

"The place I told you about. See? The place where your little friend is, mister."

Poor old J. J. Mr. Blashford shook his head sadly. "The poor little fish," he murmured sadly. "The poor little fish. The poor little fish."

"Better hurry, mister."

Mr. Blashford stared truculently at the smudge in the doorway. "Don't you tell me to hurry," he stated. "I know what I'm doing."

"All right, mister. If you don't care what happens to your friend ——"

Poor old J. J.! Mr. Blashford pushed himself along the cushion and grasped the window firmly. Safely on the sidewalk, he faced the driver.

"What's your name?"

"Freddie, mister."

"Listen, Freddie," said Mr. Blashford earnestly. "We have to save my old friend, J. J. Understand? He can't take care of himself. A cheap tout of a taxi driver gets hold of him and off he goes to get skinned. Must save him. Understand, Freddie? Where is this place?"

"Up the stairs, mister. There by the lantern."

Mr. Blashford advanced slowly, thrusting aside with vigor the proffered arm of his guide. At the top of the stairs he paused. The narrow stairs opened into a smoke-ridden room, where a wrinkled lady in a surprising state of bloom leaned over the counter of a tiny checking cavern and a blue-jowled youth in a blue shirt leaned elegantly against a scarred cigar case.

Directly ahead a wide entrance led into a dark room flecked with amber lights. Wheedling jazz stole out of the gloom.

"This place looks familiar. Been here sometime. Funny. Very funny," Mr. Blashford confided loudly to his mentor.

His mentor nodded hurriedly. "Sure, mister. A guy like you gets everywhere. But don't forget your friend. I'll look around out here. See? You go in the other room."

Mr. Blashford nodded. Good old Freddie. A stout lad. Not like most of the taxi drivers you ran across. Not like the one that hooked poor old J. J.

"Hurry up," he commanded, and moved into the darkened room.

"The gentleman wants a nice little table by the dance floor?"

Mr. Blashford eyed the shape before him scornfully.

"Listen to me," he directed. "I heard that once before tonight—somewhere. I'm not in the butter-an'-egg business. I'm looking for a friend. Understand? A good old friend. I'm only staying a minute."

"This way."

"Looking for an old minute. A good old minute," stated the new guest. "No time to waste."

Presently there was a chair and a small table. Mechanically Mr. Blashford ordered a bottle of soda and stared heavily about.

"All these joints look alike," he muttered.

"Hello, daddy!"

Mr. Blashford swung around in his chair and sent the bottle of soda spinning across the table. The girl who sat there pushed her chair back and laughed. She had on some kind of an evening dress and her eyelashes drooped with the weight of their coating. There was something familiar in the drooping lids and the color of the dress—yellow, Mr. Blashford decided.

"How about a bottle of wine, daddy?"

KLEIN TOOLS

My Climbers are KLEINS

For the man who knows good tools—on the job where accuracy and speed are primary requisites—where careful results demand the best in workmanship—you will find Klein pliers.

"I'VE been up and down the sticks for thirty years—in all kinds of weather, under all conditions, and I know now the advice the old timers gave me when I was a kid was the best advice I ever had—stick to Kleins. Look on my Climbers and on my Pliers, on my Harness—all the equipment I use carries the Klein trademark. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but when one house has been turning out the best in equipment 'since 1857,' that's the equipment I use."

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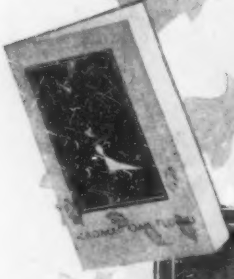

Let the new CROMAR Booklet tell you in detail how, at the CROMAR Factory, machines apply a finish to hardwood flooring which, for beauty and endurance, could not be duplicated by hand. Write for your free copy.

Mr. W. H. Shaffer, Jr., Mission Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa., Dealer Sales Manager of the National Steel Fabric Company, of Pittsburgh, tells why he used CROMAR for the floors of his new steel frame house: "The years of experience you have in back of your product – the absolute control of each item – and the care you take in handling even the smallest details in finishing, make me wonder how anyone could use other than CROMAR Factory-Finished flooring."

(Signed) W. H. SHAFFER, JR.

These two photographs show the impressive exterior and one of the charming interiors of Mr. Shaffer's new steel frame home.

No single improvement in your home can add so much to the charm of its atmosphere as the warm lustre of a beautiful Hardwood Floor. And you gain, in addition, some very practical advantages: a sound hardwood floor will make it easier for you to rent or sell your home, and at a better price. The cleaning of a hardwood floor is done without effort and takes but little time. And hardwood floors will keep your rooms warmer in winter and free from cellar dust all through the year.

Aside from these general benefits which any good hardwood floor will bring you, CROMAR Factory Finished Oak Flooring offers you two things of such outstanding value that they can hardly be exaggerated:

1. CROMAR Flooring is completely finished before it leaves the factory. Nothing is left to be done when it arrives at your home except the simple job of nailing it down right over your old floors, at the speed of a room a day. Installation is started after breakfast—completed before dinner!
2. CROMAR Flooring is finished by machines. Machines perform every finishing operation with vastly greater thoroughness and uniformity than the most patient hand-finisher could do it. It is the quality of dependable thoroughness of these patented CROMAR machines which results in the incomparable beauty and wear-resistance of the CROMAR finish.

Exactly how CROMAR is milled, filled, varnished and even treated to resist moisture by machines, at the CROMAR Factory, is told in every detail in a new and helpful booklet. Write for a copy of this booklet and a free sample of CROMAR.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY
Williamsport, Pa.

Pacific Greater West Distributors:
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Offices and Warehouses:
200 Davis Street, San Francisco, California

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

Laid and used the same day

Mr. Blashford laughed harshly. "Not t'night," he told her coldly. "Some other night. I'm New York. Understand, baby? I'm lookin' for an old friend. Understand? No twenty-five-dollar cider f'me. Don't want to dance. No whoopee. Understand, baby?"

The girl nodded.

"I met another girl like you tonight," he explained brutally, "an' she had the same racket. She wanted wine too. Understand? My old friend J. J. might have fallen for her. He's from New Athens, Ohio. Poor old J. J."

The room was hot. Mr. Blashford closed his eyes for a moment to ease their burning. A moment later someone was shaking him by the shoulder.

"Wake up, mister. It's half-past four. See? Your friend ain't here. I got the dope straight. See? Let's pay the bill an' get out."

Straightening up with a start, Mr. Blashford recognized the face of good old Freddie.

"N't here?"

"I guess they went some place else, mister. It's closing time, mister. You can't find your friend now. Here's the waiter with your bill. Pay it an' I'll take you back to the hotel. It's only eighty-four dollars, mister."

"Eighty-four what?" inquired his fare unsteadily.

Good old Freddie repeated the amount. "Pay it," he urged, "and let's get goin'."

"What's the check say?"

Freddie read it aloud. "Three bottles of wine, five Bronx cocktails, three highballs an' one bottle of club soda."

His fare arose. "Won't pay it," he declared thickly. "What do they think I am? Three bottles of wine. I'm lookin' for my old friend. Good old J. J."

The gray smudge came into the picture. "The gentleman had the—refreshment."

"He bought it for me. Don't you remember, daddy?"

Mr. Blashford swung around on the girl. "I didn't."

Good old Freddie took his elbow. "Come on, mister," he whispered, "better pay up. This is a tough place."

"I don't care how tough it is," he declared. "I'm no sucker like old J. J."

A blue jowl joined the group. A blue jowl with a blue collar beneath it. "What's the trouble here?" it demanded.

"The gentleman won't pay his bill," from the gray smudge.

"He bought me wine," the girl explained, "and now the big cheap skate don't want to pay for it."

"I didn't," insisted the guest. "This—this—I was looking for a friend. Good old J. J."

The blue jowl nodded. "You say you didn't and everybody else says you did. I'm the owner. I want all my guests to be satisfied."

"The guest is always right," observed Mr. Blashford thickly.

The blue jowl nodded. "I can see you're all right," it went on. "No cheap skate. No piker."

His guest nodded sagely.

"I'll flip a coin with you—double or nothing."

"Take him up, mister," hissed good old Freddie. "Show him you're no piker."

"Flip it," answered Mr. Blashford briefly and steadied himself against the table.

A coin flashed in the air.

"Heads," called Mr. Blashford.

Good old Freddie thrust his close-cropped head forward. "Hard luck, mister," he mourned; "it's tails."

Halfway down the narrow stairs, Mr. Blashford stopped. There was something he wanted to ask good old Freddie. He couldn't quite remember what it was. Another thought suggested itself.

"At leasth," he called out proudly, "they didn't make no sucker out of me, like they would have out of poor old J. J. Made them give me a run f'r m'money."

In the cab, just before he dozed off, Mr. Blashford remembered what he wanted to ask good old Freddie. Why did the man with the blue jowls slip him a folded golden bill, when he thought nobody was looking? But the cab was moving.

Good old Freddie would only accept the meter rate, nineteen dollars, and a five-dollar tip, when the cab reached the hotel.

"Sorry we didn't find your friend, mister."

Mr. Blashford shook hands with the fellow. Decent chap. Not like a lot of taxi pirates.

"It wasn't your fault," he declared.

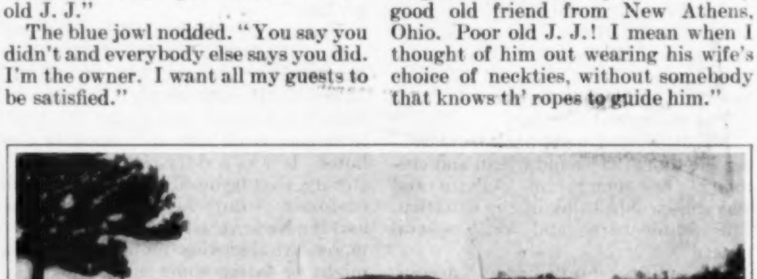
The short man was still in the lobby when Mr. Horace Blashford came up the steps.

"'Lo, Pat. Had one terrible time. One terrible time. Couldn't find m'old friend anywhere. Poor old J. J. Went back out to pay the cab an' he was gone—the poor little sucker."

The short man stepped forward and held out a solicitous hand. "You just missed him, Mr. Blashford. He came in, not three minutes after you left, and asked for you. It seems that he had a little gas on his stomach and stepped across the street to get a little dose of bicarbonate."

Mr. Horace Blashford, of New York, uttered a long-drawn-out sigh of relief.

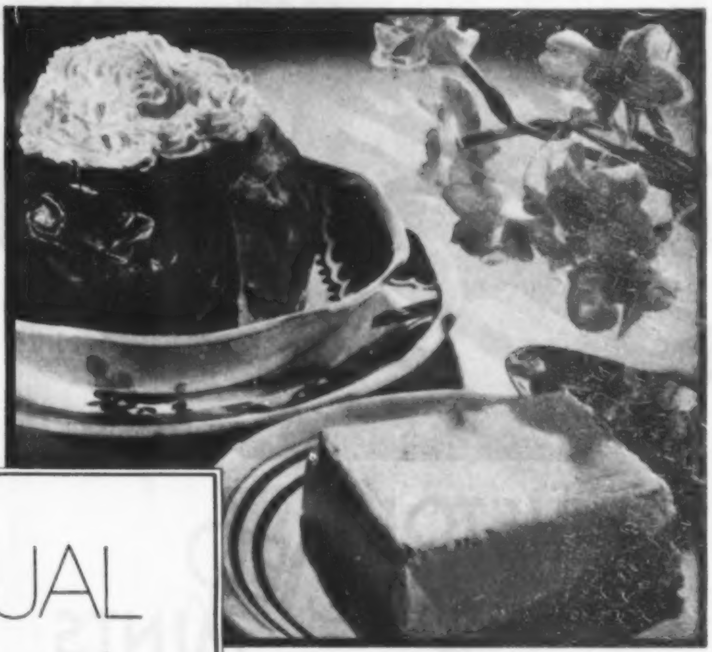
"Thank heavens!" he exclaimed fervidly. "You can imagine the mental shape—the mental shape I was in. My good old friend from New Athens, Ohio. Poor old J. J.! I mean when I thought of him out wearing his wife's choice of neckties, without somebody that knows th' ropes to guide him."



Along the Pembroke Shore, Bermuda

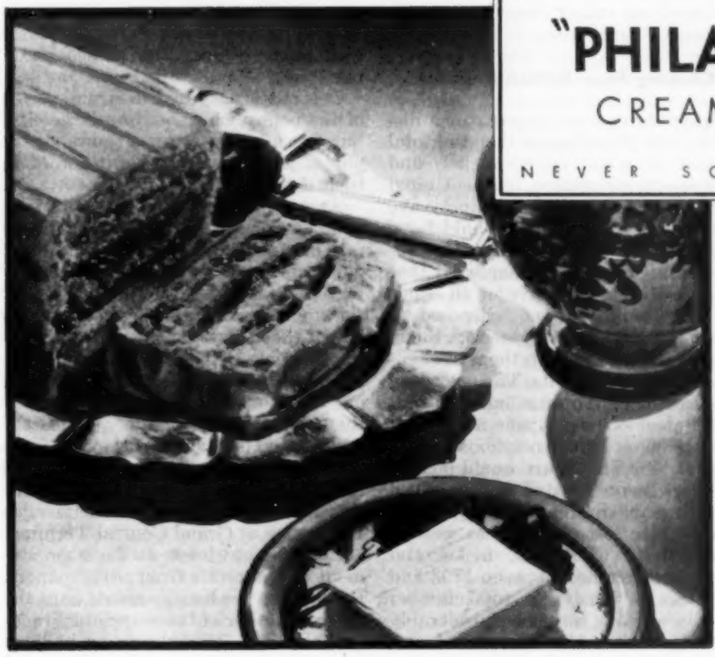
DRESS UP A SIMPLE FRUIT OR VEGETABLE SALAD—
Place a slice of pineapple on crisp lettuce, and on it lay five pitted dates. Soften "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese with milk and force it through a pastry tube into rosettes in center of pineapple ring and between the dates . . . This smooth, snowy cheese glorifies the humblest fruit or vegetable salad. It's ready for instant use. Keep it in your refrigerator — single packages, or the convenient six package box. Dainty packages for individual service come twelve to the box.

TURN A BAKED APPLE INTO A SURPRISE DESSERT—
Imagine a juicy baked apple, stuffed to bursting with this fluffy-as-whipped-cream cheese! Children especially love the contrast of the tart-sweet apple and the bland, creamy flavor of "Philadelphia." It's so good for them! "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese is made of heavy cream and the purest milk. It comes directly to you in its silver foil wrapper, untouched by human hands. Serve it often with fresh or cooked fruits, for a quick, nourishing dish at breakfast, luncheon or dinner.



UNUSUAL
things you can do with "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE

NEVER SOLD IN BULK



FROST A SANDWICH LOAF THAT SLICES LIKE CAKE—
Trim crusts from a day-old loaf of bread and cut lengthwise into four slices. Put together with fillings of sliced tomatoes; Kraft Kay; lettuce and Kraft Mayonnaise. "Frost" with 3 packages of "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese moistened with a little milk. Set in ice box one hour . . . "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese is ideal for sandwiches. It spreads like creamed butter; looks like fluffy whipped cream. Always fresh . . . in the foil package plainly marked "Philadelphia" Brand.

PHILADELPHIA
BRAND
PASTEURIZED
L&R
CREAM CHEESE

MAKE A TENDER CAKE THAT MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH—
Cover the bottom of a baking pan, preferably spring form mold, with 1 package crushed Zwieback mixed with 2 tblsp. each butter and sugar. Cream a cup of sugar with 5½ pkgs. "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese. Add 2 tblsp. flour, pinch of salt, 1 tsp. vanilla, beaten yolks of 4 eggs. Mix well and add 1 cup cream. Fold in beaten egg whites (4) and pour into baking pan. Bake in very moderate oven (350°) for 1 hour or more. This dessert is cut and served like cake.

FREE—For new and unusual "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese recipes, send for free recipe book. Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp., Dept. J, 400 Rush Street, Chicago

A KRAFT-PHENIX PRODUCT

NEW
A Brandle & Smith Confection
BRISTOL DICED MINTS
BRANDLE & SMITH

BRISTOL
DICED
MINTS

Smart People Everywhere
. . . Serve Them

Wherever tables are set for people of taste . . . luncheons, bridges, teas, dinners, you will find Bristol Diced Mints. » » » A new Satin Finish mint confection by Brandle and Smith; refreshing, piquant, full of flavor . . . cool as a small ice cube on the tip of the tongue . . . throat soothing.

Bristol Mints are diced in crystal clear cubes . . . dainty and small. » » » They come in a graceful jar sealed against atmospheric vagaries; pure, fresh; uniform in flavor . . . Smart, that's why you see them served by hostesses "in the know." » » » To be had at better stores.

If your dealer hasn't Bristol Diced Mints, write us his name and we will see that he gets them for you or we will send you a supply upon receipt of Thirty-five cents in stamps.

AFTER SMOKING soothing, refreshing Bristol Diced Mints relieve the throat . . . take the sting off the tongue.

BRANDLE & SMITH COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
Manufacturers of Satin Finish Candies

A BRANDLE & SMITH CONFECTION

PROFITS FROM PENNIES

(Continued from Page 11)

At strategic spots in the houses now there are machines that sell candy and peanuts in five and ten cent packages. For the first years of its existence this chain of theaters would not tolerate any scheme for the sale of candy, on the theory that the costly carpets and other fabrics in the houses would be injured to an extent that would devour a good share of any profits. Cold accounting facts have forced that theory into the discard. There is no business in the world that can afford to ignore such profits. The velvet of minor coins is more important than any velvet fabrics.

In New York City's subway system the vending-machine business is nothing more or less than a rich metal mine. About $5500 is gathered from those machines each week day by two companies. One banking house that is equipped with electric counting machines receives about $12,000 in pennies each week day. That means more than four tons of pennies, since the weight of a fifty-dollar sack of pennies is about thirty-four pounds; and the bulk of them are gathered from vending machines. Another banking house in New York which handles about 180,000 pennies a week with its electric counting machine receives practically all of them from churches which maintain accounts with it and rely on the bank to count the receipts from their collection baskets. The pennies constitute about 2 or 3 per cent of the total of the church collections. What I am trying to show is that the pennies of the country tend to concentrate in scales and vending machines rather than in the cash drawers of merchants.

Chasing Four Billion Pennies

Lately I read in a newspaper dispatch from Washington that the total amount of minor coins—nickels and pennies—in circulation in the United States amounted to about ninety-five cents for each person. I would have supposed there was a more ample supply. Still it must be remembered that these are the most active of all coins, and that banks are not disposed to waste much storage space on them. The tendency is to keep them in circulation and not in vaults. The records of the director of the mint indicate that the total of one-cent coins issued and outstanding is in the neighborhood of $57,000,000. This figure would include all those cents that have vanished through cracks in floors and the other places where lost coins go, as well as $4,929,807.44 of copper, nickel and bronze cents coined between 1793 and 1873. So, obviously, the total number actually working must be considerably less than the number issued and outstanding. Yet, if we fix the number arbitrarily at $40,000,000, we are speaking of 4,000,000,000 coins.

Now an interesting fact about those business enterprises that rely on pennies as the chief tool of their operations is that they are poor or prosperous in accordance with the number in circulation. Consequently, during the period of nuisance war taxes the scales and vending machines reaped a harvest richer than ever before. Pennies were required in countless transactions in which formerly they had not been necessary. To meet the demand during 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920 almost $16,500,000 worth of pennies were coined. Then the coinage of pennies dropped sharply for a few years, but during each of the last five years more than $1,800,000 worth of new ones have been made.

To a man engaged in the penny-scale business or one interested in penny-vending machines the speed with which pennies turn around is more important than the length of time it takes a great ship like the Leviathan to accomplish a turn in its journeys. It is somewhat easier to give the picture I see with nickels.

How a Coin Turns Around

New York City is operated, literally, with nickels. One cannot enter the subway, use the public telephones or certain restaurants without nickels. Each month more than 16,000,000 nickels are collected from the coin boxes of the telephones in New York City. This mass of coins, weighing more than eighty-nine tons, is counted by electric machines in a bank which has the telephone company's account. Another customer of that same bank is a concern operating a chain of automatic restaurants. These two accounts nicely complement each other in the management of the bank's coin department. Each month about 12,000,000 of the nickels received from the telephone company are delivered to the restaurant chain. There you have the nickel turning around. Three out of every four that are dropped into telephone coin boxes make their next appearance serving as keys to unlock a wedge of pie or release a cup of coffee and cream. Some of the nickels carried away from the restaurant by patrons go into subway turnstiles, back into telephone coin boxes or into the possession of newsboys.

It is not so easy to discern the vortex of the penny whirlpool in a large city, but the nation's army of newsboys is one of the most important forces in their distribution.

At a quarter past three each afternoon in New York a really thrilling race occurs. That is when the rumbling newspaper presses spew out the editions containing the closing prices of the stock market. In the street outside one of those newspaper plants you will see a truck with its engine running. Presently lanky youths come dashing out the doorway. Each is a sprinter. If they are not ten-second men, at least it may be said of them that they are four-minute eggs. The first one out with his forty-pound bundle of papers lams for the subway. His aim is to deliver his 100 papers at Grand Central Terminal ahead of, or, at least, at the same moment as his rivals from other papers. He does not see his opponents until the finish. Another of those sprinters races for the West Side subway on his way to the Pennsylvania Station. The third flings himself aboard the rear of the truck, which roars off in the direction of Wall Street. For the next three hours newspapers are poured from that plant at the rate of 2000 a minute, and similar activity in varying proportions occurs in the other newspaper plants.

Each of the newsboys and each of the more adult venders who operate news stands equips himself at the start of his day with rolls of pennies and nickels obtained from some bank. One thing the newspaper sellers can be sure of is that a majority of their patrons will require change. When the price of New York's afternoon papers was two cents the average transaction at the entrance of any skyscraper was like this: A man presented a dime, took two papers and, in change, a penny and a nickel. The nickel was used to buy a subway ticket and the penny, likely enough, was pressed into the nearest slot machine, whether it was a scale, a gum, chocolate or peanut machine. Then the afternoon papers increased their price to three cents. Immediately the average customers began to buy one paper and receive in change a nickel and two cents. This served to increase the harvest of the vending machines and scales. But along came prohibition. It has been blamed for much, but not many persons will dispute the fact that the closing of saloons was responsible for the opening of a tremendous number of candy stores. These candy stores offer direct and sharp competition to the slot machines offering peanuts, chocolate and gum. However, the slot-machine men are a long way from starvation.

The patron who drops a nickel into the subway turnstiles that lead into the Times Square station of the Interborough Railroad is at once exposed to the lure of about 200 scale, chewing-gum, chocolate and peanut slot machines. In the same station inside the turnstile barrier of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Company there are 100 more of these machines.

Fooling the Robots

All those machines are serviced once a day. Many of them are emptied of their contents long before the twenty-four-hour cycle is completed, but the managers of the business know that if a patron's penny is returned by an empty machine, he will carry that penny to the next machine; visiting, if necessary, a half dozen. It would be uneconomical to attempt to reload those machines oftener than once in twenty-four hours. From that one station such a weight of pennies is recovered each day as to stagger a horse.

Naturally, objects other than pennies are inserted in these machines. Spurious coins that would not fool the dullest sales clerk are shoved into these robots of trade. One of the advantages of penny scales is that they do not attract the small boy who is looking for an outlet for a handful of washers plugged with tin foil, or tobacco tags, or other metallic disks that do not bear the stamp of the mint. What he is looking for is something he can eat. For that matter, not all the slugging that occurs can be blamed on small boys. The larger machines—those that sell articles for five, ten or twenty-five cents—attract crooks as sugar attracts flies.

Even so, the penny merchandise machines get plenty of worthless objects in their coin boxes.

A company that had some penny vending machines in the vicinity of a tin-manufacturing company's factory finally abandoned all locations near that plant. Another company abandoned some locations when investigators discovered that the slugs, which outnumbered the pennies in the coin boxes, were coming from a button factory in the neighborhood. At this place buttons were made by stamping bits of fabric on metal disks. The companies have their choice of two means of combating this form of stealing. They may abandon the location or else they can employ spotters to detect and arrest the culprits.

A man who had placed 400 penny shoe-shining machines on the sidewalks of an Eastern city discovered after a while that the electric current consumed by one of his machines was out of all proportion to the number of pennies in its coin box. So he went to have a look at it. As he approached the machine a small, ragged boy said to him, "Hey, mister, give me your penny and I'll give you the shine." He handed over the penny and then stood in amazement as the boy revealed a weakness in the mechanism that he had not suspected. A penny dropped into the slot tripped a switch, starting a motor that caused a cylindrical brush to revolve. A sign instructed customers to hold their shoes against the spinning brush. What the boy did was to turn that brush backward until the switch was tripped. After that demonstration, of course, the mechanism was improved so as to make this kind of cheating impossible. Most of the improvements in vending machines have been worked out to circumvent some method of cheating.

You can learn a lot by watching the customers of any business. One night I was walking along Forty-second Street and saw a man fumbling with a nickel that he was vainly trying to insert in the too small slot of one of my scales. Feeling a bit like Harun-al-Rashid, I stepped up and handed him a penny. The next day I had men going around with files enlarging the slots on the scales.

Today most scales and most paper-drinking-cup machines invite purchasers to deposit not a penny but a coin. Anyone who is thirsty or who is eager to know his weight does not want to be deprived of the desired service merely because he lacks a penny among his pocket coins.

Incidentally, the paper-drinking-cup business has thrived since the development of coin machines to vend them. Practically every railroad coach in the United States is equipped with such machines. These machines have been placed in many thousands of theaters and other public places.

Profits From Salted Peanuts

Today there is, for all machines that solicit a coin instead of a cent, an extra profit which more than counterbalances worthless articles. In one group of scales checked recently it was discovered that the coins larger than a penny equaled about 8 per cent of the total value. Occasionally a five-dollar gold piece is revealed when the coins are counted. This happens more frequently on the Pacific Coast, where gold coins are more commonly carried in the pockets of the people. These extra dividends by common consent become the property of the concessionaire who shelters the machine.

I am perennially interested in slot machines. Not long ago I talked with a man who was servicing the peanut machines in a subway station. He told me his route covered twelve stations and eighty peanut machines. In warm weather he pours into his machines about 100 pounds of peanuts a day. In cold weather the amount increases to about 200 pounds. On Jewish holidays it dwindles to a very few pounds. Those salted peanuts cost from eight to sixteen cents a pound, but the machines deliver from twenty to twenty-six pieces of peanut for each penny. This makes the cost to the man who drops his penny in the slot about forty cents a pound. On an average day that man I talked with collects from 500 to 600 pennies from each of his machines.

The volume of business done by the peanut and chocolate machines

HAZLE BROOK
ANTHRACITE

Now, to get warm!

•

How good it feels after a cold ride to come into a house that is not too warm, not too cold—really comfortable!

•

You can keep your home at an even, healthy heat all Winter long if you will treat your furnace as an individual and burn the coal that fits it.

•

Hazle Brook Anthracites are all different in their burning characteristics and one of these good coals is "Custom Made" for your heating plant.

•

If you do not know your authorized **Hazle Brook** dealer, a post card to us will bring you this information. He will gladly advise you which coal will give you comfortable, economical heat!

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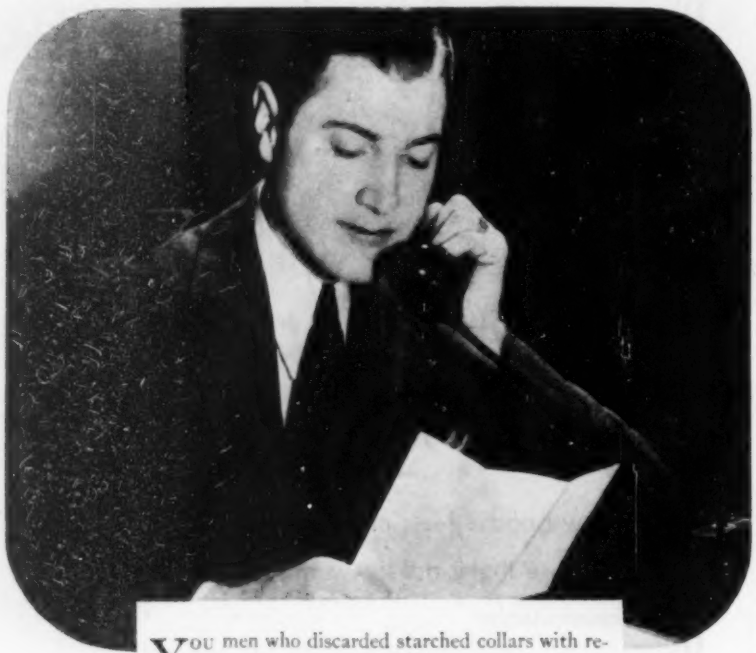
HAZLE BROOK
COAL COMPANY
Producers of Dependable Anthracite
JEDDO · PENNSYLVANIA

16 SEPARATE STEPS GIVE YOU

"Soft Shirt Comfort"

in your STARCHED COLLARS

. . . the present-day laundry way



YOU men who discarded starched collars with regret; who would prefer their trim, crisp dignity always, except for reasons of comfort. Now you can go back to starched collars again!

Present-day laundries have found the way to give your stiff collars the ease and comfort of a soft shirt. No more chafing edges—a special process removes the saw-tooth effect, makes your collar lie smooth and flat against your neck. And, of course, when a present-day laundry handles your collars they *hold their looks* for hours longer, and survive many more launderings.

Well-informed men nowadays send all their things to the laundry. They know that the present-day laundry, using *rainsoft* water, gentle soaps and the *multiple-suds method*, safeguards fabrics and colors with supreme care. Just as scientific, labor-saving devices have won recognition in industry—so this new service wins favor in the home. Eight million families "let the Laundry do it."

Phone a present-day laundry in your community, to handle safely not only your starched collars, but all your family washing. Enjoy this efficient service, every week! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

(Below) Note rough edge of starched collar before receiving final finishing process. The old way made men say, "I can't wear a stiff collar."

(Below) Same collar after edge is processed. It will retain this smoothness all day long when the collar is done by a present-day laundry.

Let the LAUNDRY do it!

©1930, L. N. A.

is insignificant compared with the chewing-gum machines. One chewing-gum manufacturer disposes annually of 3,000,000 boxes of his product to the owners of these machines. Each box contains 100 sticks and costs wholesale about forty cents. Another manufacturer sells 1,000,000 boxes of gum a year to companies operating penny gum machines, and there are other manufacturers in the field. The penny gum machines certainly garner at least 500,000,000 pennies a year. Scales, in my opinion, collect two to three times as many more. The normal American cannot look at a scale without feeling a strong urge to get weighed.

I suppose there are about 100,000 penny scales in the country, counting all the forty-year-old cast-iron veterans. That is only about one to every 1200 inhabitants. The number of scales is unimportant. Location is everything. I estimate that there are at least 50,000 prime locations still unoccupied. One manufacturing company is, I know, 5000 scales behind in its orders now. The men in the business are discovering that the American public responds to beauty in scales as well as in other merchandise that seeks to capture their patronage. An old-model scale in a five-and-ten-cent store that had been collecting about eight dollars a month was replaced some time ago by a new one that had been designed by an artist. The new one took in sixty dollars in one month. Perhaps the fact that it was new helped by suggesting the likelihood of accuracy.

If a second scale is placed beside one that has been doing a satisfactory business, the receipts of the two are increased by the disposition of the average mortal to challenge the accuracy of such a machine. One after another will step from the first scale to the second. Why? To see if the first scale is correct. It is amusing, and decidedly profitable for the scale owners. Psychological factors count as heavily in a penny business as in one where the unit of merchandise costs hundreds of dollars.

The More Curious Sex

When coat hooks were first placed on scales, the business of machines so equipped promptly increased. The reason for that was that persons weighing themselves do not like to have included in the result several pounds of superfluous clothing, bundles or other extraneous objects. I have seen men strip off their coats and then transfer everything from their trouser pockets—keys, money, papers and pencils.

It is surprising to most persons to discover that men are more curious about their weight than women. One who disputed that with me was the proprietor of a chain of drug stores. He bet me that more women than men used penny scales. To decide it, we sent a stenographer into a five-and-ten-cent store. For three days she kept count of the patronage of one scale. At the finish her count showed that in proportion to their patronage of the store a great many more men than women had climbed on the scale she watched.

There are certain sex idiosyncrasies that are important. Women, for example, used to try to conceal the dial of the old-fashioned scales so that bystanders could not discover what they weighed. Now, with the ticket scales, they read the figures printed on the cards delivered to them, with all the caution of poker players. There is another point of value in ticket scales, from the management angle. Scale owners formerly paid their collectors a commission. That was expensive; moreover, they had no more check on their business than any retailer trying to operate without a cash register. Nowadays an employe of the establishment where the scale is placed makes the collections. The owner of the scale gets his share by selling the tickets that are placed in the scales. Those who can provide locations for a few scales may pay him $7.50 for 1000 tickets. The big chains which provide locations for thousands of scales get their tickets in some cases at the rate of six dollars for 1000. On this basis, sixty out of every hundred pennies go to the owner of the scale.

The Penny Arcades

The penny fortune-telling machine was one of the most profitable mechanisms in the penny arcades that reached their peak in profit taking about twenty-five years ago. Most of the ticket scales nowadays blend with their own the function of the fortune-telling machine by presenting, on the reverse of the cards they sell, a line of character reading. Perhaps this influences many of the people who patronize these machines to preserve the cards. At any rate, we know that they do put them into their pockets.

A few years ago newspapers published the story of a man who gave himself up to the police of a Western city on an eight-year-old charge of murder. When he was searched, two dated scale tickets were found in one of his pockets. The second ticket showed that the man had lost ten pounds in the fifteen days that had elapsed after he had read and pocketed the first ticket. On the back of that first one there was printed: "You are a little too sure of yourself."

Mention of penny arcades brings to mind the fact that Adolph Zukor and the late Marcus Loew should be listed among those whose fortunes were based on a foundation of profits from pennies. A penny arcade in South Union Square in New York City, which they owned in partnership, first awakened them to the possibilities of nickel shows. The forerunner of the present-day movie was to be seen in that store-front-wide establishment in the form of a stereoscope. The patron who dropped a penny in the slot of one of those machines, placed his eye sockets against the black cowling of a bulging lens, and turned the crank, saw a three-quarter-minute drama, or comedy, in pictures. There were penny strength-testing devices in that arcade, machines that gave a penny dose of electricity, penny gum and candy machines, but the largest amount of space was occupied by a shooting gallery.

A few years ago I drove through the gates of a costly estate on Long Island and entered the home of Marcus Loew. With manifest pride, he showed me through his vast dwelling, but the climax of our sight-seeing was in the basement, where Mr. Loew opened a door to reveal, of all things, a shooting gallery. Once this penny business gets into your blood, it is there to stay.

* * *

MELLOWED A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS

While scaly monsters fought in PENNSYLVANIA

WHAT makes one motor oil higher in lubricating quality than another?

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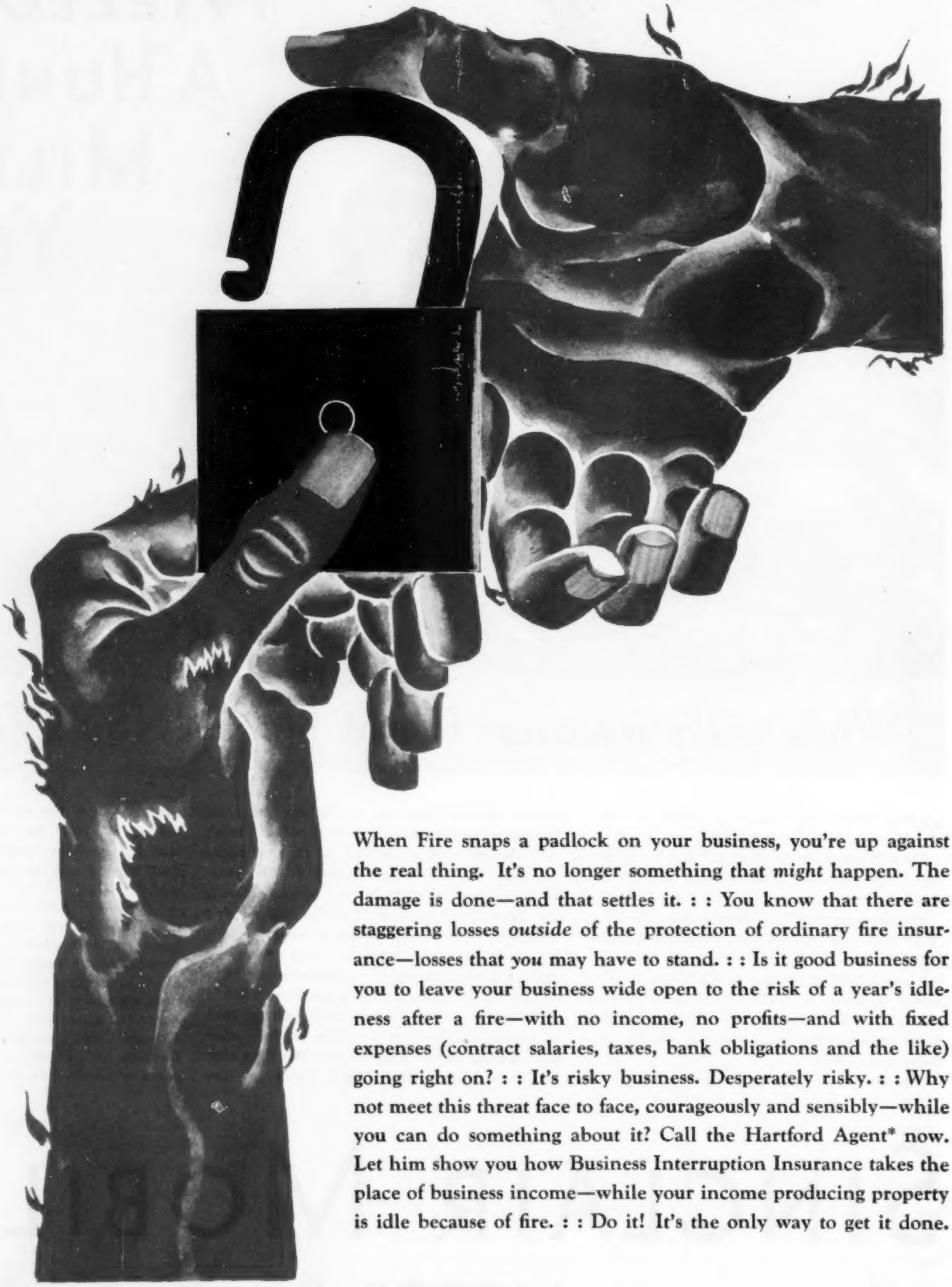

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INSHALLAH

(Continued from Page 7)

near Tetuan, to be brought up by my father's women?"

"To what end, monsieur?" quietly asked Pedro, shaking a warning head at Emily's start of dismay.

"That I may have her to wife when of proper age," was the simple reply. "I have not as yet taken myself a wife—as you may know, we Berbers rarely permit ourselves more than one; and I have not hurried; Allah gives many days. One has considered latterly a certain daughter of my uncle, the Lalla Meimouna, who is reported to be the fairest flower of our Morocco. But"—he shrugged—"I have no great fancy for Moroccan flowers, me—they are too brunet—and to marry from a family *andurun*, a girl one has played with familiarly as a child—what novelty offers in that? Eh, no; I have long had the envy to marry myself a *Roumiya*, a European. In our family we like very much Europeans," he explained engagingly. "Being Berber, we are not too strict Mohammedans, you comprehend; we eat of pig occasionally, we sip our wines, we have little prejudice against Europeans, even as head wives. Therefore ——"

Here Emily Urruty was no longer able to restrain her mounting indignation. "As it happens, Mariflor isn't a European but an American child," she said crisply, "who has been put into our protection, and will remain there. And I confess that we Christians seem to have more prejudice than you Mohammedans against marrying persons of another—faith." She had almost said "color."

"So?" The Moor, since the male head of the house made no comment, bowed surprised submission to this unseemly female interference. "*Tanjib*—as you will. May the Sitt's greatness be increased," he murmured politely; which was not quite the courtesy to pay a young American matron whose treasured slimness was just beginning to take on the more gracious curves of maturity.

It was indeed the beginning of a slight feeling between the two, less of enmity than of mutual wariness. Emily Urruty was unaccustomed to being regarded entirely as background by agreeable young men who came her way, and that Nasir Ben Hamed was an agreeable young man there could be no denying. His manners were a pleasing mixture of Oriental naïveté with Gallic finesse; his skin had none of the Othellolike blackness so disturbing to American taste—in fact, he was little browner than either sunburned Nacio or her own Esteban—the habitual expression of his face—that combination of pride, indifference and faint scorn usual to Moslems of high caste—gave way when he smiled to a delightful childish confidence. His obvious devotion to his friend was disarming, too—he and Nacio had formed a Damon and Pythias intimacy at the Tangier hospital where the young aviator was recovering from his various war injuries at the time Ben Hamed was brought in, half blinded by one of the acute eye affections common to those who spend much time in the desert. Nacio had volunteered to lessen their mutual boredom of convalescence by reading aloud to the other, thereby adding appreciably to the Moor's acquaintance with French and English—a charity which earned Nacio a gratitude almost embarrassing in its fervor. This had taken tangible form from time to time in the shape of handsome gifts, which Nacio, aware of Oriental custom, had taken pains promptly to return in kind; so that the friendship had never been allowed to lapse. But Emily viewed it with surprised misgivings.

"What," she demanded of Madame Urruty, "do you suppose our Nacio—Nacio, of all people!—finds congenial in the company of that wily, oily-eyed young pride of the harem, *madre?*"

To which the family oracle replied without apparent concern, even with a grim chuckle: "While he is no doubt a sad rascal, this Ben Hamed, the company of rascals offers necessary *divertissement* to those of a too-serious habit, no? He will do our *doguin* little harm, I think; on the contrary!"

Emily, nevertheless, took it upon herself to see that the little girls of the family—Nacio's young sisters, home from their convent for the holidays; her own enterprising Léocadie; above all, Mariflor—were kept out of their guest's way. She could not forget the sudden anxiety that came into Mariflor's trustful eyes when she overheard Ben Hamed's proposition to Nacio's father.

"Why did that strange dark man want to take me away to his house?" Mariflor had demanded as soon as they were alone together; the two compatriots were on quite confidential terms.

"He thought he'd like you to be his little girl, dear, instead of Nacio's," explained Emily lightly.

"But Nacio wouldn't let me, would he?" The child was trembling a little, and Emily held her close.

"Of course not, Mariflor baby! He won't even let that strange man look at you again if you'd rather not," she soothed, having known what it was herself to be a beautiful child too little protected from appraising male gaze.

"I don't mind if he just looks at me," conceded Mariflor graciously, reassured; "if he just don't touch me, please, Aunty Emily!" And the other realized with dismay how the child had grown during the past year; less in stature or appearance than in feminine instinct, ripened precociously, perhaps, by acquaintance with grief, as fruits ripen under an early frost. To know, at eleven years, that it was not well to be touched by such hands as Nasir Ben Hamed's—— Emily was glad, at least, that she had one supporter in her distaste for the engaging Moslem.

All the others seemed to have fallen under his spell; partly, no doubt, for business reasons. Basques, like Scots, invariably put business before pleasure, and it turned out that Ben Hamed was not the elegant idler he had at first represented himself to be; having been sent into Spain as an expert cavalryman to purchase mules and horses suitable for military requirements.

"Military requirements? But you told me you had completed your army service," commented Nacio in surprise.

His friend explained that the animals to be purchased were for a certain powerful Riff relative, one Nasir el Nahabi, Grand Caid of the Cabila beni Urriaguel. "Not at war for the moment even with the Spanish, whom Allah curse," he hastened to add, with his usual bland candor. "My uncle, however, takes pains to remain at enmity with certain neighboring tribesmen—else whom would there be to raid?" The nickname "el Nahabi," he explained further, was an inherited one of several generations, meaning "the Robber." "Naturally, no longer appropriate! But we are still children of battle, we Nasir."

He looked like anything but a child of battle, as he sat among them, almost effeminately slender by contrast with the tall mascularity of Nacio, making his elaborate Gallic gestures, handling his food with a meticulous nicety not Gallic, which suggested a somewhat recent acquaintance with knife and fork—implements which fastidious Moslems consider inelegant, preferring to manipulate their food with a crust held in three fingers of the right hand.

"Is your uncle, the Caid, father to the beauteous Lady Maymoon?" inquired Emily, who had been rather struck by the Moorish girl's name.

"The same, Sitt," replied Ben Hamed, smiling at her impressionistic translation of it. "And truly, one can but pity that unfortunate Meimouna, who has been brought up like myself, in civilization"—he complacently fingered his mustache—"and is now, having reached her marriage age, kept like a prisoner in my uncle's rough hill *kasbah* till a suitable husband be found for her! However, that should not be long. She is an heiress, and most beautiful—in a modest Moorish way, you comprehend—no, how shall I say?—no *mondaine chic* like that of madame herself." The Moor bowed politely to Emily.

The matriarch commented thoughtfully, herself struck by a name he had used: "Urriaguel! Surely that is a word of Basque origin, rather than of Saracen?"

Pedro Urruty quietly reminded his mother that their guest was not a Saracen, but a Moor of pure Caucasian stock, like their own.

"*Ma foi*, no! I am not of the East, me, but a man of the Maghreb, Land of the West!—what you of Europe call Morocco. We have a saying with us," said Ben Hamed informatively, "that 'Tunisians are women, Algerians gentlemen, but Berbers are men.' Even as our Basque cousins!" Again he bowed politely.

Madame Urruty, looking him over with the rather alarming frankness of which she was on occasion capable, voiced the thought common to all: "You do not look like any cousin of ours, young sir! The hands, the feet—*tiens*, they might belong to a female. As to the eye—it is no proper clear sea eye, but the hair-fringed eye of a desert blackamoor."

"Ah, truly! That is because I am not pure Berber," their guest admitted, with frank regret. "My mother was Arab."

"So Berbers do condescend occasionally to take wives out of the lesser races?" remarked Emily, impelled to the rudeness by some prejudice she could not analyze; and had her punishment in his simple reply:

"Wives rarely, madame; concubines, yes. My mother was the most beautiful of my father's women. It is from her," he added modestly, "that I inherit my appearance."

Afterward Nacio said to his sister-in-law reproachfully: "You wished to hurt our guest, Emily! Why?"

"I don't know, and I'm sorry," she confessed. "Only I seem to have appointed myself watchdog-in-chief to this family, old dear, and there's something about the fellow I don't quite trust. Oh, Nacio! Do you?"

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"He is my friend," replied the young Basque sufficiently.

Days, even weeks, passed before Nacio's friend spoke of departure, but it was a time full of interest to the hospitable Urruty Etcheonda, since Ben Hamed was, like many of his race, a vivid *raconteur*. Night after night the family listened enthralled, and many of the neighbors with them, to his accounts of life in that continent which looms, ever dark and mysterious, on the far side of the middle ocean which so narrowly divides its strangeness from the comparative familiarities of Spain. He spoke little of the Riff, despite interested efforts to make him do so; a violent sort of country, he described it disparagingly, quite uncivilized, where dwelt a barbarous and violent people like his own uncle, the Grand Caid, who lorded it in his rough hillside *kasbah* like a robber baron of medieval times, preying on travelers of the highroad.

"Only, his highroad was the high sea, since the cove below could shelter in concealment as many as fifty fast little sailing vessels ——" Ben Hamed paused abruptly, as if he had said too much.

The Urruty men exchanged glances; it was not for them, whose ancestry had sailed with that most celebrated of corsairs, Michel the Basque, to censor the racial customs of others.

"The *rais* of the old Barbary Coast," commented Pedro politely, "believed that in robbing enemies of Mohammed they were doing for their faith only what the Christian crusaders did for our own, no?"

"Even so, Sidi!" Ben Hamed shot him a grateful glance. "But that time has passed," he added, faintly sighing, "since no sailing vessels may longer compete with steam."

Madame Urruty observed him curiously; it seemed to her that in talking of these things their guest had a look somewhat less effete and languid. "Your uncle, the Caid, was, perhaps, one of Raisuli's followers?" she inquired presently.

Hamed's bland gaze flickered. "Who knows what such a one may have been? He an ignorant old barbarian, no man of civilization like myself—who have served, madame," he added rather irrelevantly, "as an officer of the French Army."

The old woman nodded, satisfied that Ben Hamed's uncle, nicknamed "the Robber," was not the only member of his family who had seen service under the bandit Riff outlaw, Raisuli; a surmise which appeared to raise rather than lower their guest in her estimation.

Ben Hamed described for them with more freedom other regions of Africa—strange, grass-grown inland seas where Jason and his Argonauts once lingered overlong; the land of the Lotus Eaters, where grows that perilous herb, El Wourka, which gives death by poisoning through slow sleep; and always in his talk he returned again and again to the desert, dunes that walk, sands that sing in the wind like droning myriads of insects—that illimitable mystery by which Africans are obsessed as sailors are obsessed by the sea. So that none were particularly surprised when, on Ben Hamed's final announcement of departure, Nacio declared his wish to accompany his friend to Africa.

Madame Urruty nodded briefly, her young old eyes keen with understanding. "*Enfin*," she said. "*Ça commence!* Had I but your years and your sex, my son, you would not accompany your friend alone!"

Only Emily uttered a reminding protest: "But Mariflor, Nacio! What are you going to do about Mariflor?"

He looked at her, surprised; what better could he do for his *fillette* than leave her as she was—in the excellent care of his own family? The parting would no doubt be difficult for both, he admitted, his face shadowing; he well knew how he would miss this last half-real, half-mystic contact with his lost Rosemary. But the child was, after all, a woman child; she must learn soon or late her woman's task of adjustment to circumstances.

Their parting, however, proved less painful than he had anticipated; for when time came for the two young men to leave, Mariflor was not anywhere to be found.

It was Emily who, with the aid of the nosing, anxious Pinky, discovered her later in the corner of a certain *armoire* which contained Nacio's discarded effects—old uniforms, wicker *pelota* gloves, ski, and so on; crouched there, shaken with such dry, pitiful sobbing as the news of her parents' death had not wrung from her.

"Oh, Mariflor baby!" she whispered as she held the small, wretched creature close, her eyes wet with sympathy, "if only we could learn, we women, to hate the men who make us love them as they sometimes deserve to be hated!"

"But I don't want to hate Nacio," sobbed the child. "I only want to be where he is at! Oh, Aunty Emily, why wouldn't he take me with him? Why?"

Word came back to them from Nacio's world of men regularly but briefly; he was keeping, he wrote, a notebook for Mariflor's later benefit, a sort of travel album, the thought of which comforted her exceedingly.

It appeared, from the postmarks of his brief communications, that Nacio was ignoring those parts of Africa upon which his friend had especially preferred to dwell, ignoring even the sinister fascinations of the desert, and was making as directly as possible for that grim inner region of the Riff where, as Ben Hamed had indicated rather strongly, foreigners are not as yet made welcome.

"*Tiens*, considering our Nacio's late conspicuous exploits among them, he can hardly expect to be received by the *indigenes* with enthusiasm," commented Esteban, frowning; it was for the complete destruction of a Riff village that the young ace had been decorated by his grateful country.

"Doubtless the company of his friend Ben Hamed will offer sufficient guaranty of protection," suggested their father.

But it appeared later that Ben Hamed was no longer with Nacio; had tried in vain to persuade him to remain at his own house near the coast, since further entrance into the Riff country was at the moment even less safe than usual because of intertribal difficulties. In a letter full of ornate regrets and apologies, the Moslem explained that his friend seemed determined upon reaching a certain outpost, well in the forbidden hinterland, established at their own risk by the White Fathers—that order of French monks who have played so great a part in the slow civilization of the savage continent

This news filled Madame Urruty with odd concern, so that she sent at once for her friend and confessor, Père Marcos, *curé* of the village. "What can you tell me," she demanded, "of my grandson's envy to reach a place which appears to be a species of desert monastery?"

"I will not deny," admitted the old cleric, beaming at her contentedly, "that it was I who have long advised such a course of action. Since the boy appeared to suffer undue remorse for certain conduct forced upon him by the exigencies of war ——"

"*Flûte!* What he most suffers from," interjected Madame Urruty, "is chagrin for not having yielded to the exigencies of human affection!"

"I have therefore counseled him," continued the priest, calmly ignoring such secular interruption, "to purge his conscience by performing, among those he feels himself to have injured, a certain penance of good works. With the Pères Blancs, amid the soothing calm of the religious life, I think it most probable he will find at last the peace his troubled young spirit seeks, and ——"

He paused abruptly, shocked by the old woman's expression. "Name of ten thousand devils, Marcos Undurraga! You have dared to counsel my son's son, a shaveling with the mother's milk hardly dry on his lips, to hide away behind an altar in search of peace?"

"He will spend little time hiding behind an altar, I fear," commented the cleric with dignity. "The Pères Blancs are a singularly active order of religious, who find themselves called upon to instruct their savage charges in many things other than our Christian faith—in letters, in medicine, sanitation, agriculture ——"

"And by what right," pursued Madame Urruty, hearing him not at all, "does that troubled young spirit selfishly seek himself out the 'soothing calm of a religious life,' *hein*—having already taken upon himself the fathering of a family?"

"One young orphan child, my daughter, hardly constitutes a family. You fear," asked the priest, gently smiling, "that the little stranger will greatly suffer by being left instead to the fathering of God—with your assistance?"

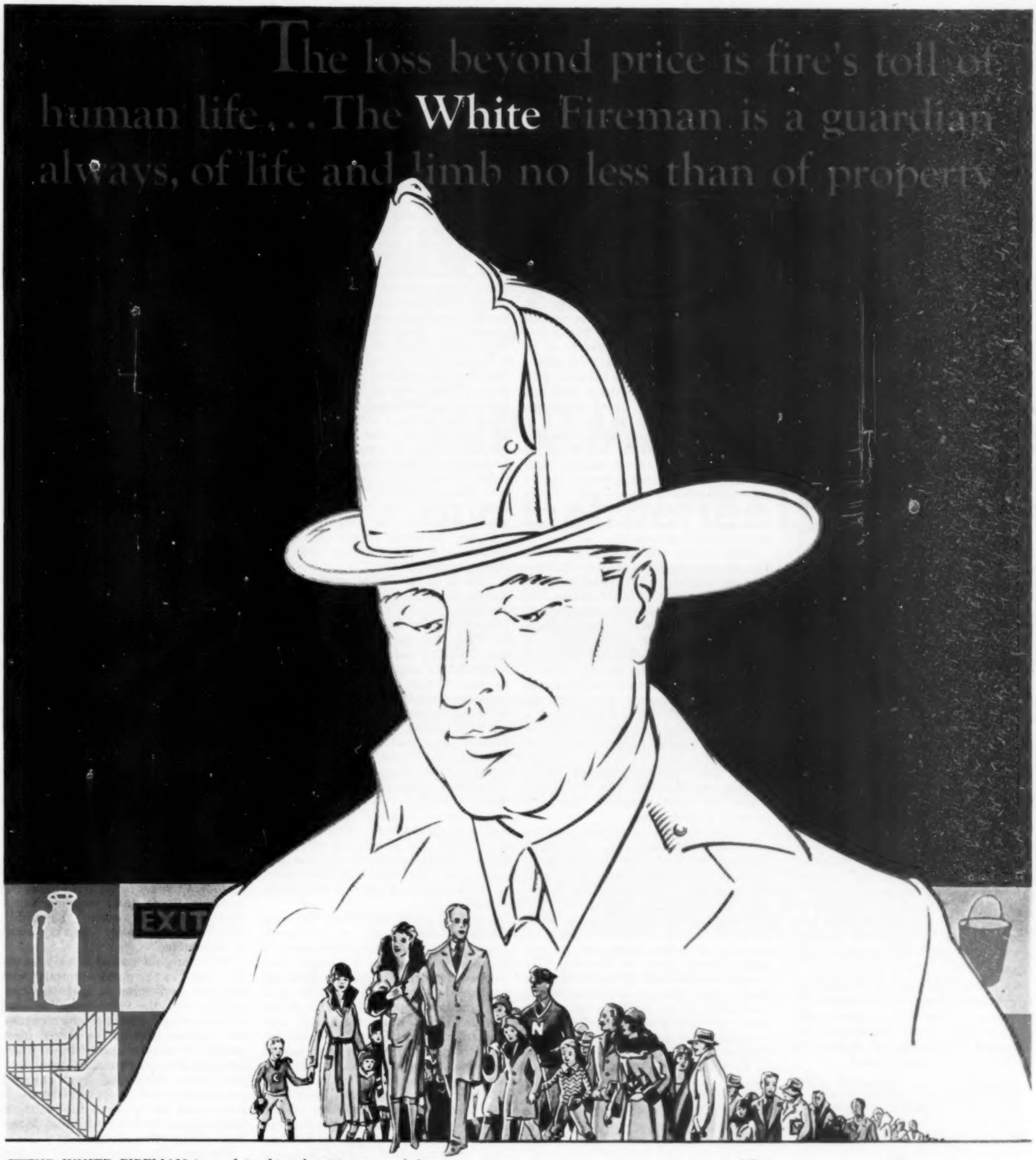
Madame Urruty hung her head and asked his pardon, and gave him all the money she had by her for his poor. Nevertheless, it was with a certain relief that she received the next rather alarming news of her grandson's prowess. Paris papers reported some new outbreaks among the turbulent Riff tribesmen. There had been an attack upon a religious foundation, with three monks of the order of the Pères Blancs taken prisoner, also a young penitent who went among them by the name of Frère Ignace.

"Our *doguin*," observed Madame Urruty grimly, "at least escapes in good time the 'soothing calm of the religious life!'"

But even while prompt negotiations for ransom were being started by the French Government, worse tidings came. The three monks, released by the bandits, had found their way back to civilization, exhausted though uninjured. But their young companion, not being as yet consecrated to the life of peace, had put up such a violent and tactless resistance that the monks entertained no hope but that he had of necessity been killed.

This news caused cataclysm indeed in the Urruty household. For the first time in family history, except upon necessary occasions of childbirth, the matriarch took to her bed; from which place, however, she continued to direct necessary operations as from a chair of state. Certainly one was not ill, she declared testily; only a trifle overfatigued by the weight of years, so that it appeared advisable to conserve

(Continued on Page 96)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(Continued from Page 94)

energy needed for this crisis in family affairs.

Here she was duly waited upon by various important people—Emily was astonished to discover what influence her unpretentious Basque family appeared to wield in the outside world. Not since the kidnaping of the Greek-American, Perdicaris, by Raisuli had there been such an international hue and cry. The French, the Spanish and the Papal governments all sent personal representation; Madame Urruty's brothers from Guipuzcoa, the rich old shipbuilder Baltasar Jauregui, arrived with his seven sons to offer support in person and in purse. Diplomatic communications were a daily occurrence. And one evening there waited upon Pedro Urruty a delegation of men from his own village, to remind him that they were still *Eschaldene fededen*—Basques and faithful—as in the days when themselves, with others who did not return, had followed him into the trenches of France and out again, shouting their *irrezina* into the face of an ever-retreating foe.

"Since the combined armies of Spain and France seem unable to recover for us this valued son of our valleys, shall we not, *mon colonel*, proceed under your leadership to recover him for ourselves?" demanded in brief the giant blacksmith, Olhaiby, who was their sergeant and spokesman.

With his one remaining arm, Pedro Urruty returned salute in military fashion, unable for the moment to reply otherwise. But Madame Urruty, listening from her bed upstairs, promptly got out of it and came down into her kitchen to make sure such good neighbors were suitably received; so that the evening passed in deep drinking of hydromel and much singing of the Arbola Santua, that hymn to which Basques live and die, and such a shouting of *irrezinas* as might well have struck terror to the heart of the distant Riff.

But since nothing came of it all, Madame Urruty took to her bed again, where her family regarded her with growing apprehension.

"*Tiens*, how does it happen that she so sorrows for my son," whispered Madame Fancine tearfully, maternal jealousy for her offspring mingling with maternal woe, "when she was ever less kind to him than to others?"

"Because more was to be expected of him than of others!" replied an unexpected voice from the waxen, heavy-lidded figure on the bed. "He should have brought to our name new credit, that one; we have not before nourished in this family genius. But now —— And it was I—I who wished to make of him merely a man." To their distress, a tear rolled slowly down out of each closed lid over the wrinkled cheeks.

Emily hurried from the room to fetch the child, Mariflor, who alone of all the household had never given up Nacio for lost. "He isn't dead!" she insisted now, as she had insisted stubbornly from the first. "He couldn't be dead, *gran'mère*"—she had adopted Nacio's name for the old lady—"because he promised me he would surely come back for me. He promised, *gran'mère!*" Madame Urruty's was not the only confidence that had been bolstered up by small Mariflor's. Nacio was indeed not one who easily broke his promises.

That no definite action had been taken by the Urruty themselves, men of action though they were, was due to a telegram received after the first alarm from Nasir ben Hamed—a very urgent telegram, begging them to do nothing until they heard further from himself. They were resigned to this difficult course by memory of the Moslem's chance remark that Riff bandits were often too proud to care to haggle over such matters as exchange and ransom, preferring to kill their prisoners outright. If Nacio were still alive, they dared not jeopardize his chances by offending his captors. They decided to leave this anxious and delicate matter, as requested, in Ben Hamed's hands.

In the end, patience justified itself; a letter came at last from Nasir ben Hamed. He had only that day received news, he wrote, by word of mouth from Nacio himself, through one of the runners he, Ben Hamed, had sent throughout the Riff country secretly searching for his friend, stating that he was held prisoner by Ben Hamed's own barbarian of an uncle, who declined either to release him or to accept ransom. Ben Hamed expressed himself as mortified to the extreme by such uncivilized behavior on the part of his relative, but Nacio was at least safe, according to his own report, and requested his brother to come at once into Morocco, bringing with him enough money, also ladies of the family.

"'Enough money.' Yes, it is certainly Nacio who speaks there!" grinned Esteban, in delighted relief. "A few thousand francs, or a few million—it is all one to him! But why 'ladies of the family'?"

"He is ill, no doubt, and requires nursing," exclaimed Bette, laying aside her youngest as if to go at once to her favorite brother.

"There are nurses nearer than the Pays Basque," mused Madame Urruty, miraculously restored to full efficiency by these tidings. "No, no, more is here than meets the eye! 'Enough money'—for what purpose? I ask myself!"

Emily agreed with her; if Nasir el Nahibi was indeed too proud to accept ransom, why Nacio's sudden need of money? "Ben Hamed himself is in this somewhere, mark my word!" she muttered. "Or else ——"

"Or else a woman!" finished Madame Urruty suddenly. "Quite possibly both. Eh, that Nacio, *ses affaires!*" For an old Basquaise of such marked probity of character, reflected Emily, the matriarch had rather a free imagination.

She next found herself representing "ladies of the family," as requested, immured in the women's quarter of a Moroccan house in a village near Tetuan, embarked upon the oddest adventure that had fallen to her lot since the odd and happy adventure of her own marriage. Since their host, Ben Hamed, had hinted that in this out-of-the-way place foreigners were looked upon with some suspicion, she decided not to venture abroad, but waited in an inner patio that might have been one of the enchanted courts of the Alhambra, with what stoic calm she could muster, the return of Esteban from the hinterland beyond, bringing the missing Nacio.

Emily for once found herself indifferent to the exotic novelty of her surroundings; would vastly have preferred to remain aboard Esteban's yacht, the Gathid, moored in the all-too-distant port of Ceuta, once the favored retreat of Barbary Coast corsairs, but now seeming to her infinitely safe, even homelike, by comparison with this rambling, sinister Arab house, whose upper stories seemed to extend indefinitely out over the roofs of other houses, over the streets themselves; rooms and corridors peopled by barefooted veiled women wearing trousers and short red jackets, like the chorus of some Oriental extravaganza, forever salaaming before her, or waving peacock-feather fans at her, or giggling rather impudently behind her back. But she was given no choice as to remaining upon the yacht; since Ben Hamed offered them hospitality, to refuse would have been a discourtesy they could not afford, explained Esteban, until they had Nacio safe in hand.

They had been received ceremoniously by Ben Hamed, far less effeminate-looking in flowing Arab dress than in his cherished French tailoring, full of reassurances as to his dear friend's safety, and overflowing with eager hospitality.

His uncle, the Grand Caid, was even then preparing to journey down from the hills, he informed them, bringing his prisoner with him; which would save Monsieur Esteban an undesirable journey into the interior.

"You have brought, no doubt, such moneys as Nacio requested?" he added parenthetically.

Esteban replied with some brevity that any money required would be forthcoming at the proper time. "*Monsieur le Caid* has decided, perhaps, to waive his pride sufficiently to accept ransom?" he suggested dryly.

Ben Hamed shrugged deprecatingly. Who could tell what such an old barbarian would decide? Meanwhile they might await his arrival in comfort, here at Wadi Nasir. There was no hurry. Allah gave many days.

Esteban Urruty was, however, rather a sudden man, who had had his fill of Oriental procrastination. He preferred, he said briefly, to relieve the Grand Caid at once of his brother's company in order that he might bring him as soon as possible into the presence of their grandmother, whom anxiety had made ill.

"Ah, the aged Sitt prepares to die?" murmured the Moslem with regretful interest. In that case they must lose no time; indeed, it would be a pity for Nacio to miss the funeral celebrations; he himself would accompany Monsieur Esteban. "But," he warned, "the journey may be unpleasant, even dangerous, since there is even stronger prejudice against foreigners among our ignorant Ruafa than in the villages. And for foreign women," he added, with his eye on Emily, "such a journey is impossible!"

Therefore, she waited meekly, as she was bid, in a patio odorous with oleander and mimosa and tuberose, musical with the voice of bulbuls and of muezzin calls from near-by mosques. For exercise she had a larger inner garden of blossoming fruit trees, where tame gazelles and flamingoes wandered, and storks descended from chimney pots with a loud clapping of beaks, to strut along the edges of the luxurious bathing pool without which no Moorish harem garden is complete.

Besides the innumerable women servants at her disposal, Ben Hamed had provided for her especial bodyguard an intelligent small Arab lad named Yeshu, too young still to be forbidden the *andurun*, or women's quarter of the house, but old enough to offer her proud and faithful protection.

A few days later Esteban returned, alone except for two of Ben Hamed's menservants they had taken with them. The Moor, he explained briefly, had suddenly declined to permit his guest to go farther, having received

(Continued on Page 98)

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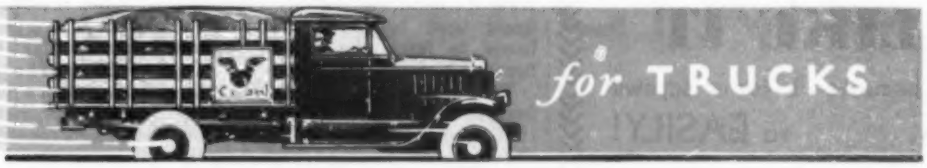

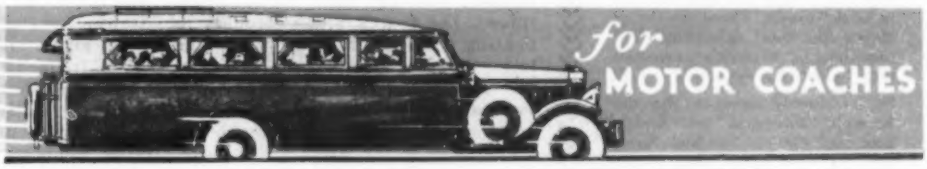

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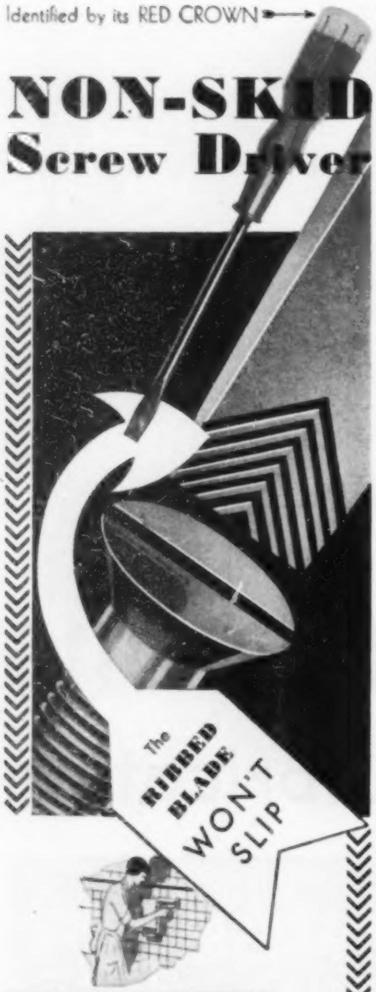

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warning that no stranger was safe beyond a certain point. It was at this point, added Esteban very quietly, that they had come upon the first definite traces of Nacio.

"'Steban! What sort of traces?" Emily asked, alarmed by his expression.

He held a package out to her without speaking. It contained the shepherd's *chirilion* which Nacio was never without—Emily remembered how she had heard it first, when she came with her lover up into the high Pyrenees, thin, airy, remote; "horns of Elfland faintly blowing." The package also contained a notebook of sorts, badly torn and crumpled, which bore on its flyleaf the English words: FOR MARIFLOR.

"His promised travel album! But what," she wondered, "are all these rusty brown stains on it?"—and suddenly needed no answer. "Oh, my dear—oh, my dear," she whispered, paling, "have they killed our little brother, then, after all?"

Esteban replied heavily: "We are not yet sure. Even Ben Hamed is not sure now. He seems—frightened."

They had come, he told her, to an apparently deserted village such as one saw everywhere in the Riff—an uneven circle of brown mud-and-bowlder hovels, each surrounded by a defense hedge of cactus and aloes, almost invisible until close upon it; and in one of the compounds they had seen an old brown woman pounding maize in a hollow stone, who at first would not speak to them. An unfriendly folk, the Ruafa, added Esteban; not mentioning that twice his hat had been shot through before he adopted the less conspicuous native headcloth. But when Ben Hamed spoke to the woman in some tongue not understood by Esteban, who knew Arabic, her manner had altered; she had caught up Ben Hamed's hand, respectfully kissing its finger tips; had even run into the house to fetch the things Esteban brought back.

The woman had talked, too, quite freely. It was to her house, she said, that a certain raiding party from above in the hills had brought prisoners; three of them holy men of the infidels, wearing their white priest robes; the fourth much younger, a fighting man, not in priest robes. The latter they had flung, bound hands and feet together, near her fire, since he seemed near death from wounds and exhaustion, having been made to run all day tied to the tail of a Riff horse. But when this young *giaour* heard them outside teasing the holy men, stripping off their clothes and torturing them a little, as was the custom, before turning them loose, he must have somehow burst his bonds, or perhaps burned them off at the fire, for suddenly he was out among them like ten *giaours*, beating down their knives with his two fists, kicking one man double with his knee, seizing two more to crack their heads together like empty coconuts—all the while uttering a long and most terrifying yell which the woman repeated graphically.

"Our hunting call—the *irrezina*, 'Steban!"

Her husband nodded. "And no Basque within a thousand miles to come!"

In the end, not being ten *giaours*, but only one, they finished him, the woman said; attacked the young fighting man all together with knives and clubs, herself assisting, and tied him, profusely bleeding, probably dead, onto a horse's back; having first turned the infidel men of peace out naked into the *bled* to show what came of interfering where they were not wanted.

At this point, Ben Hamed, Esteban told his wife, had cried out furiously: "But this was not intended! Allah hear me. In our agreement he was in no way to be harmed!" And it was then that he had insisted upon Esteban's return with the two menservants while he pushed on rapidly alone into his uncle's territory.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Emily, beating her hands together. "Ben Hamed planned everything! Except, perhaps, the last. Oh, but, 'Steban, why did you let him turn you back? They may still have Nacio there half alive, those Riff devils. It isn't like you to give up because of danger!"

She stopped. Her husband was looking at her with something like agony in his usually impassive face. "Danger to you, yes," he said huskily. "Only for that —— You think it was easy? Ben Hamed confessed to me that no foreign woman—particularly one still young and beautiful—was safe, even here among his own people. We are in the midst, it seems, of enemies; all are Riff sympathizers, fanatics, taught to hate Christians, even the French, their friends. Africa for the Africans is the watchword. Constant raids continue to occur, even here, so near Tetuan, within sound of French guns. At home we do not realize —— Name of a name! How are a conquered people to be handled who will not remain conquered?" he demanded helplessly. "Who turn in a moment from humble villagers into savage soldiery, from peaceful shepherds into bandits of the most barbarous type? So, my Emily, I am here."

She put quick arms around him, understanding with humility that her husband had perhaps sacrificed for her sake his beloved brother.

Later she opened Nacio's notebook, with its sinister brown stains, to see what he might have written there for his *fillette*. The thing proved to be less a diary than a rather versatile record of impressions, visual and aural. One or two pages contained music scores, queer little airs noted down from a passing street singer or a desert flute; others held crude but singularly effective line drawings, sketches of things more easily to be caught with pencil than with pen. More frequently there was writing, oddly vivid, short word pictures in prose or verse, mostly in English for Mariflor's better understanding. Of the latter, Emily read one aloud to Esteban, who listened astonished, recalling suddenly his grandmother's cryptic utterance about having nourished genius in the family.

Caravans from the Hills of Air
Pause in the market place,
Linger awhile to rest them there.
Camels snarl; ghaitas wail
Out of a tent where dervishes
Posture their mad indecencies,
Tear live flesh from their limbs, and lie
Calling on Allah, and do not die.
Africa like a muted drum
Beats in the arteries.
From the street of the Ouled Naïl,
Into the market place,
A woman breathing of musk has come,
Breathing a word one may not hear;
Lifts her veil as she passes near—
And I see your face.

"*Tiens*, but that is poetry, *n'est-ce pas?* And English poetry," said Esteban respectfully. "Yet hardly fitted for the understanding of a child."

"Nacio was thinking of Rosemary when he wrote that, not of her *fillette*. But the worst is over, 'Steban; he's begun turning his Rosemary into verse," said Emily, with tears in her eyes to realize that this might be all they would have to keep of Nacio—a stumbling verse or two; the faint pipe of a *chirilion* floating down from those other "hills of air" where he had left his sheep.

A few days later the boy, Yeshu, came running to Emily and Esteban in some alarm, saying that Riff tribesmen were approaching; had been seen entering the town gate. Emily had felt since Esteban's return rather as if they were living in a state of siege. More than once she had been startled by the sound of sudden musket shots in the town below, which proved to be only powder play in honor of some native festivity. She could not but observe that Esteban carried a little derringer in his pocket, which was not his habit; and she no longer found amusing the enormous pistol and knife their small protector, Yeshu, displayed so prominently in his belt. Now, with one accord they hurried up to the housetop, which takes the place of windows in an Arab home.

Up the winding narrow lane which led to Ben Hamed's house trotted a single line of wild-looking brown-clad horsemen mounted on shaggy mountain animals, followed by several laden pack mules. Behind these, in white flowing burnoose and turban, rose a noticeably more elegant figure whom they recognized with sharp relief as their host, Ben Hamed; and beside him, also in white, with a floating head cloth bound about his head by a crimson cord, a lean, tall, bearded man who sat his curvetting black stallion with a certain careless grace which caused Esteban suddenly to let out a surprising yell: "*Heu, heu! Aië-ë-ë! Urrutia-a-ah! Heu!*"

The bronzed face, dark as an Arab's, turned up to them with a quick answering smile; while Ben Hamed beamed and nodded reassuringly, like a child returning from performing a successful errand.

"*Comment donc!*" remarked Esteban briskly, when he had felt his brother all over to be sure that he was quite intact—the reunion between the two Basques was none the less moving to onlookers for its offhand brevity. "Further questions and answers must postpone themselves until we are safe aboard the Gathid. You may picture to yourself with what impatience the etcheonda awaits our return!"

Nacio shook his head. A new poise had come to the young man, that quiet dignity of one accustomed to command himself, and therefore others. "Unfortunately, brother, we must wait yet awhile the arrival of the Grand Caid; who travels less rapidly than we have done, having women with him."

Esteban cried out: "Name of a thousand devils! What more have you to do with the Grand Caid and his women? Surely, under the circumstances, polite adieux may be dispensed with!"

Nacio looked at him hesitatingly. "I have given my word, brother."

"*Bien hecho!* Take courage, my friend!" laughed Ben Hamed slyly. "Or shall I tell them? Our Nacio desires to remain, naturally, to complete the ceremony of his marriage."

"Marriage!" Emily sat weakly down upon the nearest divan, quite undone by this anticlimax. "I might have known!" she murmured, rallying. "I had forgotten—the Lady Maymoon!"

"But naturally. Who else?" murmured Ben Hamed, twirling his mustache in a pleased manner. "It was I,

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

even I, who have arranged all, thereby gaining much credit with my uncle; who has not, you comprehend, any immediate male issue, all his sons having been killed off during adolescence. And Lalla Meimouna, his favorite daughter, brought up in the *andurun* of a relative in Tunis whose head wife is an Englishwoman, has proved a little difficult to marry; preferring—like myself—the company of Europeans. Therefore, being under certain tribal obligations to my uncle"—he shrugged deprecatingly—"I undertook, with my superior advantages, to procure as promising a specimen of *Roumi* as possible for the girl. And who"—he rose to affectionate climax—"more promising, more worthy of such opportunity than my cherished companion at arms and friend, our Nacio?"

Esteban turned an abrupt back on his host and said incredulously to his brother: "You think for one moment that our grandmother, our father will consent to such a marriage?"

"There is no choice, brother; I have given my word," Nacio said again quietly. "It was, in fact, only on that condition that I was permitted to leave the—the hospitality of Caid Nasir."

Esteban exclaimed: "But the money, the large sum I put into Ben Hamed's hand for your ransom?"

"Was not for ransom, as Ben Hamed should have explained, brother, but for bride money—the dower which in this country is paid by a prospective bridegroom to the girl's father. Also, a woman of my family was necessary to observe the proper convention of receiving the bride."

"Do you mean," put in Emily sharply, "that you were actually captured and carried off into the Riff, and nearly killed into the bargain, simply for the purpose of providing a husband to the Caid's daughter?"

Ben Hamed's head drooped with embarrassment; he made further ingenuous explanations. His arrangements, he said, had slightly miscarried. His first intention had been merely to detain his friend most comfortably at his own house until the girl could be brought in, suitably attended, from her retirement in the hills. "For my cousin has been allowed, you understand, a strange liberty of ideas," he explained, shrugging; "she demanded actually to see before accepting the husband we had chosen for her!" But Nacio's impatience, his determination to venture farther into the interior, even to the exposed outpost established by the Pères Blancs, had upset all calculations. What was to be done, he protested, with a nature so impetuous? "However, my uncle's raiding *harka* had instructions to injure my friend as little as possible when taking him. They have been well punished, I dare say, for their carelessness."

"They have been maimed," said Nacio quietly.

"You see?" Ben Hamed added confidentially. "But it was not entirely for purposes of marriage that my uncle decided to persuade your brother to be his guest in the Riff! He had learned of Nacio's late prowess against our countrymen while he was in the French air service."

"Which, naturally, he resented?" murmured Emily.

"On the contrary, Sitt! My uncle is, despite his uncouth ways, a very progressive man. He has recently purchased—quite privately, you understand—a number of scout and bombing planes, with intention to form an air service of his own. He lacks only such expert instruction in their use as Nacio is well fitted to give."

"You were forced to do this?" demanded Esteban of his brother sharply.

"But certainly not," was the simple reply. "I refused, explaining to *Monsieur le Caid* that it would be treasonable to instruct a possible enemy in arts of warfare which might one day be turned against ourselves."

"He refused," marveled Ben Hamed in a sort of lyric chant, "and yet he lives! He denied the bidding of the Grand Caid of Beni Urriaguel, which few have dared to do, and nothing occurs to him! Not even a trifling mutilation, such as a cropping of the ears. What a man!" It was uncertain whether this naïve admiration was directed toward the merciful Caid or toward his hardy friend. "For this we have to thank, no doubt, the maidenly weakness of Lalla Meimouna, who has had her look through the harem screen at the husband chosen for her. *Mektub!* It is written."

It seemed indeed to be written; even resourceful Emily could think of no way out of such an impasse, particularly as Nacio would give them no assistance.

"Why not this marriage as well as another?" he asked rather wearily when they were alone together. Once a woman had accused him—it was Rosemary—of fear of the *génie d'espèce;* he had, he said, no longer such a fear; Christian manhood was needed in the world, men who were sufficiently men must leave their mark upon posterity. This girl was reported healthy, as well educated as women need be, an heiress. "Even *gran'mère* should find no objection on that score!" Indeed, the value of his bride gift was already exceeded by gifts the Riff chieftain had pressed upon himself—silver-mounted weapons, rich silks, rare embroideries, enamels; the several pack mules they had noted were laden with such booty. His bride herself would bring much more. Also, added Nacio quietly, marriage with a Riff woman would cancel whatever compunction he still felt toward Riff women, because of his involuntary treatment of them during warfare.

"I should think," cried his sister-in-law impatiently, "that any compunction toward Riffs, male or female, might be canceled by their voluntary treatment of you!" For the young man bore certain permanent scars on head and body which had turned her faint.

He protested that at the *kasbah* all had been most kind, however. "They even appeared to like me," he said modestly; and told something of the rough old Berber hill castle where the Caid, with his villagers at the foot of it, lived much their own patriarchal life of the Urruty hacienda, engaged in a rather primitive agriculture, sheep herding, the breeding of fine horses, but above all, in constant preparation for war.

"One day," he said soberly, "we shall hear more from these Berbers of the Riff! Such fighting men have not been bred since the early time of our own people—able to subsist indefinitely on cactus fruit and *labban*—which is the curdled milk of goats—able to trot on their two feet day in, day out, like horses—like your red Indians of America, Emily—utterly without fear, because they believe that to die in battle for their faith is to go straight to Paradise. A people to respect if not to love; and above all," said Nacio decisively, "not to endeavor to make over into Christians! It is inutile. They have," he went on in earnest explanation, "not the inner nature of Christians, you comprehend, no feeling of chivalry toward women and other weak—although women have even ruled over them, who were strong like men—no mercy on such as have claim to mercy—dumb animals, the sick, their prisoners." His face darkened with thought of what had happened at the *kasbah* to prisoners less fortunate than himself.

"That is where the brave Pères Blancs make terribly their mistake. For followers of Mohammed can no more be made brothers to followers of our gentle Christ than jungle tigers may be made brothers to watchdogs. Why should they be?" He spoke with a newly acquired philosophy that would have done credit to Madame Urruty herself. "The world is large enough for many faiths, as for many men! But one thing is most certain," he finished, coming down to concrete affairs; "when I have married, I shall not live here among the Ruafa, as Caid Nasir desires. 'Africa for the Africans.' In this there will be no difficulty, since Lalla Meimouna agrees."

"That's fortunate!" murmured his sister-in-law dryly. "Is the Lady Maymoon, then, one of those Riff women who rule because they are 'strong like men,' or otherwise?"

"Otherwise, I think," replied Nacio, quite unsmiling.

"Ah! So she is really beautiful, then?"

"I do not know, not having as yet seen her."

Emily cried out, aghast: "You mean to say you are going to marry a woman you have not even seen?"

"It is the custom here," he replied indifferently. "But Ben Hamed has seen her often, when they were children, and his taste is more experienced than mine. Also, she has always wished to live in Europe, he says; which is well, because I would not in any case consent to bring Mariflor to Morocco."

"Mariflor!" Emily gave a start of remembrance. "Well! It's time, my dear, you have a thought to Mariflor!"

His surprise was obvious. "But I have never ceased to give thought to Mariflor. It is indeed because of the *fillette* that I have considered marriage, in order to make a proper establishment of my own. *Gran'mère* grows a little tired now, my mother has no great love for children, while you and Bette have many duties of your own. A growing girl of such an age has especial need of a mother, no?"

"Therefore," exclaimed Emily in utter exasperation, "you choose one for her out of the harem, neatly tattooed, no doubt, on chin and brow, after the best Riff fashion?"

Nacio looked rather disturbed; the possibility of tattooing had not occurred to him.

But this fear at least proved groundless. Some days later there arrived at Ben Hamed's house, to the great fluttering of his *andurun*, the first installment of the bridal trousseau, boxes and bales and baskets of it; which marked the commencement of the week-long Moorish ceremonials. It was Emily's duty, representing the matrons of the groom's family, to return this presentation with a ceremonial visit to the bride. Accompanied only by her proud attendant, Yeshu, she went on foot to the house where the Grand Caid had established himself.

Later she described the visit to Esteban. She had been received, seated, by a rather magnificent old potentate in

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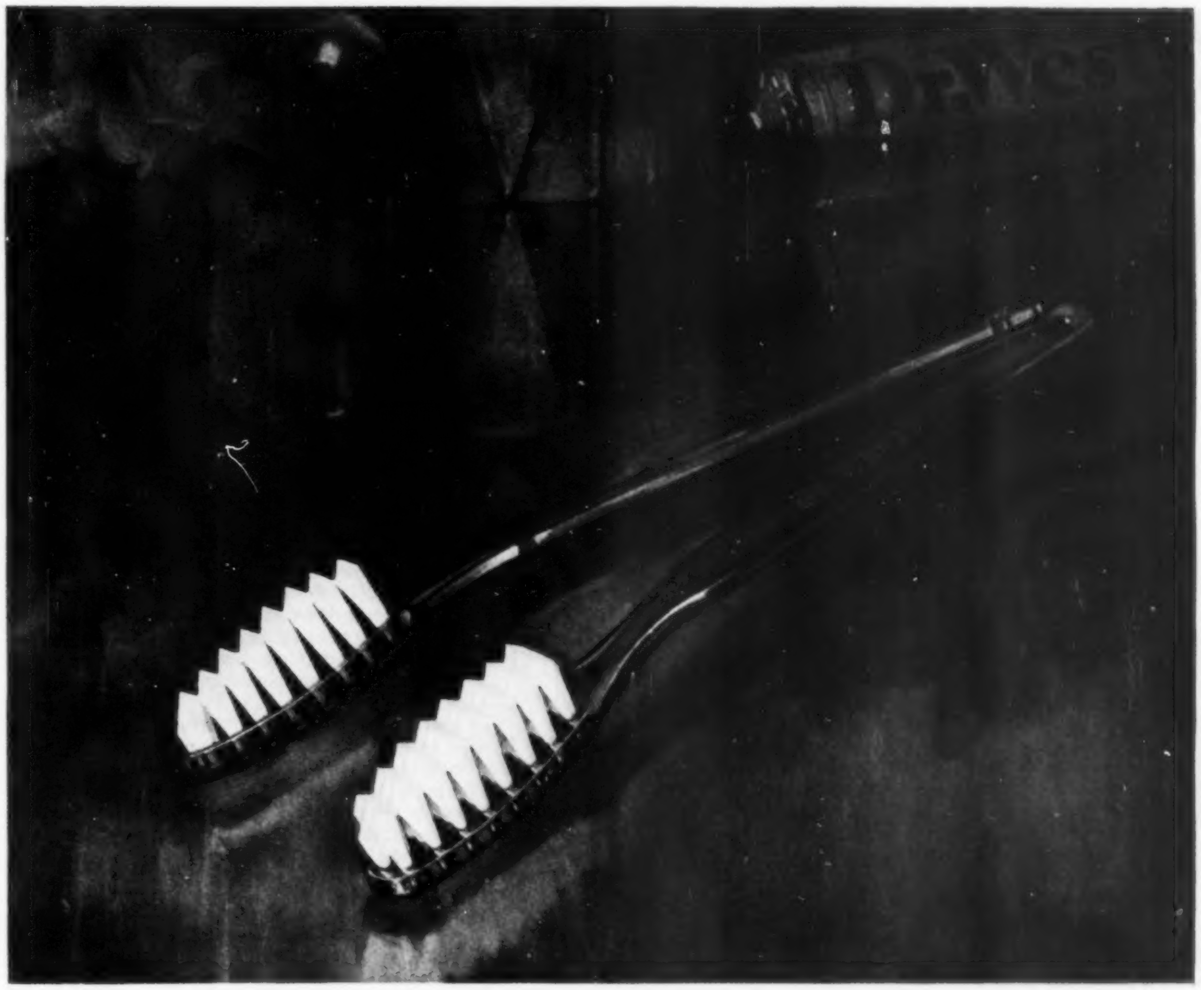

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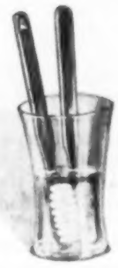

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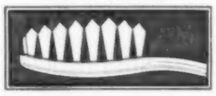

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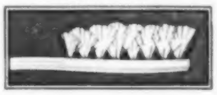

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It cleans *every* tooth in *any* mouth, because of its modern design and small size (20%-50% smaller than clumsy, old-type brushes). Inside as well as outside; deep into crevices as well as the surfaces.

It *always* cleans, because the bristles used are the costliest and finest to be found in the world. Regardless of price, no toothbrush gives you better bristles; most give poorer. *And poor bristles fail, when wet.*

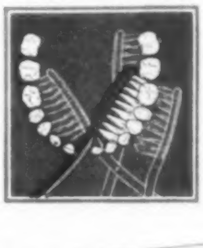
Finally, every Dr. West's Toothbrush is thoroughly sterilized—made "surgically clean"—and doubly sealed. This famous brush comes to you *fit for your mouth*, untouched by other hands.

Two greatest rules:

Follow these two simple rules, and you'll have teeth *thoroughly clean, bright and sparkling.*

One: brush always away from the gums, toward cutting edges—sweeping with the crevices, never across them. Dr. West's Toothbrush makes this correct brushing *easy.*

Two: each 90 days get a new brush. That much wear impairs the high cleansing and polishing qualities of even finest bristles. Best of all, have and use two brushes: one for mornings, one for evenings.



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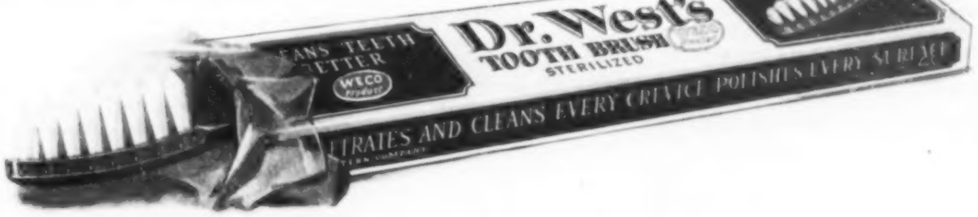

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(Continued from Page 100)

flowing black velvet garments and a tall white turban, who turned her over majestically to some solemn fat women—whether wives or slaves she could not be sure—who led her into the presence of the bride, seated cross-legged on a bed, entirely concealed by head and face veils and a clumsy white *haik*, underneath which were innumerable other coatings of thin chiffon. Her bare feet, startlingly pink as to toes, were further painted with an elaborate semblance of slippers. Once the fat women had departed, however, leaving them alone, Lalla Meimouna had jumped, laughing, from the bed, shedding her shy demureness and her native garments at once, and stood very much revealed in the latest save one or two of Paris fashions—a frock of the chemise type, sleeveless, cut quite low and very brief; her unveiled hair shorn into the wind-blown bob of yesteryear; and her face guiltless, fortunately, of tattoo, but smeared with rouge and lipstick until it was difficult to tell whether she was a woman of the Ouled Naïl or a mere respectable shopgirl out of Seventh Avenue.

"A flapper, 'Steban! The latest thing in Oriental flappers, only a decade or two behind the worst Paris-Chicago sort. And for our Nacio! Instead of smoking a hubble-bubble pipe—which I was quite prepared to do for the honor of the family—we puffed away at vicious amber-scented cigarettes with her monogram on them; the while she told me such snappy little anecdotes of the sheltered life as —— Well, really, 'Steban, I'd forgotten how chaste we free Americans are! There's just one hope left for our poor brother. She's eager to see him alone, of course—she would be!—insists that I arrange a tryst for them before the final ceremony. And," finished Emily grimly, "I shall arrange it! Watch me."

Ben Hamed, whom she took into consultation, looked upon the idea with frank alarm. "Anything my friend wishes is my desire," he said reluctantly. "But for a man to see and talk with a Moorish lady, a respectable woman soon to become his wife—it is a dangerous thing, madame! To be found in the *andurun* of another's house, or on the housetop where his women sit, might well result in death for my friend."

Emily assured him briefly that to marry Lalla Meimouna without having seen and talked with her might result in worse than death for his friend.

"Is it indeed so?" murmured the Moslem, rather mystified. "*Inshallah!* As Allah wills."

Allah's will did not, however, quite coincide with Emily's. Perhaps it was the large African stars, hung lantern-like among storks'-nested chimney pots, which shed their never-failing glamour; perhaps it was the grave, tall beauty of the young Basque himself, clean-shaven and civilized again, his head bared before her in the European manner, so that one saw the crisp waves of his boyish hair—whatever the cause, the girl's blatant modernity somewhat subdued itself in the presence of this stranger she was to marry, who had risked his life because of her unmaidenly whim.

Near by, concealed among the chimney pots, waited Ben Hamed, disguised as Nacio's servant, listening all ears. He had not dared to let his friend come alone on so dangerous a venture; moreover, a certain element of curiosity entered in. Moorish ladies of Lalla Meimouna's rank are not permitted after childhood to be seen unveiled by any man, even a cousin. The two young men had come up onto the roofs through an unoccupied house next door, and had waited their chance to approach unseen the sheltered corner where a veiled woman stood alone, according to arrangement.

Lalla Meimouna was the first to speak, rather shyly: "I thought, monsieur, that since I have already looked at you, you would perhaps like to look also at me before marriage, as is the foreign custom, no?"

Said Nacio, eying her attentively, "I like very much to look at you, mademoiselle!" And indeed the girl slowly unveiling before him, despite the expressionless smear of red that was her mouth and the brows painted thick with kohl to meet over downcast eyes, had great loveliness of feature, the low silvery forehead, the rounded form, the tender moon-shaped face so raptly sung by Oriental poets.

"You find me beautiful?" she asked, still shyly.

He hesitated. "I think I should find you very beautiful, if I might see you better."

"What, you do not see me well? But the stars are bright, Sidi—almost too bright."

He explained candidly that it was because of the cosmetics that he was unable to see her face as clearly as he wished. Another man would probably have been well snubbed for his pains, but Nacio's gentle gravity made much possible.

"You would wish me," she asked submissively, "to remove them, perhaps?"

For answer, Nacio silently handed her his handkerchief.

After a moment's obedient rubbing, she meekly lifted up her face—meekly and expectantly: "You like me better so?"

He liked her much better so, Nacio assured her. The conversation languished.

They talked spasmodically: she asking questions, he answering them inattentively; their glances meanwhile carrying on a conversation quite separate. . . . Would they go sometimes, when they were married, to Paris? . . . But assuredly, whenever Lalla Meimouna wished. . . . She gave a pleased sigh; she would rather, she confessed, go to Paris than to Paradise! . . . Here a sympathetic movement might have been detected among the nearest chimney pots. . . . Women seemed to be like that, replied Nacio; himself, he preferred high, quiet places, where one saw the sky. She made a pretty face at that; she had seen enough of quiet places and of sky! Would she have many women for company in his *andurun?* Not wives—she understood, that was not the foreign custom—but—other sorts? Nacio told her there would be none save his *fillette*, Mariflor.

"So, you have already a child! I like girl children," nodded Meimouna contentedly. "But this child's mother ——"

Was dead, Nacio said quietly; and because she was to be his wife, told the Moorish girl what he could of the woman he had loved, but could not marry.

"Truly, one need not be jealous of the dead," she shrugged, dismissing Rosemary from further consideration. "And this child—what age has she?"

She frowned, surprised over Nacio's answer. "Eleven years? But that is almost the marriage age! Still, such a one should make company for me if I am lonesome."

"I shall try," said Nacio, warming somewhat to his task, "to keep you with my own company from being lonesome, mademoiselle!"

She laughed provocatively, her small teeth a gleam of pearl in her dark face. "Ah, but you are a man. Men are not company for women, Sidi Kebir!" She became serious, looking him up and down, the broad six-foot length of him. "Yes, you are a man," she murmured, the lashes veiling her eyes. Then her kindling gaze suddenly met his, held it. "Was it only for this—only to look at me and talk to me—that you have come, Monsieur the Strong?" she hinted impatiently.

"Why else, Lalla Meimouna?" Nevertheless, Nacio's knees began to tremble under him.

"*Aië!* Must I even show you, then?" Suddenly she was close to him, on tiptoe in his arms, the impress of those fierce little white teeth sharp against his lips.

For one who had never before of his own accord kissed a woman, startled Nacio found himself rather adept at it; gave as good as he got, savagely, almost angrily, so that it was less an embrace than a combat between them, Mussulman against Christian—a combat that bade fair to last indefinitely had not a low excited "Tchk! Tchk!" sounded from among the chimney pots.

"Someone comes! Your servant gives warning," she breathed reluctantly against his lips. "*Allah kerim*, if it should be my father ——" She fled noiselessly away.

Nacio, dazed, was never quite sure how he managed descent from the Caid's housetop, despite the adroit guidance of Ben Hamed, who kept murmuring rapt, sympathetic congratulations at his ear: "Beard of the prophet, what a houri! What a bride, eh? What a promise of paradise!"

Emily awaited them, fearful, yet eager as to results. "Well?" she demanded ruthlessly of the prospective bridegroom.

He looked at her, crimsoned to the ears, and turned away. Despite her expert knowledge of the sex, Emily had forgotten to take into account that highly inflammable tinder of which *genus vir* is composed.

Thereafter she abandoned Nacio to his fate, entering with some curiosity and what spirit she could muster into the elaborate ceremonials of the marriage week, having been trained to adaptability by a rather catholic social experience.

She learned to eat with fingers only out of strange dishes set on tables no higher than her knee; afterward sitting through long digestive silences while guests about her made politely the expected sounds indicating repletion; she learned to drink innumerable cups of sirupy, mint-flavored tea and souplike coffee; she had even the tact to appear on occasion in native dress, a courtesy much appreciated by the ladies of the Caid's family, who in return gave her sympathetic advice as to how her unfortunate lack of poundage might be increased.

Often, however, she was aware of Ben Hamed's eyes upon her, inquiring, puzzled, troubled. The enmity between the two had somewhat lapsed of late, perhaps because of his unfailing courteous consideration as a host, perhaps because of his disarmingly sincere devotion to Nacio. Emily Urruty was a woman who knew friendship when she saw it. The subtle young Moslem seemed rather gratefully aware of her change of heart toward him, so that the

(Continued on Page 105)

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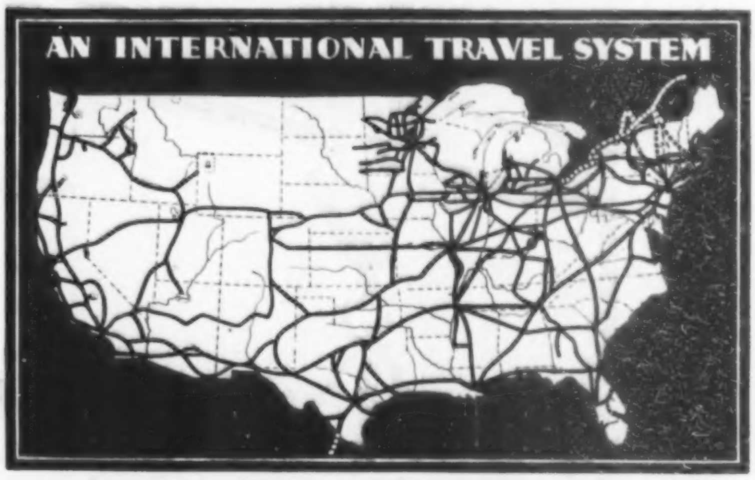

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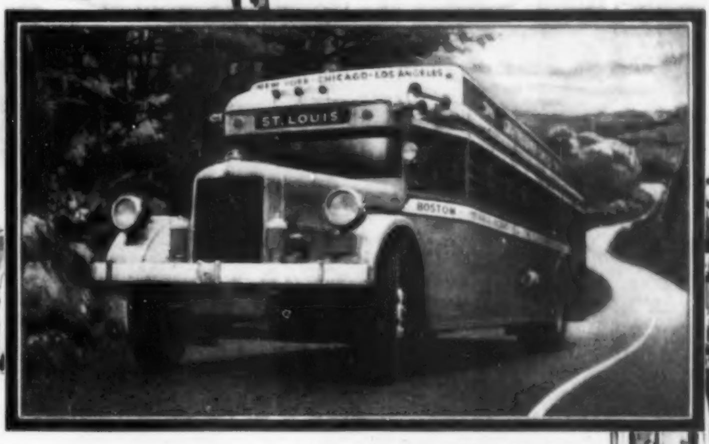
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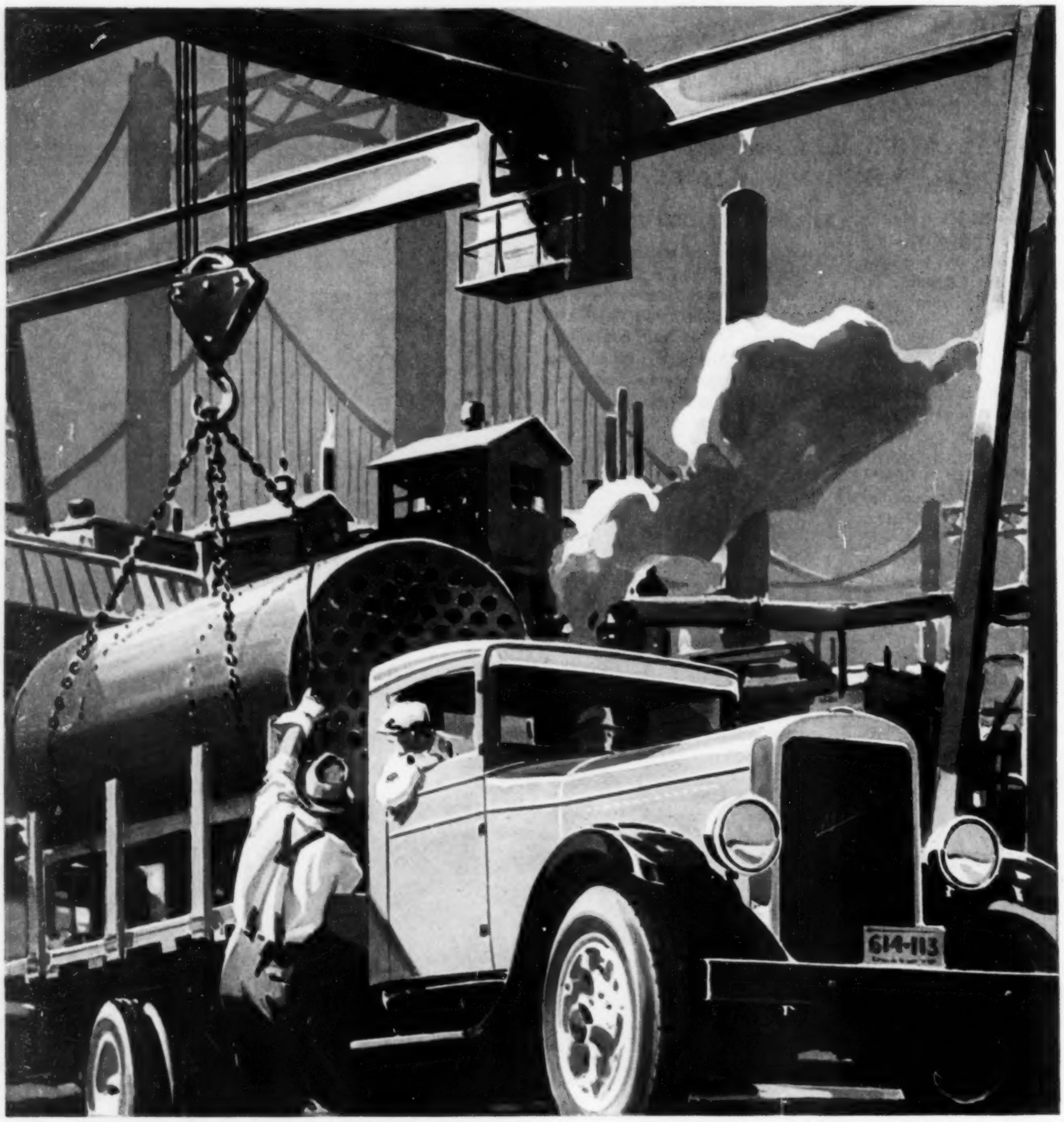

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(Continued from Page 102)

two became at moments almost confidential.

At one such moment he said to her curiously: "Will you tell me, Madame Esteban, what it is that does not please you in this marriage of my friend, which seems to me so desirable? For I see that it makes you sad, and to have you sad while in my house saddens me also."

It was a question so hopeless to answer—for there was nothing in the marriage which could please her—that she parried it with one of her own: "Why does it seem to you desirable, Ben Hamed? Two people of alien race, religion, customs—how could it be a happy marriage?"

His eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Surely a man seeks elsewhere for his happiness than in marriage? Yet we marry," he shrugged resignedly. "Even the free birds marry. You would have preferred, perhaps, that Nacio become a celibate holy man among his people?"

Emily admitted that such was not her wish.

The Moslem gave his eloquent little shrug. "*Tanjib!* Instead, we find for him a bride lovely as a houri—and of my family! It makes me very happy, Madame Esteban, that my friend is to become of my own family. And it is not"—he continued his confidential inquiry—"as if some better marriage had been arranged for him elsewhere?"

That gave Emily her idea, a last forlorn hope. She had sensed in the Moslem a vein of strong, unexpected sentiment. "Ah," she admitted, with a dramatic sigh that was none the less sincere, "now you have touched the inner core of the matter, Nasir! This marriage with your cousin will bring heart's grief to another—a little maid still too young to dream of marriage, yet who loves Nacio even as you love him—more than he knows."

The other struck his fist into the palm of his hand. "The orphan one! The amber-eyed little Golden Lamp who was refused to me! But that is his foster child, Sitt? Surely a man can never be permitted to marry with his foster daughter?"

She explained that European customs were less rigid in that respect than Moslem ones. "And the child isn't really Nacio's foster daughter; he has never legally adopted her."

The Moslem was obviously mollified by this explanation of a refusal which had somewhat offended his pride. "What pity—what pity that Christians may take only one wife! Had I but known, I might well have contented myself to marry with my cousin, who is more alluring than one remembered. This knowledge comes, I fear, too late!" he mused.

Emily caught at the straw. "Too late? Surely not! You cannot fancy," she exclaimed, rising to Oriental heights of fervor, "that Nacio would prove inferior to yourself in friendly sacrifice? Never! I am sure that he would consent most willingly, even gladly, to relinquish any bride, no matter how alluring, to such a friend as you!" We'll attend to that in person, was her grim inward thought.

But Ben Hamed replied with simplicity: "You did not see them together, Sitt, as I have seen. No, no! Were Nacio to offer my uncle, Nasir el Nahabi, such an affront as to decline marriage with his daughter, after paying bride money, after secretly seeing and talking with the girl—and more, Sitt—more," he added delicately. "Allah forbid! Before he was halfway to the yacht in Ceuta harbor, he would cease to exist!"

Emily saw that she had lost again. "Nothing for it, then, but to say—what is that fatalistic word of yours? *Mektub!* It is written."

And Ben Hamed murmured absently the customary response: "*Inshallah!* It is the will of God."

From their usual coign of vantage—the housetop—Emily and Esteban and Nacio himself, all in full bridal array, watched silently the approach of the procession bringing Nacio's bride on her final journey from her father's hands into those of her future husband; which would complete the marriage ceremonies until such time as they could appear before a Christian priest.

Their host was not with them, having gone, a resplendent figure in pale-blue-silk embroideries under a flowing scarlet cloak, to ride with other gentlemen of the family in the bride's train. It was quite an impressive procession, which they were able to observe again and again as it wound slowly in and out of the narrow, twisting lanes below. First came musicians playing excruciating native instruments whose tones were somewhat mitigated by the excited shouts of the populace, the constant explosion of rifles, the shrill *jahrits*, or joy cries, of the women assembled to watch on every housetop. Behind these rode, in solitary grandeur, the Grand Caid Nasir el Nahibi, his black velvet robe, under a sheer white burnoose, hung with jeweled chains and gauds, soft yellow riding boots pulled well up over his thighs, his tall turban wound round and round with crimson cords—a hawk-nosed, predatory old ruffian, whose jutting features strongly reminded Emily of familiar Basque types in her own neighborhood. Behind him rode a *harka* of fighting men, two and two; their usual brown desert garb replaced for the occasion by cloaks and headcloths as vividly colored as tulips. Then came children throwing flower petals and piping a shrill marriage chant; then veiled woman attendants, shrouded in their shapeless white *haiks*; then—Emily's field glasses were trained on it for careful observation—the bridal litter, swung between slow-pacing mules—a queer little hive-shaped affair decorated gayly as a wedding cake, with ruffles of lace and long strings of pearl beads and garlands of strung jasmine flowers—within which crouched invisible that product of the times, that ultra modern flower of the Maghrab, the Lady Maymoon, swathed to the ankles in layer upon layer of white wrappings in order that no eye might guess her charms until she emerged upon her bridegroom as a bright moth from its cocoon. Behind her rode various resplendent gentlemen of the family, shouting at intervals and firing off joy shots.

"They want you to know that they are coming, little brother," remarked Emily to Nacio; who made no answer. Glancing at him sidewise, she noted that the bridegroom looked less eager than might have been expected.

The powder play was deafening. Emily no longer jumped with alarm at this favorite Moorish form of celebration, wherein horsemen, or even men on foot, charging straight at one another, fire their muskets into the air just as they veer aside. It was from the Moors, she thought in passing, that Spaniards must inherit their love of loud and sudden noises. But never before had she heard such powder play as this, so continuous and violent, and mingled with such ferocious shouting. As the procession entered the Soko, or market place, a new element seemed to have entered in; above the yells and shots sounded one scream like the shriek of a horse in mortal agony. Esteban leaned over the parapet with a sudden oath; and at the same moment her faithful small bodyguard, Yeshu, seized Emily by the skirts, crying: "Get back, Sitt—back! That is no play; it is a raid! It is the enemy tribesmen! Look, look!" His voice rose to a childish howl of rage. "Allah forbid! They are trying to steal away our bride!"

She saw Nacio wheel about, hesitate just a moment, then jerk the silver-mounted pistol out of his sash and run toward the stairs, Esteban close at heel. She remembered afterward that pregnant second of hesitation; that look as of sudden reprieve, almost of hope.

Yeshu gave up trying to pull her back from the parapet. Together they leaned far over, staring intently at the wild confusion below. Brown burnooses, white ones, burnooses of all colors struggling together around the bridal litter; shrieks, furious curses, more shots; figures diving into houses, scrambling up walls; the sound of unshod hoofs galloping into the distance; and then, as if some erasing magic had passed over the scene, dead silence; a suddenly empty Soko where nothing moved at all; except one mule which tried now and again to rise from its haunches and could not; except one figure in a blood-stained pink burnoose, crawling slowly, slowly, over other still figures along the shadow of a wall. Into this silence emerged, running grimly shoulder to shoulder, the two Basque men, pistol in hand. They reached the overturned bridal litter. Here Emily dropped her field glasses and uttered aloud a queer, abrupt exhortation: "Now then, Allah!" She looked again. The bridal litter was empty.

Ben Hamed, the courteous, broke all laws of hospitality by suggesting that his guests leave as soon as possible for Ceuta, whither he accompanied them, profuse with mortified regrets for this unavoidable disaster to their plans. "There is, as you observe, some disaffection among the tribesmen hereabouts; and when there is such disaffection"—he shrugged apologetically—"strangers are better elsewhere."

His parting with Nacio was affecting. "Not so, true brother of my heart," he sighed, his overexpressive Arab eyes mournful as a deserted hound's, "had I hoped to see you leave my country, but as our kinsman by marriage, often to return."

"I shall return, even if I am not your kinsman by marriage," promised Nacio simply. "As for this disappointment—do not grieve for it too greatly, Hamed my friend. To speak truth, I think I am not quite yet prepared for the obligations of matrimony. *Tiens*, there are so many other interests in the world than women!"

The Moslem agreed doubtfully that there were indeed very many. He returned the bride money on behalf of his uncle, the Grand Caid, who, he said, was too deeply mortified by so unprecedented a failure to complete his bargain to apologize in person.

"And I suppose," suggested Emily, eying him rather fixedly, "that your uncle, the Grand Caid, is also deeply concerned as to the fate of his unfortunate daughter?"

It so happened that her excellent field glasses had picked out in the thick

(Continued on Page 107)

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MIDDISHADE

The Specialized BLUE Suit

(Continued from Page 105)

of battle the unmistakable figure of their host, that effete man of civilization, yelling and shooting as savagely as the best, but on the wrong side; his azure wedding garments somewhat inadequately concealed by one of the floating brown desert cloaks of the raiding party. Later her glasses had followed this same figure disappearing rapidly among the rabbit-warren streets, with something flung across his saddlebow which looked like an enormous white cocoon.

The Moslem innocently returned her gaze. But no, he reassured her, his uncle was not too deeply concerned, having no doubt already satisfied himself as to the whereabouts of his stolen daughter.

"We are, after all, of the one blood, Nasir el Nahabi and myself," he mentioned, irrelevantly.

On that, Emily abandoned subterfuge and frankly held out her hand. "It was the act of a true friend, Ben Hamed—a sacrifice that involved no little risk."

This, however, his native Berber honesty could not brook. "Risk, perhaps"—he shrugged—"but sacrifice?" He smiled at her meditatively out of the corners of his eyes. "You have seen my cousin, Sitt. *Mezian, mezian bezzaf!*—a beauty incomparable. There is also a certain congeniality of taste, a certain warmth of nature which might well have wasted itself among coolhearted Europeans. 'Africa for the Africans,' no?" The significant phrase brought into his eyes an odd little fanatic gleam she had not noted there before. "If, in the end, marriage proves disappointment," he continued negligently, "it is with us quite simple to end—a man has but to say three times in the presence of proper witnesses: 'I divorce thee,' and it is done. Therefore," he urged her courteously, "pray do not burden yourself, *chère madame*, with any undue sense of obligation. We part friends, yes? *Mektub!*"

To which Esteban's wife returned a polite and most devout: "*Inshallah!*"

GUNS AND GUNFIGHTERS

(Continued from Page 15)

Wild Bill killed in gun fights and have misrepresented the manner in which he did it. At that, they could not very well overdo his actual skill with pistols.

"Hickok knew all the tricks which the fancy shooters employed and was as good as the best of them at that sort of gun play, but when he had serious business in hand, a man to get—the acid test of marksmanship—I doubt if he employed them. At least, he told me that he did not. I have seen him in action and I never saw him fan a gun, shoot from the hip, or try to fire two pistols simultaneously. Neither have I ever heard a reliable old-timer tell of any trick shooting employed by Hickok when fast, straight shooting meant life or death.

"That two-gun business is another matter that can stand some of the light of truthfulness before the last of the old-time gunfighters has gone on. They wore two guns, most of the six-gun toters did, and when the time came for action, went after them with both hands simultaneously. But they didn't shoot them that way. Primarily, the two guns were to make the threat of something in reserve; they were useful as a display of force when a lone man stacked up against a crowd. Some men could shoot equally well with either hand, and in a gun play might alternate with their fire; others exhausted the loads from the gun in the right hand, or left, as the case might be; then shifted the reserve weapon to the natural shooting hand if that was necessary and possible. Such a shift could be made more quickly than the eye could follow the movements of a top-notch gun thrower, but if the man in question was as good as that the shift seldom would be required."

Notches Made to Order

"Whenever you see a picture of some two-gun man in action with both weapons held closely against his hips and both spitting smoke together, you can put it down that you are looking at the picture of a fool, or at a fake. I remember quite a few of those so-called two-gun men who tried to operate everything at once, but, like the fanners, they didn't last long in really proficient company.

"In the days of which I am talking, among men whom I have in mind, when a man went after his guns, he did so with a single, serious purpose. Where pistols were concerned, there was no such thing as a bluff, and when a gunfighter reached for his .45's every faculty he owned was keyed to shooting as speedily and as accurately as possible, to making his first shot the last one of the fight. Under such conditions he just had to think of his gun solely as something with which to kill another before he himself could be killed. The possibility of intimidating an antagonist was remote, although the drop, as it was called, was thoroughly respected, and few men in the West would draw in the face of it. I have seen men so fast with their six-guns and so sure of themselves that they did go after their guns while men who intended to kill them had them covered, and what is more, win out in the play. They were rare exceptions. It is safe to say, for all general purposes, that anything in gunfighting which smacked of show-off or bluff was, with the men of whom I am speaking, left to braggarts who were ignorant or careless of their lives.

"While I am on this subject, I might add that I never knew a man who amounted to anything who ever notched his gun butts with credits, as they were called, for men he had killed. Outlaws, gunmen of the wild crew who killed for the sake of brag, followed this custom. I have worked with most of the noted peace officers—Hickok, Billy Tilghman, Pat Shugrue, Bat Masterson, and others of like caliber—have seen and handled the guns they wore many times, but have never known one of them to carry a notched gun. Strange how such wild tales become current.

"There may be some interest in the way at least one of them started—one about Bat Masterson's 'favorite six-gun with twenty-two notches in the butt.' Bat's sense of humor was responsible, and he regarded the joke so highly that he told me about it; he didn't dream of the possible consequences.

"It appears that some rapacious collector of gunfighters' souvenirs pestered Bat half to death with his requests for one of the six-guns which Bat had used on the frontier. This collector finally called on Bat in his New York office and, as Bat said afterward, was so insistent about the gun that Bat decided to give him one just to get rid of him. Bat did not want to part with the ones he actually had used, so he went into a pawnshop and bought an old .45, which he took to his office in anticipation of the collector's return. With the gun lying on the desk, Bat was struck with the idea that while he was providing a souvenir he might as well provide one worthy of all the trouble it had caused, so he took out his penknife and then and there cut twenty-two credits in the pawnshop gun. When the collector called for his souvenir and Bat handed it to him, he managed to gasp an astonished question as to whether Bat had killed twenty-two men with it.

"'I didn't tell him yes, and I didn't tell him no,' Bat said, 'and I didn't exactly lie to him. I simply said I hadn't counted either Mexicans or Indians, and he went away tickled to death.'

"It wasn't long, however, before tales of the Old West with stories about Bat Masterson's notched gun and the twenty-two men he had killed began to creep into print. His case may offer a fair example of how all the others got started."

Five Shots From a Six-Gun

"There are two other points about the old-time method of using six-guns most effectively that do not seem to be generally known. One is that the gun was not cocked with the ball of the thumb. As his gun was jerked into action the old-timer closed the whole joint of his thumb over the hammer, and the gun was cocked in that fashion. Experience had shown that the soft flesh on the ball of the thumb might slip under the stress of high speed or if a man's hands were at all sweaty, and a slip was not to be chanced if humanly avoidable. This thumb-joint method was employed whether or not a man used the trigger for firing.

"The second point often raises questions. I have been asked many times why five shots without reloading were all a top-notch gunfighter ever fired, when his guns were chambered for six cartridges. The answer is merely, safety. To insure against accidental discharge of the gun while in the holster, due to its hair-trigger adjustment, the hammer rested upon an empty chamber. As widely as this was known and practiced, the number of cartridges a man carried in his six-gun may be taken as one indication of a man's rank with the gunfighters of the old school. The really practiced gun wielders knew too much of the danger of carelessness and had too much respect for their weapons to take unnecessary chances with them; it was only with the tyros and the would-be's that you heard of accidental discharges or didn't-know-it-was-loaded injuries in the country where carrying a revolver was a man's prerogative.

"But let me go back to Bill Hickok's marksmanship. That summer in Kansas City he performed a feat of pistol shooting which often has been cited as one of the most remarkable on record. It was all of that, but the accounts which have been so widely circulated have invariably given the impression

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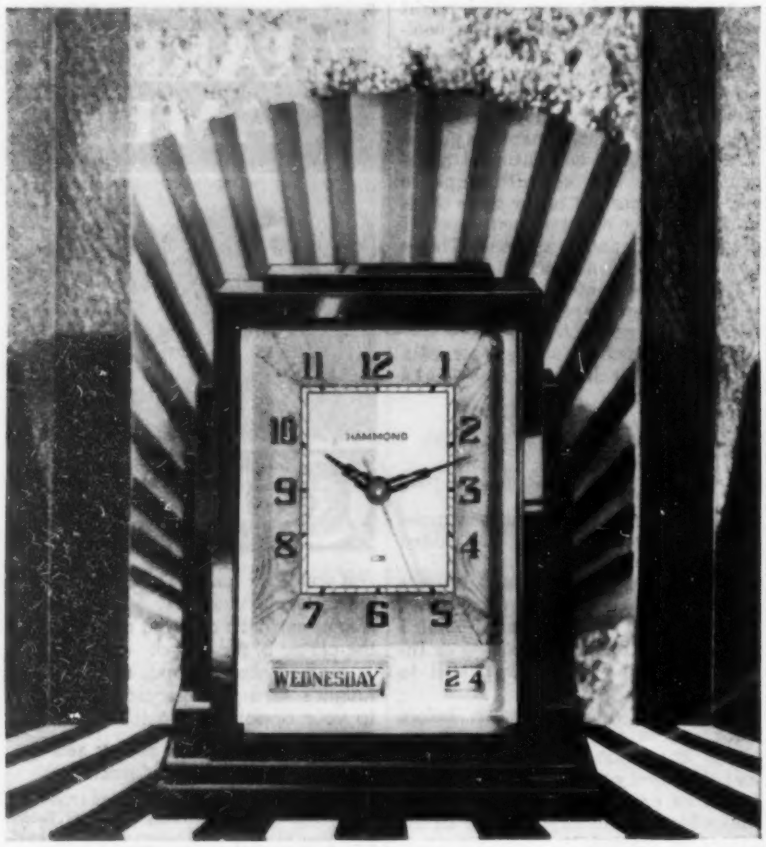

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that Wild Bill did his shooting from the hip. What really happened may be of some interest.

"Hickok was on Tom Speers' bench showing a pair of ivory-handled six-guns which Senator Wilson had given him in appreciation of his services as guide on a tour of the West. Tom knew, as we all did, Bill's two favorite exhibitions of marksmanship—one, driving a cork through the neck of a bottle with a bullet; the other, splitting a bullet against the edge of a dime; both at about twenty paces. So, when Tom asked Bill what he could do with the new guns, he added that he did not mean at close range, but at a distance that would be a real test.

"Diagonally across Market Square, possibly 100 yards away, was a saloon, and on the side wall toward the police station a sign that carried a capital letter, O. The sign ran off at an angle from Hickok's line of sight; yet before anyone guessed what his target was, Wild Bill had fired five shots from the gun in his right hand, shifted weapons and fired five more shots. Then he told Tom to send someone over to look at the O. All ten of Bill's slugs were found inside the ring of the letter."

The Etiquette of Battle

"That was shooting. There were twenty or more witnesses to the feat, yet in every account of it that I have read in recent years, it has been stated that Hickok fired those ten shots from his hip. I am not detracting from Wild Bill's reputation or ability when I bear witness that while he was shooting at the O, he held his gun as every man skilled in such matters preferred to hold one when in action—with a half-bent elbow that brought the gun slightly in front of his body at about, or slightly above, the level of the waist.

"It may surprise some to know that a man of Hickok's skill could make a six-gun effective for any range up to 400 yards. A rifle, of course, was preferred for shooting over such a distance, but in a pinch the old-fashioned, single-action .45-caliber revolver could be made to do the work. A man had to know his gun to score accurately, but I have known them to kill at that range."

When the quality and the quantity of the liquor consumed in the buffalo camps are considered, the character and the number of fights in which the hunters engaged are not to be wondered at. The affrays generally fell into one of two classifications. There was the suddenly flaring dissension which might turn to a rough-and-tumble encounter to settle the argument on the spot, or see each of two adversaries going for his guns to decide the matter for all time in favor of the one who was quicker or more accurate with his pistol. In such cases, bystanders never intervened. Or there was the affair which developed more gradually to its climax, staged before all the camp and under supervision of an umpire, which took on the aspects of the formal duel with its choice of weapons and its unwritten code. Pistols, knives or fists might be chosen by contestants, and in more than one instance of the kind the duelists employed Sharps rifles fired at fifty paces. With this last choice of weapons, the first shot to hit the target ended all argument.

On spree days in the camps, with 200 or 300 fighting men three-quarters full of raw spirits and hunting trouble, only the rankest coward or a man of great courage could avoid difficulties of a serious nature through general recognition of his status. No one has ever intimated that Wyatt Earp lacked courage, but old buffalo hunters unanimously agreed that he was one of a few men whom the trouble-seekers avoided. With certain rare exceptions, he went about his business unmolested. Opinions as to the reason for this do not differ in their purport.

Even in the early periods of his life, and without his having participated in any gun play of fatal consequence, Wyatt enjoyed the wholesome respect of the adventure-hardened men into whose company his calling took him. He was reputed to be speedier and deadlier in action with a pistol than was safe in an adversary. Wyatt's reputation for skill with firearms had been won at the target matches, upon which the hunters wagered large sums in cash or hides. Marksmanship of high degree was essential to success in these contests, and he had repeatedly demonstrated that with pistol or rifle, and shooting under any of the numerous conditions imposed to determine all-around proficiency, he had few equals in the Salt Fork camps. One or two occasions in which some hunter had decided to shoot out some difference of opinion with Wyatt Earp and had found himself looking into Wyatt's pistol barrel before he could get his own from the holster had been enough to satisfy the most exacting as to his speed.

In these instances Wyatt would have been justified by the code of the camps in pressing his advantage to a fatal conclusion. That he did not do so, that he carried his gun play only far enough to protect his own life and refused to take another's, struck most of the hunters as peculiar; so much so that it has since been the subject of considerable comment. In later years there were to be other men who could not fathom this magnanimity; certain ones who owed their lives to its existence in the marshal, Wyatt Earp, lived, perversely enough, to hate him bitterly for this gesture.

Card Games With Guns

Among the camp followers who preyed upon the prodigal buffalo hunters were numbers of crooked gamblers, on the range ostensibly after hides, but in reality to fleece unwary card players. As in all camp games, the stakes ran high—the more protracted sessions saw thousands of dollars change hands. Such ventures were profitable for skillful and daring operators. The crooks worked in pairs or trios, and trimmed their victims methodically. They recruited their own numbers from reputed man-killers, and to them skill with guns was of even greater importance than dexterity with cards. Two or three of these men would get into the same game and build up interest in the play until it suited them to introduce their trickery. From that point on, their answers to any charges were made with pistols. A hunter who objected to methods of play which he detected as questionable would probably be shot out of his seat before he had finished his protest; the best he might possibly expect was enforced retirement.

To certain of the old-timers their most notable recollection of Wyatt Earp in the buffalo camps dealt with an occasion on the Salt Fork when a poker game for high stakes was under way, in which two of the players were notorious gunmen suspected of a partnership in crooked gambling, and by which Wyatt stood as a spectator. After the tide of fortune had definitely set in the direction of the two suspected men, Wyatt left the circle of onlookers for a time; when he returned, it was noticed that he wore his pistols.

At this point it may be well to record another peculiarity of habit which distinguished Wyatt from his associates: Unless actually engaged in hunting, he seldom went armed. His camp was set a half mile from his nearest neighbors, and in his visits to friends in the larger groups, it was unusual for him to wear guns. Thus, their presence at his hips upon his return to the poker game attracted the attention of those who knew him.

When a player quit, Wyatt took his place in the game. As he sat down facing both men under suspicion, he shifted his pistols to rest on his thighs, placed a roll of greenbacks on the blanket before him, and observed quietly:

"If no one objects, we'll play honest poker."

No one objected audibly, and the game continued. Eventually, with one of the gunmen dealing, came the play for which Wyatt Earp had been waiting. From the character of the betting, it was apparent that every player had been dealt a strong hand and the pot was swelled until nearly all the money in sight was at the center of the blanket. Both men under suspicion forced the betting before the draw, until Earp asked the one with the larger sum left in front of him, how much there was in his pile. Under the rules of a table-stake game, the man was compelled to answer.

"All right," Wyatt said, as he counted an equal amount from his own pile. "I'll tap you."

This left the gunman with the choice of risking all his money on the hand, or resigning his interest in the pot. And every other player in the game must risk a like amount, or as much as he had left toward it, on the outcome of the draw. To those who did not fathom his purpose, it appeared that Wyatt was turning the play to suit a crooked gambler. With all stakes in the pot, cards were drawn. Then Wyatt interrupted proceedings. With his cards in his left hand, his right resting on the blanket in front of him, he addressed the dealer and his accomplice by name.

A Six-Gun Hand

"Throw your cards down and get out," he directed. "I guess you didn't hear me when I said we'd play honest poker."

In that time and place, the accusation of cheating at cards meant but one thing—gun play—and men who made a business of gambling went prepared for it. The two against whom Wyatt had called the turn were no exceptions; each wore two pistols at his belt. The inference needed no explanation, yet Wyatt had made no move for his weapons; he was looking steadily across the blanket at his adversaries.

"Throw your cards down," he repeated, "and don't reach for anything else."

Wyatt's left hand held his cards, his right was still empty. This was unadulterated nerve.

As if at some prearranged signal, and simultaneously, both sharpers went after their weapons. Before either one had a gun half drawn from the holster they were looking into the muzzle of a six-shooter in Wyatt Earp's right hand. Bat Masterson, who stood watching the play, said that Wyatt's move was made more quickly than his eye could follow it.

"Put 'em back," Wyatt cautioned, "and get out of here."

To the witnesses of the episode, there was always something inexplicable about the whole affair. They never could understand why, in the first place, the card sharps hesitated over the start of their gun play; it should have followed Wyatt's first words, instantaneously. Because of their unwonted hesitancy, the two gamblers whom Wyatt had accused could do nothing, and live, but get out of camp, leaving behind all the money they had staked in the poker game.

John Selman, a Well-Known Figure of the Cattle-Driving Era

Some hours after the gunmen left, the poker game ended with Wyatt Earp, as he remembered well, a loser as far as cash was concerned. But he had called the turn on a pair of professional killers in a manner that was to spread the fame of his courage from the Rio Grande to Great Slave Lake. It was the forerunner of a series of similar displays of fearlessness which were a source of never-ending speculation for those who discussed them.

In consideration of the spread of Wyatt Earp legends which dealt with his gun-throwing proficiency, it is pertinent to remember that the buffalo camps of the 70's were the training schools which turned loose on the frontier the most talented gun fighters and gunmen that any time or territory has known. From them there traveled over the West to the cow towns and the mining camps a great majority of the outlaw killers, the gunmen who made frontier life a hazardous affair for peaceably inclined citizens long after dangers inherent to the country itself had been overcome. From them, too, came the majority of the frontier marshals and sheriffs who blazed the trail for law and order with six-shooters and sawed-off shotguns.

To graduate from this school at the head of the class, with all honors conferred by fellow students who were also the faculty, and that without having fired a shot to solve any problem of life or death, was indeed a distinction so unique that of itself, perhaps, it demanded legendary justification.

While Wyatt was in Dodge, the wide fame he had acquired brought Ned Buntline—E. Z. C. Judson—out to that town to meet him. Buntline's prolific pen furnished lurid tales of life on the plains for consumption by an effete world that dwelt east of the Mississippi River and which, in the 70's, demanded that its portraits of Western characters be done in bloody red. Buntline's outstanding literary achievement had been to make William Cody, a buffalo hunter, into the renowned Buffalo Bill, and from the exploits of Wyatt Earp and his associates he now obtained material for hundreds of frontier yarns; few entirely authentic, but many of which were the bases of fables still current as facts.

Buntline's Special

Buntline was so grateful to the Dodge City peace officers for the color they supplied that he set about arming them to befit their accomplishments. He sent to the Colt's factory for five special .45-caliber six-guns of regulation single-action style, but with barrels four inches longer than standard—a foot in length—making each weapon eighteen inches over all. Each gun had a demountable walnut stock of rifle style, with a thumbscrew by which the stock could be fastened to the side plates, thus fitting the six-gun for use as a shoulder piece in long-range shooting. The rifle stock was fitted with a buckskin thong by which it could be slung to belt or saddle horn when not in use. The walnut butt of each gun had the word "Ned" carved deeply in the wood, and each was accompanied by a hand-tooled holster modeled for the weapon. Buntline gave a Buntline Special, as he called the guns, to Wyatt Earp, Charlie Bassett, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman and Neal Brown.

"There was a lot of talk in Dodge about the specials slowing us on the draw," Wyatt recalled. "Bat and Bill Tilghman cut off the barrels to make theirs standard length, but Bassett, Brown and I kept ours as they came. Mine was my favorite over any other gun I ever owned. I could jerk it as fast as I could my old one, and I carried it at my right hip throughout my career as marshal. With it I did most of the six-gun work I had to do. My second gun, which I carried at my left hip, was the standard frontier model .45-caliber, single-action six-shooter with the seven and one-half inch barrel—the gun we called the Peacemaker."

In later years, as Bat Masterson spun yarns of his early association with Wyatt Earp, no tales of gun play, in Bat's opinion, offered such vivid pictures of his friend's courage and prowess as the recollection of certain affrays in which Wyatt went against the hand-picked bullies of the cow outfits with no other weapons than his two fists.

"Wyatt's speed and skill with a six-gun made almost any play against him with weapons, no contest," Bat once observed, in explaining his preference in Earp anecdotes. "Possibly there were more accomplished trick shots than he, but in all my years in the West at its wildest I never saw the man in action who could shade him in the one

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essential of real gun fighting—the draw-and-shoot against something that could shoot back.

"In a day when almost every man possessed as a matter of course the ability to get a six-gun into action with a rapidity that a later generation simply could not credit, Wyatt's speed on the draw was considered phenomenal by those who literally were marvels at the same feat, and his marksmanship at any range from four to four hundred yards was a perfect complement to his speed. On more than one occasion I have seen him kill coyotes at the latter distance with his revolver, and any man who ever has handled a six-gun will tell you that only a past master of the weapon could do that.

"Most of the old frontier gun wielders practiced daily to keep their gun hands in. I have known them to stand before mirrors, going through the motions of draw-and-shoot with empty guns for an hour at a time. Outdoors they were forever firing at tin cans, bottles, telegraph poles or any other targets that offered, and shooting matches for prestige and money stakes were daily events.

"In all the years that I was associated with Wyatt I never knew him to practice the draw beyond trying his guns in the holsters when he first put them on for the day, or slipping them once to make sure they were free when he was heading into a possible argument; and he seldom did any target work when there was no competition at hand.

"Wyatt had a keen sense of humor, and one of his favorite methods for its expression was to horn into the shooting matches at which the so-called fighting men were engaged. The way he'd outdo the best that the braggart gun throwers had to offer fairly burned those fellows up, and the casual manner with which he did it was not calculated to soothe any injured pride. But there was more than humor to this custom; it was Wyatt's quiet way of reminding the bad boys that against him they stood small chance. He was certain of that, and after he had made monkeys out of a few who went against him, the majority were willing to forgo additional argument.

"Wyatt was the most perfect personification I ever saw of the Western insistence that the true six-gun artist is born that way. A hundred Texas men, more or less, with reputations as killers, whom I have known, have started gun plays against Wyatt Earp, only to look into the muzzle of Wyatt's gun before they could get their own guns half drawn. Whereupon, if the gunman thought particularly well of himself, or had any sort of record as a killer, Wyatt would bend the long barrel of his Buntline Special around the Texan's head and lug him to the calaboose.

"In the old days, to buffalo a gun toter, as hitting him over the head with a gun was called, was to inflict more than physical injury; it heaped upon him a greater calumny than any other form of insult could convey. A man for whom a camp had any respect whatsoever was entitled to be shot at; so Wyatt took particular delight in buffaloing the gunmen who set great store by themselves.

"When circumstances made it necessary for Wyatt to shoot, he preferred disabling men rather than killing them. Offhand, I could list fifty gun fights in which Wyatt put a slug through the arm or the shoulder of some man who was shooting at him, when he might as certainly have shot him in the belly or through the heart. There were instances in which I thought Wyatt too lenient, when it would have been better for all concerned to have put some gunman completely out of business, then and there, and, what's more, I have told him so.

"'Didn't have to kill him,' Wyatt would answer, and that would be all he'd say."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Lake. The third will appear next week.

The Poets' Corner

Road Before Dawn

HOW many feet have passed this way,
Swift or careless, tired or gay,
Where the road runs palely into day?

How many lives have come and gone
Between these trees, past this gray stone,
At sun's death or the mountainy dawn?

Who heard a hidden wood thrush shake
Beauty out of the brook-edge brake
For wind and quiet water's sake?

Who, watching the flickering stars go dim
And the light reach up from the mountain rim,
Has thought of those come after him—

Of those who will follow to field or town,
Whether year be golden or year be brown,
All beating the breast of the dark earth down?
—*Frances M. Frost.*

The Thought

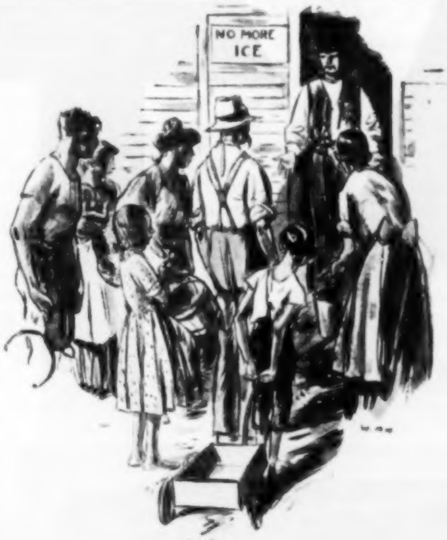
HOW many men have hymned the daffodil;
So many poets in the shining spring
That there is nearly nothing left to sing
In praise of that fair flower, when the hill
Facing most southwards feels the earliest thrill
Of April in the air, all echoing
With every song and bright with every wing.
Yet we will sing of it and praise it still.

And in its golden heart the lovely flower
Year after year has this one thought of man,
To which it clings unfrightened by his power
And unperturbed by all that he may plan:
And this the thought, "I was before he came,
And when he goes I shall be still the same."
—*Lord Dunsany.*

I Wanted Sunsets

I WANTED sunsets
With you;
And I had them alone;
Alone I knew
The sea's blue monotone;
Alone I felt the night ride by
Down a wide sky.
I wanted dawns, with you to feel them too.
I wanted you!

Across the miles, dear, won't you understand,
And reach across and touch my spirit's hand?
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*



1890's Great Ice Famine was a terrible thing . . .

•

But it showed people the magic of refrigeration

CALAMITIES are often blessings. 1890 brought "the great ice famine." The Country awoke, after its "warmest winter," to find the ice-crop from rivers and lakes half of normal.

By sizzling July, the supply in the ice-houses was down to its last melting cakes. Everywhere people fell ill of "summer complaint" . . . due to decomposed food. In the South, conditions grew appalling . . . wholesale souring of milk, spoilage of meat, rotting of vegetables.

In this crisis, people suddenly remembered those "new-fangled ice machines" which had been struggling for recognition through the past ten years. They saw water from city pipes frozen into solid ice. The blessing of man-made cold . . . refrigeration . . . was here, harnessed for every-day, all-year use.

Thus, the great ice famine of 1890 gave refrigeration its first great impetus. To a group of men at York, Pennsylvania, it was the dawn of their day. York-equipped ice plants began to dot the country. York engineers developed more and more uses for refrigeration. In their hands, it literally became a new magic.

From that day to this is only 40 years. Today, 59,000,000 tons of ice are produced yearly. 100,000 refrigerator cars carry fresh fruits and vegetables thousands of miles to city markets. Over 100 billion pounds of milk are distributed annually, all safeguarded by refrigeration. It would require more than 16 thousand tons of ice every day to equal the mechanical refrigeration used by the stockyard district of Chicago, alone.

Refrigeration has revolutionized processes in gasoline refineries, in chemical plants, in steel and rubber. It is now cooling and conditioning the air in theatres, factories and homes.

Most of these applications were pioneered and developed by York.

And, yet, the magic of refrigeration is only half explored. Cold is being made as useful as heat: What York has done is only a hint of what York will do.

Our research facilities are at your disposal for any commercial refrigerating problem or possibility.

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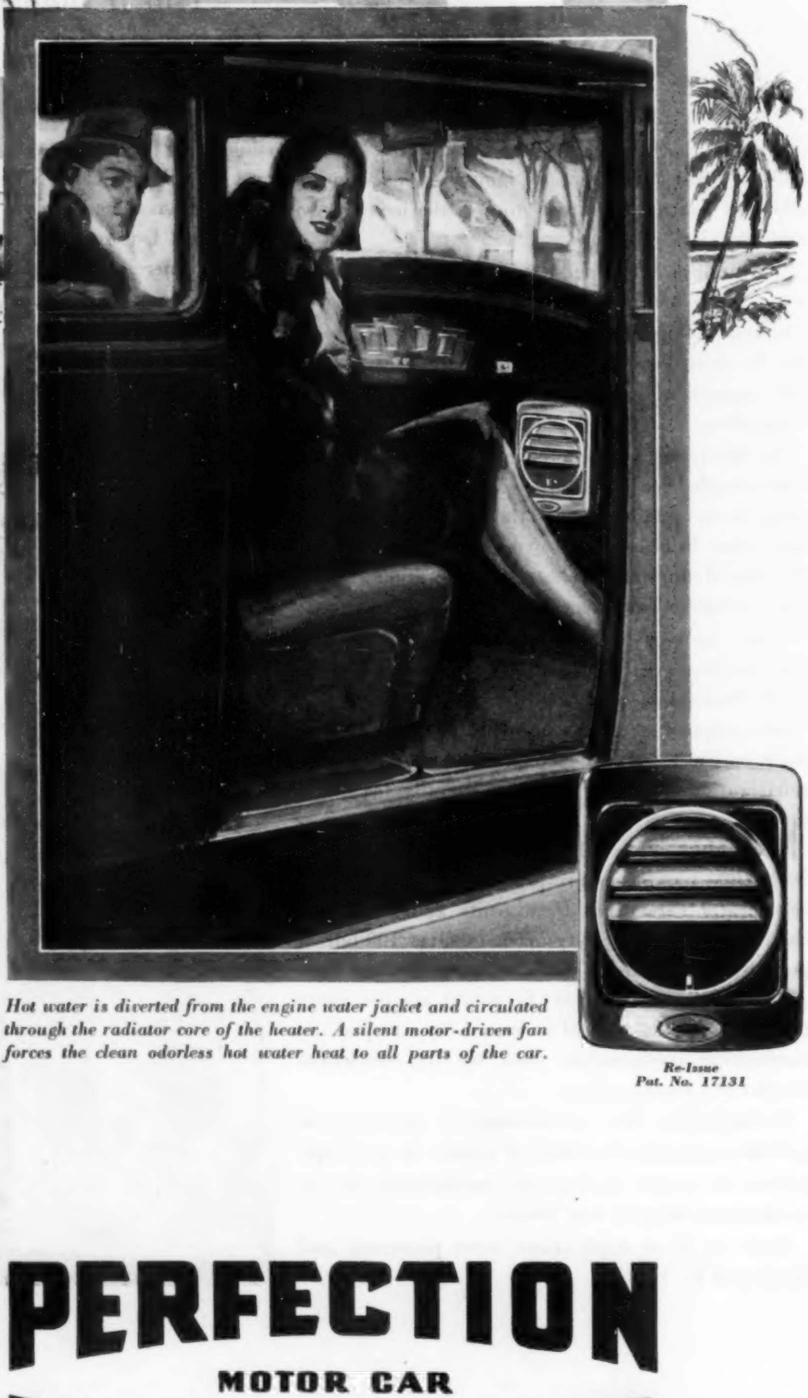
Engineering service obtainable from 71 direct factory branches in the U. S. A. and 20 foreign cities.

YORK
REFRIGERATION

HEAT



Hot water is diverted from the engine water jacket and circulated through the radiator core of the heater. A silent motor-driven fan forces the clean odorless hot water heat to all parts of the car.

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Hot water heat for your car on raw cold days . . .

- Even before the icy blasts of winter actually arrive, you'll appreciate the comforting warmth that the new Perfection Hot Water Heater pours into your car.
- Turn a button on the dash and this revolutionary heater goes to work—flooding your car with clean, wholesome, odorless, hot water heat.
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PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 21)

Bright insurance men crept up on the future with graphs and figures and probabilities. Insurance—that word which surely had no place in the vocabulary of pioneers and adventurers—became something to conjure with. Today it is a minor prophet and a major statistician, and if you are an arithmetical figure, it can tell you in a minute what is going to become of you. With unflagging industry it is continually devising new ways to get a little more security—of a practical sort, at least—into the future.

If we did not take it so for granted, we might see how amazing this vast caution of an incautious age is. The increasing provision for dependencies and responsibilities, just when the right to dependence is being sharply called into question; this gesture toward a financial perpetuity, even by those who are skeptical and pessimistic as to what lies ahead socially and politically; this endowment of old age by a generation which has put its backing on youth, has a strange and inconsistent look. There is something rather panicky about the general eagerness for safeguards against the future.

It almost seems as if this generation must have been badly frightened somewhere along the line. Not frightened only by the usual terrors of poverty and ill health and death but by something that even affects people who have never known any of these things at close range.

Today's Thought for Tomorrow

There are days when the future seems well able to look out for itself, hours when it stretches pleasantly ahead, less of a responsibility than an anticipation. But there are other times when an automobile accident, a chance meeting with a friend who shows signs of wear, the presence of an incapacitated man on the street, or the sight of some dreary woman alone with her chicken patty in a restaurant, can seem like a personal threat. Also, there are birthdays to make us uncomfortable.

Though we cannot be sure of having a tomorrow, we are afraid not to lay something by in case one turns up. This is a very complicated task, affecting the purse, the body, the emotions and the morals. How seriously each person takes it, depends on his natural wariness and forethought, as also, according to his conscience and devotion, does his attempt to provide for those who are dependent upon him or claim that they are.

The naturally provident and foolhardy go their inevitable ways. There is little use in trying to stop them unless one wishes to have an idle quarrel with temperaments. But how far can they go? I think that the subject of this inquiry—although it may trick me yet—is how much provision for the future it is actually possible to make. And interlocking that question is another one: Should the provision we make for tomorrow be like yesterday's provision for today? Do the old rules still hold, now that men and women are trying out new financial relations as well as new emotional ones? It used to be true that the future of a woman was in the great majority of cases dependent on that of a man—the future of her husband, her father, her nearest or favorite male relative or connection, whoever he might be and no matter what his disposition might be. Today more and more women are beginning to put their futures in their own names. It is the only honest thing to do, of course, if they are going to spend or invest the present as they choose. But it alters the face of things. For it seems almost certain that as men and women look ahead they will not see eye to eye or wish to wish.

I am quite sure that men regard the future more calmly than women do; with more self-possession and possibly more courage. But I am not going to give them much credit for that. In the first place, they have been in the habit of doing it for a longer time. In the second place, life does not hurry them along as it does women. The future gives them plenty of time. It does not threaten automatically to discredit many of their charms and abilities after a certain period. It is far more lenient to aging men than to aging women. Not only does it give men a longer period of youth but greater compensation for the lack of it.

The future of an unmarried man is much more alluring than that of an unmarried woman. There are obvious reasons why he is not so apt to be inhibited or self-conscious. He is usually in social demand over a greater length of time. He can draw on the tradition of the roving male and add to it the unsentimental philosophy of the modern bachelor. I know an unmarried man who has been having a pleasant life for years. He has lived at the most comfortable of clubs. He has attended hundreds of parties, and the dinners he has refused would probably have fed thousands. Through two generations he has been sought after as guest and host. He has earned a lazy living and made a reputable name for himself in the community. He has neither wife nor children, but that is a matter of his own choice, and when a friend warned him that when he got old he would have no one to look after him, he said, "I can always engage a good-looking nurse."

That is pretty cool and detached, and certainly not a romantic point of view, but no doubt it is fair enough. Nor is it so uncommon as to be freakish. Bachelors of one sort or another, those who have never married or who have been dismissed or freed from marriage, are constantly becoming more numerous. They are a wary lot, and they do not want to be trapped into responsibility for other people. They build up adequate lives which are neither morbid nor ascetic.

The Case for Selfishness

You can call them cold-blooded without worrying them, or say that they are antisocial without breaking them down. For though usually they will not talk about their beliefs, it is clear that they are permeated with the individualism which has been so advertised as an excellent philosophy. A future without close ties does not frighten them. Selfishness it may be, but there are those who can even make out a case for selfishness these days. It has its own claque. It is not under the black cloud of disapproval that used to hang over it, and though this is not the time to go into that, women have done a good deal to dispel the cloud. So, when he looks at his future, this type of man consults his tastes and his pocketbook, and together with them, builds up a plan for his life. He invests his money well, enjoys himself as he goes along, and, looking the future straight in the eye, asks for it a "good-looking nurse."

Of course, the ordinary man—the one who makes up the crowd and who is usually married and a father—is neither so sophisticated nor so concentrated on himself. When he considers provisions for the future he is thinking primarily in terms of the dollars and cents that will support it—of his stocks or bonds or properties; of the trust funds for his children; of what he calls, modestly or magnificently, his estate. The average man is a person of responsibility and would like to leave no loophole through which financial ill-fortune may creep. If he is able to do so he provides not only for a continuing income but for the contingencies of his death or disability; not only for the care of his dependents but against their incompetency or profligacy.

His major effort is to assure himself of a permanent income in proper ratio to his earning capacity. This sometimes takes all his energies and keeps his nose so firmly to the grindstone that he never looks up.

Easing Up on Responsibility

But most men do look up now and then. And when they do they are apt to look around and also ahead. They see that solvency is a thin cloak. It is not enough protection for the future. In addition to a reasonable amount of money, a man wants health, friends, affection, the gratification of ambition. He would like to have some interest to which he can tie his faculties and abilities when he can no longer work with the same industry which characterizes his youth and maturity. Even then he is not satisfied. He wants, consciously or not, a philosophy or a religion which will enable him to face the inherent decay in life without being too much shocked or discouraged when he feels it touch himself.

He wants, I think, rather more than the average man used to want, more for himself as an individual. It is natural that he should. That is an inevitable result of the beliefs apparently held by so many that this life is the best there is, or all there is; that the rewards of virtue are apt to be withheld; and that there is no punishment—at least none worse than missing something. It derives, too, from the fact that men have found out that women can take care of themselves and that the family unit is not so sacrosanct as it used to be. A great many men still object to these things or pretend that they do not believe them. But the facts are there, and they certainly affect the general psychology. Released just a little from the burden of carrying the future of others on their shoulders, or even when they see that such release is possible, married men find that the individualism which is common among bachelors colors their outlook too. I do not mean that they neglect their families or let their insurance policies lapse. But they look ahead to see what they, personally, can get out of life. They disentangle their own futures from those of other people—even those very dear to them—and regard them as separate entities. Men have found out that it is possible not only to prolong life but to make maturity and old age interesting and sometimes exciting. They see that

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Ten years of inspired pioneering, culminating now in the 1931 *life-time* model. Factory tests equal to 30 years home use show no noticeable wear on vital parts!

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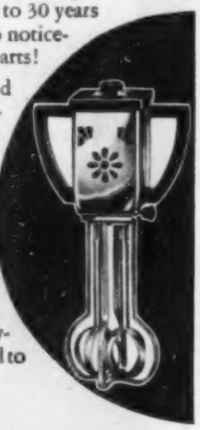
Not shackled to a stand . . . use it wherever needed . . . on the cabinet, stove, table . . . everywhere! Not limited to special size bowls.



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Its uses are nine times nine!

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How it saves aching arms, adds to leisure! And with it all, it is so beautiful! . . . Its stately grace lends a touch of distinction to any home.

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Provides juice for six . . . in a minute . . . no effort. Consists of an efficient extractor unit, using the power assembly of the 1931 Food Mixer. And the cost is but a few dollars.

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the future can be shaped to some extent according to taste and pleasure. It may be necessary to go on the shelf sooner or later, but there are ways of making the shelf very comfortable.

For one thing, it has become decidedly easier to insure good health. Coöperation between doctors and laymen, the growing practice of physical examinations, a good deal of sane, honest publicity about disease, the popularizing of sports and a dozen kindred tendencies have put physical well-being within the reach of most normal men.

They can not only maintain health but they can often combine their favorite interests with the maintenance of it and pick up friends and companions as they go along.

But that is not enough. A safety-deposit box full of insurance policies and safe bonds, a row of golf trophies and a doctor's assurance that a man is "good for thirty years yet" are not sufficient to provide for a future. Ability to play a good bridge game or a connoisseur's interest in pictures will not turn the trick. Nor will travel, which can so easily become wandering. All the work and all the play can go just so far, and then they may stop or go on without seeming to lead anywhere or mean anything. The future dies on people every now and then, like the engine in a stalled car. The motive runs down. Men become secretly depressed or openly ironic. In spite of all the financial and physical protection they can throw around their lives, there are many men who pass into maturity and through it without coming to satisfaction or having any sense of security. They do not seem to know what they are about. They do not know whether the future they are providing for began yesterday or will begin tomorrow. They are worried and disturbed as the days and years slip by, but all they seem to be able to do is to let them pass. Health is no better than wealth without a certain philosophical leaven, and a golf course can become as tiresome as an office. The complete skeptic, the out-and-out hedonist, and even the fundamentalist, are in better case than the man who does not know what he believes or whether he hopes. The future seems to creep up on him from behind.

When Tomorrow Comes

It is interesting to see what happens when men stop work or retire from business. Possibly that is the true test of whether a future has been properly provided for or not. It is, at any rate, one definite time when a man has to cash in on his preparations and show what he has put by. Sometimes men who are taken from their occupations or who let them go have nothing more to live for. The mechanism generated by work fails utterly in relaxation. Sometimes they become pathetic, suddenly aged men. Or they turn fatuous and garrulous, clutching at the skirts of other people's lives. It would be very discouraging if this were always so. But, fortunately, it is not. A man who retired a year or more ago from the presidency of a corporation came into a room where I happened to be the other day. The general prophecy about him had been that without his work, which had been absorbing for years, he would be lost. Whenever I had seen him before he had always had a harassed, driven look. But now he seemed entirely relaxed. His talk was amusing, and he had plenty of things to talk about. He was tanned from exercise and appeared very fit. Someone asked him what he found to do, now that he had given up business, and he said, "I'm loafing. I've always had the temperament of a loafer. But it took me some time to fix things so I could. I've never been so well adjusted in my life."

There are men who, when they are released from the necessity of earning a living, take life in a stronger, easier stride. They prove that it is possible to draw out of the intense personalness of living a serene and humorous impersonality. When it is necessary they can loosen their grip on human relations without becoming unsteady, or give them up without appearing to be diminished. I know a number of older men who are like that, and a great many younger ones who seem to be tending in that direction. They have no apprehension about the future, but they are looking out for it. They seem to know how to provide for it as they go along, financially, emotionally, mentally. But there are not so many women who give the same impression.

Women's Futures

Pity for women has gone out of fashion. But if there is an instance in which they deserve sympathy, it is when their futures are considered. The life of a normal man is like a rising curve. He plots it according to his ambitions and his abilities, and his emotional relations must be very strong or very disturbing to alter its direction. But the life of a woman is bound to come in epochs. In the usual case she is successively a maiden, a wife, a mother, a matron with grown children, and an older woman. Each of these states takes an almost complete readjustment of feelings and philosophy, and in any one of them her life may go off at a complete tangent, not because of her own wish but because of what happens to her family. Her future has always been contingent. To many women it is almost synonymous with how Bill gets on or how Johnny turns out. She has had in the past a great deal of responsibility for influencing other people's futures, but strangely little to say about her own.

It would be silly to exaggerate changes and make the claim that all this has been completely changed. Certainly it has not. Most women have not become independent of men. Nor do they want to be. And yet, with every year, it is becoming more clear that even domestic women—even very happily married ones—must look out for their own futures. Nobody else is going to do it for them, except perhaps financially. Women's futures are reverting to them for disposal, whether they like it or not.

The woman who goes to an office or a shop or a schoolroom every morning knows that. The mother who sends her children off to school glimpses it as she stops in the middle of the day and wonders what she is going to do with herself after a few years, and thinks rather jealously of what other women are doing. The one who knows that her husband is in love with another woman gets a clear view of what her future may be if she does not take it in hand. It does not matter what the occupation of a woman is or how it is hedged about with relationships. There really are no sheltered women any more. There is no way to shelter them from the new fears, from the new ambitions and the new discontents. That sense of being an individual, separate, lonely, set in a world which is full of challenge, comes to every contemporary woman sooner or later.

The woman who earns her own living and expects to go on doing so can estimate rather accurately what her future is apt to be. She understands her abilities and what they are worth in the open market. She knows how much money she can make in her particular field of employment and how much she must save in order to have a competency when she grows old. Up to a point she is in the same position as a man in the business world.

With reasonable luck she need not fear a destitute old age. The insurance companies have worked out schemes by which she can endow herself, buy herself an annuity. Safe bonds are offered to her on the installment plan. If she is a teacher, the pension system will take care of her. If she is employed by a large company, there is usually an insurance scheme which protects her if she is ill or disabled. As far as money goes, a competent, thrifty woman with earning power, whose responsibilities are not excessive, can take care of her own future.

If she prefers not to be competent and thrifty she may share the philosophy of a girl of whom I am very fond. She has nothing in the world but what she earns, and that she always spends before she has it in hand. She has no financial resources. Once when I was faintly troubled about her, although she is a delightfully untroubling person, I asked her if she didn't think she ought to save something in case she should lose her job and not get another. But she said, "Why bother? There'll always be scrubbing to do."

And so there will. The number of muddy boot tracks in the world can be a very reassuring thought. But it is not the scrubbing that will provide for that girl's future, though she may end by doing it. It is her attitude, the ease of mind which floats right on the top of fears and difficulties.

It's a Man's World

That, I appreciate, is what is called a talent for living, and everyone cannot expect to have it. The woman in industry or business or the professions does better to play safe, to buy what bonds she can, to get an endowment insurance policy and seek promotion and advancement. But here there is a catch too. A woman in the working world is supposed to be on the same basis as a man, but she has not so much chance to satisfy natural and reasonable ambition. She can push ahead, but usually only just so far, and rarely to the top. No matter how efficient she may be, she has not the same chance as a man to become an executive.

Teachers bear this fact out bitterly. If there are men students in a teachers' college the girls in the same class know that the men will become principals and even superintendents very shortly, while for the girls promotions come slowly and after great effort. The men are chosen to head schools just because they are men.

The same thing is true in almost every kind of business. Competent and conscientious women do a great deal of the work of the world, but people still prefer to see a man at the head of a business. Whether this is always justified, or ever justified, is beside the immediate point. But when women look ahead and plan their futures they know that they will probably always be employes rather than employers.

(Continued on Page 116)

Just Wires – but they mark a CENTURY OF PROGRESS

SUPPOSE every wire in the country were to be swept away this moment. In one stroke, we would all be plunged back nearly a century to the era of smoky kerosene or gas lamps, our factories silent, our skyscrapers almost worthless, our electric railway transportation stopped, our radio, electric refrigerator, washing machine and other appliances useless. No telephone or telegraphic services available. Business at a standstill.

Only a catastrophe such as this could bring home how much we rely on those small wires which are so common as to pass unnoticed. Through them flows the substance which turns the wheels of industry, lightens home labors, creates our means of communication, transports us and makes our streets and homes safe and beautiful with light.

Economy and efficiency require the use of pole supports for the wires. It is to these poles that Union Metal has, for years, turned its attention in an effort to develop a support so strong that street lighting equipment, trolley span wires, distribution lines and other services might be combined on one pole and yet so harmonious in design as to lend beauty and dignity to the finest avenues.

How well this result has been achieved can be judged from this fact. Utilities throughout the country—always on the alert for equipment correct in engineering principle and which meets with public approval—are keeping Union Metal plants operating twenty-four hours a day to take care of the demand.

We shall be glad to supply full information on Union Metal Fluted Steel Distribution Poles to anyone interested in improved street appearance.

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You need no experience to succeed

(Continued from Page 114)

They know that their positions and their success depend on maintenance of health, continuation of competency and on survival of competition. They know that when they get older they will find things constantly harder for them. Unattractive, elderly women in offices have to make up by extra ability for not being decorative.

There is plenty of sex in business life, even if its manifestations are not so highly dramatized as the movies would have us believe. The survival of man's authority over woman may quite possibly last longer in the office than in the home. And men often use that authority without much gallantry. The women in their offices are not wives or guests or relatives. They are employes, and if women in offices get on men's nerves, men can get rid of them, and do.

It is not surprising that so many women who work feel that their business and professional futures are uncertain, and that many of them are not worth the having. If their occupations interest them, give their minds and imaginations some scope and surround them with pleasant associations, they are in luck. For most of the jobs and positions that women hold offer little more than a livelihood.

Storing Dreams for the Future

And yet it is amazing how much women plan ahead and that so many of them put something by besides money and insurance for their futures. They must begin with those, for the dread of disease lies deep in every woman's heart, and she needs to be fortified against it. But she does not stop there. She wants to get more out of life, and the cheering thing is that if she is persistent she usually manages to do it. All those tens of thousands of middle-aged and elderly spinsters who go to Europe cheaply in the summer and travel about to exhaustion are providing for their futures. Or perhaps they are really having their futures. In any case, they are storing something up—a little history, a sense of the greatness of the past, a few of the traditions of living—all those things which will help to put them in proper relation to the world.

Women who earn money do not all go to Europe. Nor do they all go cheaply. Some have a great deal of money to spend. Some have to get their philosophy out of cheap movies. But there are very few working women who let one day follow another without looking to see where they are going. Very often they look with apprehension. But they go ahead none the less, because they must, and quite courageously they do what they can to prepare themselves for what lies ahead.

These are the women who are gainfully employed, as the census classifies them. But how about the housewives and mothers, all the women who depend on some man to earn a living for them and never have their own lives insured? Their futures are supposed to be a little more secure. Perhaps that is one reason why women have clung to marriage so desperately, even when it treats them badly. For it promises security, even when it does not make good on its promise. The law and good taste and convention all agree that wives and mothers should be taken care of and that their futures should be provided for.

But, although she may be sheltered and fed, the married woman faces the problem of her future with less equipment than the independent woman. She is supposed to be part of a permanent organization, though it is true that at any moment she may become a widow and even be turned out, through serious mischance, to make a new place in the world for herself. Gruesome though the thought may be, it would be a far safer world for women if every wife occasionally faced the idea of widowhood. She would see then what every man faces, what every business woman who is past the age when she believes that every man who comes into the office is a potential husband knows—that just what she is herself is all the material she will have to work with for the rest of her life; that her future is really her own business, no matter how much insurance her husband may be carrying. There is something very wholesome in that appraisal of oneself as an individual. But it would make the average married woman shiver. She would see how little she was storing up and how stark her life would be, stripped of its close personal relationships.

Yet all those relationships are becoming constantly more unreliable. Quite conservative people are heard questioning the vitality of the family unit. Children break away from it at an earlier age than they used to. Husbands, even when they are faithful, are not so devoted. There is serious and thoughtful discussion of whether sentimentality has not carried the association of adults in family life too far. All these things are in the air; and in the air, too, is that individualism which I have mentioned before, affecting both men and women, and encouraging them to stand alone.

It is, I am quite sure, women who have the most serious problem in this matter of providing for the future. With men it is only a matter of going a little farther along the old paths. A great many responsibilities are being lifted from their shoulders, but they are being put upon women. And women have to break new ground. The future, for them, is problematic, and they know it. That is why they are all so eager for security and why the hope for it comes readily to so many lips.

Each Hour Shapes the Next

Money is necessary, but it cannot turn the trick. One has only to look at the faces of some rich widows to be sure of that. One sees them driving up and down the streets in limousines, waiting to die and shopping for a spool of thread in the meantime. If experience has meant anything to women, proved anything at all, it must be that the personal relation, precious and beloved as it may be, is likely to fail them and that they will have nothing to go on unless they can find satisfaction also in some impersonal relationship—work, thought, religion or philosophy. The interest that develops and fills the mind, the work that is capable of development, is the safest provision they can make for the future.

And when does one begin to provide for the future? I suppose the best place is at the beginning. The Jesuits have always said that the first seven years were the formative period. Some psychologists give us a little longer, and some a little less. But the earlier the start, the better it must be. For the present was the future until we caught up with it, and each hour shapes the next. We can never make the future honestly promise us security, but if provision for it is made early enough, there will be less shock in it, little disillusion and no fear.

GERMANY GOES TO EXTREMES

(Continued from Page 9)

Germany would win the war. Hugenberg was a friend and a protagonist of the Kaiser, and he felt that the kind of support that the Scherl journals afforded would be of conspicuous service to the then All Highest. He persuaded the Krupps to buy the Scherl outfit. Furthermore, he had himself installed as general manager.

Now began the new Hugenberg career as newspaper overlord which has given him the title of the Northcliffe of Germany. This title is not entirely borne out by the facts however. Like Northcliffe, Hugenberg is a powerful newspaper proprietor, but the parallel ends here. The German made himself head of a political party, while the Briton scrupulously kept aloof from partisan entanglements. He took sides only when a great national issue such as conscription was the storm center. In addition, Northcliffe was a big-visioned journalist. On occasion he could report a battle with the best of them. Hugenberg is merely an owner of periodicals, bending them to his political will. The entire Scherl string of papers eventually fell into Hugenberg's possession. They include the Lokal Anzeiger and Der Tag, two of Berlin's most powerful dailies. His only rivals are the Ullsteins. The newspapers are only one string to the Hugenberg bow. The ex-steel master acquired the Wolff Telegraph Bureau, which is the Associated Press of the Reich, serving 1700 provincial papers. To these agencies he added the UFA film concern, the largest in Germany, controlling practically 80 per cent of German film production and distribution.

Such was the arsenal for the molding of public opinion that Hugenberg placed behind his political creation, the Nationalist People's Party, more popularly known as the Nationalists. It became the bulwark of the Right section in parliament. Its particular targets since 1924 have been the Versailles Treaty, the Dawes Plan and the Locarno Pact. Failing to dislodge them, Hugenberg found an objective in the Young Plan. On it he concentrated every force at his command.

Warring With Plebiscites

The warfare on reparations evoked a new method of procedure for him. With the aid of the National Socialists, who are the German Fascisti and the extreme Right in the category of parties, he secured enough signatures to a petition for a plebiscite on the Plan. To strengthen his position he introduced the so-called Freedom Law Bill, which repudiated the peace treaties and the Young Plan, and called for the impeachment for high treason of all ministers who had signed reparations agreements. The bill was defeated on November 30, 1929, by a vote of 312 to 80. Some of Hugenberg's principal lieutenants absented themselves from the session. It was the first defection from his ranks.

Hugenberg then carried out the plebiscite on the Young Plan. The popular referendum, held on December twenty-second, showed that the great mass of the German people were not in sympathy with the repudiation idea, only 6,000,000 votes being cast. Since the approval of 21,000,000 electors was necessary to carry the measure, it failed signally. This crushing defeat indicated the handwriting on the wall for the arch reactionist. The Nationalist revolt on the Freedom Law Bill was soon to develop into a movement for the organization of a new party that sapped the Hugenberg strength.

Once the legislative decks were cleared of the Young Plan, Chancellor Mueller's troubles began in earnest. They revolved about the problem which has been the nemesis of practically every administration since the Armistice. It is summed up in one word—budget.

During the inflation period, when the purchasing power of the mark slumped between your soup and dessert, a German Finance Minister had a good alibi. It was almost impossible to control the wild horses of fluctuation. With the advent of the Dawes Plan and the attendant stabilization of the mark, this alibi passed. The opportunity offered itself to reorganize the finances of the Reich on a sound and economical basis. But this program still remains elusive. In the failure to bring about an adequate balance between revenue and expenditure lies the reason for the undoing of the administration in July. It made temporary financial measures by decree mandatory.

The Spendthrift Reich

From the day that he took office S. Parker Gilbert, the Agent General of Reparations, admonished the Reich to reform its financial ways. He maintained, as did every other dispassionate alien observer, that there could be no hope of budgetary equilibrium and, through it, sound credit conditions for the Reich in the money markets of the world, until drastic economy was enforced.

Between 1926 and 1929 Reich expenditures exceeded revenues by 2,445-000,000 reichsmarks, or $611,250,000. Half of this was entailed during 1928–29. Each finance ministry passed the buck of a constantly increasing shortage to its successor and renewed the burden of taxation.

One reason for the drain on the German budget lies in the system—or lack of it—of financial relationship between the Reich, the states and the communes. The Reich collects the major taxes, such as income, corporation income, turnover and property levies. The local taxes imposed by the various units of the Reich include stamps, wine, church and school taxes and licenses on various commercial undertakings. The states, therefore, have no responsibility for the onus of collecting the big taxes, but can play fast and loose with the spending. This provisional arrangement, regarded at the start as merely a stop-gap, has continued from year to year despite Gilbert's constant warnings to stabilize the system.

As 1930 events proved, the inadequate fiscal arrangement was a minor note in the larger confusion. The Mueller government fell on March twenty-seventh of this year because of its failure to solve the problem of unemployment insurance. With this, we reach the most pressing, perhaps, of all the existing German financial issues and the one which also undermined the Bruening administration in July.

After the German panic of 1925, when the unemployment figures were lower than they had been at any time since the Armistice, it was confidently expected that the figure would be kept, at the worst, under the 1,000,000

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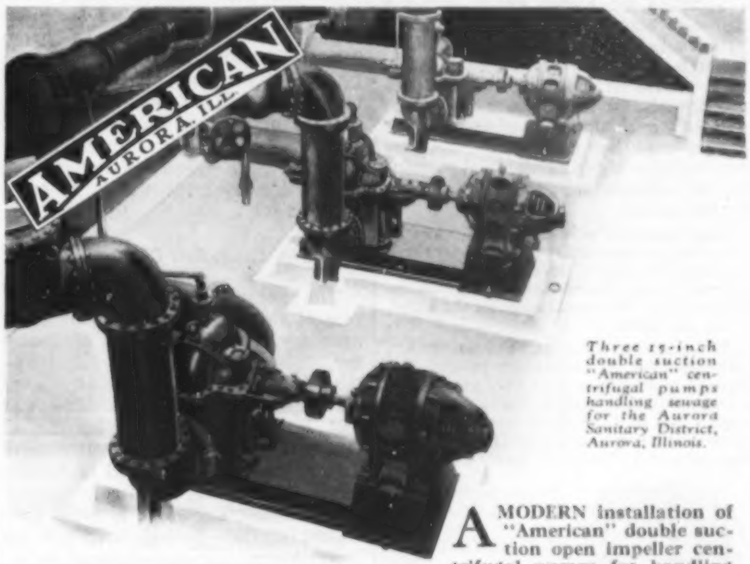

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mark. Instead, as has been the case in Great Britain, they have steadily increased, until they reached 2,750,000 in February, 1930. By the first of July the dole was being received by about 2,500,000 persons. It is almost impossible to get the exact number out of work, because in Germany many thousands of unemployed get free rent and other perquisites, although their names are not on the exchange registers.

In seeking the sources of unemployment you find a curious difference as compared with the state of affairs in Great Britain, which staggers under a roster of 2,000,000 idle. Hundreds of thousands of John Bull's unemployed are on the dole because antiquated production methods make it impossible for British manufacturers to compete with our mass output. More than 200,000 coal miners have been out for years, and will remain out unless they acquire a new trade. In Germany, on the other hand, rationalization of industry, which eliminated waste effort and coördinated plants representing the last word in efficiency, has thrown thousands out of jobs. A further contributory factor is, of course, the worldwide business depression, which has its repercussion in Germany.

Under the basic German unemployment insurance act the cost of insurance is divided between compulsory contributions of both employers and workers. At the outset the maximum payments were 3 per cent of wages, one-half being recruited from each wing. The list of unemployed began to grow so fast that this had to be increased to 3½ per cent. When the last budget—which proved fatal to the Bruening régime—was offered, the percentage was advanced to 4½.

All this means that Germany's expenditures for social relief have advanced by leaps and bounds. From 259,000,000 marks—$61,642,000—in 1924-25 they grew to 1,345,000,000 marks—$320,011,000—in 1929-30. It became increasingly impossible to keep the unemployment-insurance fund on anything like a self-sustaining basis. It was really insolvent when the crisis came in July.

The Sack-Suit Chancellor

The unemployment burden was only part of the larger picture of financial necessity. Rationalization of industry, the need for public works and the rehabilitation of the railways have all required huge sums. The war and inflation denuded Germany of mobile capital. Her only alternative was to borrow. The flood of foreign money, principally American—including factories, our stake is more than $3,000,000,000—helped to make the historic economic come-back of the republic possible, but it did not solve the national financial problem by a long shot.

When Chancellor Mueller tried to fund the growing unemployment debt he faced a parliamentary deadlock. His only alternative was to resign. Heinrich Bruening, leader of the Center Party, became his successor as head of the inevitable coalition—this time a conservative-bourgeois aggregation. Bruening came to be known as the "sack-suit chancellor," because in public he was never known to wear anything but black business clothes. Julius Curtius, who had succeeded Stresemann as Minister of Foreign Affairs, kept his post. Curtius, by the way, is the only foreign minister of a first-class European power who saw front-line service during the World War. He was attached to an artillery brigade for four years.

The new government's outstanding task was to bring in a new budget. Since it marked an epoch in German politics and evoked the dictatorship, its high spots are well worth reviewing. Furthermore, practically all its vital provisions were subsequently enacted by decree and were in force when the election took place.

In an effort to bring about a balance in the budget—the deficit was now 760,000,000 marks, or about $185,000,000—a 2½ per cent emergency-sacrifice levy was made on salaries of higher officials. A second provision was a 5 per cent increase on the income tax of salaries of more than 8000 marks—that is, about $1920. A head tax and a tax on all beverages, whether soft or hard, sold in licensed establishments, were further imposed. The most picturesque tax of all, however, was a surtax on the incomes of bachelors and spinsters.

The Bachelor Pays

The bachelor tax is no innovation. It has often been resorted to in France and is in effect in Italy, where it is part of Mussolini's pet policy to force marriage and build up a huge population. So far as France is concerned, the bachelor tax goes back hundreds of years. The great Duke of Burgundy found it quite a profitable source of revenue. In his day the bachelor, as a wit once observed, "found it cheaper to go to the state treasury than to go to the altar." The same may hold true in contemporary Germany.

The budget revised the unemployment insurance law by seeking to reduce the drain on the national treasury through dole allowances. It provided for a fund to be raised in part by loans by the Reich and in part by increasing the employer and worker contributions to the unemployment reserve. It specified that the dole allowance be reduced.

Such were the principal recommendations which Herr Dietrich, who had succeeded Doctor Moldenhauer in the thankless task of Finance Minister, placed before a Reichstag seething with revolt. The bachelor tax failed to draw any fire, because most of the parliamentarians were experienced husbands, with large and growing families, and therefore immune. The spinsters maintained a spinsterlike aloofness on the subject.

What rode the Reichstag the hardest, perhaps, was the increase in the income tax on the one hand and the indicated reduction of the dole on the other. When all is said and done, Germany today is a preponderantly socialistic country. Any attempt to infringe upon the worker's rights—in this case it happened to be the nonworker—was regarded as little short of treason.

The worst parliamentary tangle that Germany had ever known now developed. This is saying a great deal when you consider that the Reichstag which passed out on July seventeenth—it was the fourth in the history of the republic—was a windjamming center from the start. Delay and demagoguery were its middle names. The same circumstances which brought about the fall of Chancellor Mueller in April led to the undoing of Bruening. He escaped defeat only by invoking a dictatorship.

The Social Democrats—the strongest of the German political parties—were now in the opposition. In order to get the financial program over, Bruening began to flirt with both the Right and the Left. It was the Right side which counted most, because Hugenberg, as you saw, had entered the last Reichstag with seventy-eight members. The defections due to his Young Plan attitude depleted his ranks, but he still held the balance of power. Hence his coddling by the Chancellor.

But Hugenberg wanted more than coddling. When the budget was proposed he demanded an official member of the Nationalist Party in the cabinet. He also tried to break up the coalition with the Socialists in Prussia, to make way for a Right Center government there. Bruening refused to accede to these requests and an impasse followed.

In ordinary legislative circumstances, history would now repeat itself with the fall of the cabinet and the formation of a new government. But the ascetic, sack-suited Bruening is made of stern stuff. He felt that further prolongation of the financial crisis would mean economic disaster. He knew his Reichstag. He, therefore, went to Hindenburg with the suggestion that Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution be invoked. One section of this article reads:

> The President, in the event that public security and order in the German nation should be seriously disturbed or endangered, may take all necessary measures to reëstablish such public security and order, and, if required, to intervene with the aid of armed power.

Hindenburg took advantage of this emergency measure. He embodied the government revenue provisions in presidential decrees. Under the constitution they had to be submitted to the Reichstag. The Social Democrats moved to rescind them and the motion was carried by a vote of 236 to 221. Hugenberg turned the tide with fifteen votes—the remnant of his Right.

Germany Under a Dictatorship

Hindenburg again availed himself of Article 48 and dissolved the Reichstag. It made him, for all practical purposes, the dictator of Germany. It did more than this, however. It menaced the legend that had grown up around the grizzled field marshal. This legend not only invested him with Siegfried qualities but disclosed him also as a grand old figure about which beat the tides of politics without contamination. His policy of "passive objectivity," as it has been called, reconciled reactionaries and labor. For the first time in his five years as president the octogenarian warrior definitely allied himself in a political complication. To his credit it must be said that he had no alternative in the circumstances.

A second point of interest in connection with the dictatorship was that it reflected the farsightedness of the framers of the Weimar Constitution. Alone among similar instruments of leading republican nations, it provides what is in effect a dictatorship with the assent of parliament. At Weimar the lawmakers departed from prevailing government models and created a structure of government peculiarly adaptable to the realities of German politics—that is, politics which simmers with myriad parties. It makes for what is in every sense a constitutional dictatorship. Furthermore, it stipulates that a general election must be held within sixty days after dissolution and that the new parliament must meet a month afterward.

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 118)

Hindenburg assumed no arbitrary powers. He merely moved to get action on executive financial measures which had been blocked by dog-in-the-manger partisan politics. The dictatorship was promulgated only to bridge the gap between the dissolution of the Reichstag and the election to determine a new government.

Article 48 has rarely been invoked in Germany. Ebert, the saddler who became first president of the republic, employed it in the early days of his régime to quell disorder when the "aid of armed power" was highly useful. Until the events of last July, Hindenburg had used it seven times, but only to abolish emergency laws which had outlived their usefulness. The latest application was by far the most drastic and far-reaching, because it involved the national budget and led to the dissolution of the Reichstag.

To return to the sequence of German events, the way was now clear to get the financial measures over by once more employing Article 48. On July twenty-sixth, and for the first time since the days of Bismarck, a German budget—it included the principal provisions that I have outlined—was enacted into law without the consent of the Reichstag. Bismarck's achievements in this direction were to obtain increased appropriations for armaments. Bruening's effort was to secure financial life blood for the entire country, with national defense an incidental item. Germany's army is now restricted to 100,000 men and is a volunteer force. Bulwarking it are the national police, who number 150,000. There is a very small navy to fly the ensign that once symbolized sea power.

The ink on the dissolution decree was scarcely dry before a grand reshuffling of party forces began. The hammer-and-tongs din of bitter, partisan, Reichstag conflict was succeeded, figuratively, by a no less fierce clatter of hammer and nails in the erection of political fences. Old alignments went into the discard and new ones rose up.

The New Parties

The most striking shift resulted from the split among the Nationalists. You will recall that some of Hugenberg's chief lieutenants side-stepped the vote on the Freedom Law Bill, making the first rift in the Nationalist lute. These men were Cap. Gottfried Treviranus, who had been Minister of the Occupied Territories, Count Kuno von Westarp, and Dr. Martin Schiele, who had been conspicuous in the movement for agricultural reform. Under their initiative emerged an entirely new party, recruited from the left wing of the old Nationalist and called the People's Conservative Party. The group came under the category of Tory Democrats. The name indicates its proclivities. No sooner was the party organized than a speech by Treviranus caused a flutter in the foreign offices in Paris and Warsaw. He recommended that the eastern frontiers of Germany should be adjusted through revocation of the Polish corridor to the sea. The corridor cuts through East Prussia. To restore it to Germany would mean revision of the Versailles and other treaties. I refer to the suggestion because it became a campaign issue.

The other new party was reared out of the wreckage of the old Democratic Party, the Young German Order and a section of the People's Party. In German it is designated as the *Staatspartei*, which means State Party. In reality it is the Constitutional Party, seeking to revive German liberalism as it existed prior to the war. The Young German Order was composed of the progressive youth, which gives the entity force and vigor. Unlike the old-line Nationalists, the State Party declared itself for the Weimar Constitution, the integrity of the republic, financial and electoral reform, and a conciliatory foreign policy. So much for the new parties.

In visualizing the entire German party system you have a condition which does not obtain in any other country. Ordinarily—France is an example—you can chart the parties in the form of a semicircle beginning with the right and swinging around to the left. In Germany, the parties are so numerous and so varied that you are forced to describe a complete circle. Hence the extreme right reaches bang up to the extreme left. This is more than a mere physical alignment for purposes of demonstration. On various occasions the extreme Right and extreme Left have united for the same end—notably the destruction of the republic. Putting it in another way, Germany is the only country which has a radical Right and a radical Left. This sounds inconsistent, but it is, nevertheless, true.

The Man Without a Country

It is difficult to know where the Right begins because two groups are closely parked in that area. One is composed of the National Socialists—the German Fascists—who are more commonly known as the Hitlerites. This is because their organizer and leader is Adolf Hitler, who outreactions Hugenberg.

Hitler, who is forty-one and an architect by profession, was born in Austria. He lost his Austrian citizenship when he volunteered in the German Army at the outbreak of the World War. With peace, he began his campaign against the republic, which has continued ever since with one interruption. That interruption came in 1923, when, in conjunction with General Ludendorff, he staged the famous Bavarian *putsch* which sought to overthrow the Berlin régime. The revolt, which started in a Munich beer hall, was put down within twenty-four hours and Hitler was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. After serving a year, he received a pardon because the government thought his fangs had been pulled. Hitler, however, set to work to reorganize his forces with Mussolini as the inspiration. He is a brilliant and forceful orator, and has made a strong appeal to women. The huge vote that his party polled in the last election is largely attributed to the support of the feminine element. Hitler's activities against the republic have made it impossible for him to become a German citizen. Hence he is known throughout Germany as the "man without a country." Although heading the second largest party in the Reich, he is debarred from sitting as member in the new Reichstag.

Since the National Socialists have made the biggest gains—they increased their Reichstag strength from 12 to 107 seats—a résumé of their mandate is in order. They may be said to represent the extreme Pan-German ideal. Their platform calls for immediate unification of Germany and Austria, abrogation of the Young Plan, restoration of the German colonies, a military force equal to any in Europe, nationalization of trusts and socialization of industry, and a nationwide campaign to

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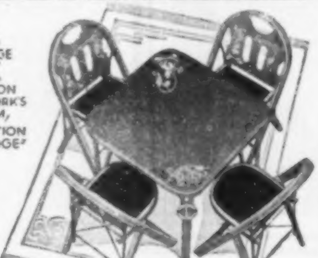

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Your DOG

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SAUSAGE

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Opener

Works Like Magic!

AGENTS
Men and Women have made up to $6 and $8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE TEST Offer.

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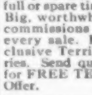
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by CHRISTMAS Between now and Christmas Process salespeople (men and women) can make up to $10 and $15 a day in spare time taking orders for our nationally known line of Christmas Greeting Cards, imprinted with customer's name and greeting. Sensational new "Snow-Ball" Sales Plan brings *immediate* earnings. Commissions daily in cash, plus monthly bonuses and prizes.

We supply Free Sales Outfit. No experience needed. Write, stating experience (if any) and time available.

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DEPT. 913-E TROY AT 21ST STREET CHICAGO

To be sure your hair is always presentable and free from dandruff...use
GLO-CO
Unscented
LIQUID
HAIR-Dressing

disfranchise or drive all the Jews from Germany. Other provisions are the exploitation of the land for the common good, the death penalty for usurers, the expulsion of all non-Germans from Germany so long as unemployment exists, the confiscation of all department stores by the state, and the abolition of unearned income. Behind all this lies the larger idea of a dictatorship of the Mussolini brand, administered with the mailed fist. The Hitlerites practiced strong-arm methods throughout the campaign.

The other extremist Right wing is made up of the remnants of Hugenberg's old Nationalists. It is frankly monarchical in policy and has worked incessantly to undo all the foreign undertakings entered into by Stresemann. You have already seen that it is opposed to the Young Plan and any other kind of reparation payments. The extreme Left flank is held by the Communists, who vow allegiance to the Third International, with world social revolution as the objective. It stands unalterably for a dictatorship of the proletariat.

Turning to the moderates—the issue in the election was between them and the extremists—you have, first of all, the Social Democrats, who still constitute the strongest party in the Reich. They correspond to the British Labor Party in principle and policy. Next comes the People's Party, which may be likened to the Republican Party in the United States. It stands for high tariffs and international understanding, and has the support of most of the big industrialists. Third is the Center Party and its by-product, the Bavarian People's Party. The Center Party is the hub around which most of the German governments since 1919 have revolved. The Economic Party is out-and-out bourgeois, and friendly to the republic.

Modern Electioneering

This varied list of major parties would have been bad enough, but the situation was complicated by many minor ones. When the lists closed on September first, exactly twenty-four parties or individual groups had qualified for a place on the official ballot.

Among the incidental parties were the Landlords and Householders; Tenants; Workingmen's; German Cultural; Sport and Gymnast; the Anti-Alcohol—which shows that Germany does not lack a dry element—the Free Union of Artisans, Craftsmen and Retailers; the Federal Party of the Unemployed, and the National Minorities of Germany.

The last-named group aspired to representation for the Germans remaining in the ceded areas like the part of Upper Silesia which was given to Poland. A League for the Protection of Bachelors, which had a party status, lined up everybody opposed to the surtax on the unmarried.

The circumstance of dissolution, the new political affiliations and the vital issues combined to make the campaign the most hectic in the history of the twelve-year-old Reich. American electioneering methods were employed to the limit. The rival parties used aeroplanes, radios, loud-speakers, films, gramophones and electric signs. Each party had a distinct propaganda scheme. The Social Democrats, for instance, engaged fleets of aeroplanes, which they called "storm birds." These machines flew all over Germany, dropping Socialist pamphlets. Hugenberg had a talking film made of himself which was shown in all the UFA theaters. The really big noise was made by the National Socialists. They injected the terrorist element by sending motor truckloads of armed men—they were called shock troops—into the poorer districts of the big cities to intimidate the voters. In Berlin these parades were often fired upon by Communists posted on housetops. Pitched battles ensued.

Violence prevailed everywhere, especially in Berlin, Hamburg and Munich. When the casualty list was footed up on the night before the election, it showed that 6 persons had been killed, 165 wounded, 851 imprisoned, and 3000 temporarily jailed.

The Fascists were responsible for a unique innovation. A large gathering, mostly women, assembled in a leading Berlin movie theater to hear a talking film by Chancellor Bruening. The picture had scarcely got under way when the air was filled with loud feminine shrieks, followed by a wild rush to the doors. It developed that Fascists had loosed a small army of white mice, with terrifying results. The rodents had been smuggled into the theater in the pockets of the disturbers. The desired effect was accomplished.

The German Paradox

In contrast, election day was calm. It did not result from the fact that it was held on Sunday, as all German general elections are. The same, by the way, is true of France. It was probably because the Germans had got all the tumult out of their systems and set about the business of voting in their usual placid manner. Nearly 90 per cent of a total electorate of 40,000,000 voted for 7600 candidates, 600 of whom were women.

When all is said and done, the fundamental issue was between constitutionalism as expressed in the Weimar instrument and dictatorship of the drastic type. This meant that the fate of the parliamentary system and the stability of German democracy were at stake. It was generally expected that both the extreme Right and the extreme Left would make gains. No one anticipated the strength that these elements registered at the polls.

The various minor parties brought the strength of the new Reichstag up to 576 members instead of 491, as obtained in the last. This was because of the huge vote, which totaled nearly 36,000,000. Each party is entitled to one seat for every 60,000 votes which it cast.

It is not difficult to explain the swing to the two extremes, for it represents the usual German political paradox. In Great Britain or France an election may make for a trend in one of these directions—that is, either to the Left or to the Right. The Germans went to both. In the past these forces have combined for destructive effort, and this history may repeat itself. Herein lies the danger to the republic, to the Young Plan and to the foreign policy of conciliation which Stresemann achieved at the price of his life.

There is no doubt that a considerable part of the new extremist strength was recruited from the youth of Germany. For the first time they got their minds off sports and turned to serious matters. What was called a new *furor Germanicus* was injected into the campaign. It was galvanized by the vitality of young men. Soured on the old leadership which had failed to give them work, they were willing to take any desperate chance to bring about a

Look for the funny fat man on the red box

Hoarseness

Bunte Cough Drops make the voice smooth and relieve the unpleasant sensation. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS
MENTHOL
HOREHOUND
5¢
COUGH DROPS

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CHICAGO

"See what I've been doing, Mary, while waiting for you"

Do Your Own DRY CLEANING AT HOME ***this new safe way***

1st. ***Rokor saves big cleaning bills***

2nd. ***Rokor SAFETY Fluid is non-explosive***

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FOR THE EYE...
COMFORT FOR THE FOOT

STYLE and smartness to please the eye, snug fit and comfort so necessary to the foot. BOND STREET Spats combine these essentials so expertly...it is quite evident to discriminating men why this fine English designed anklewear has become the nation's synonym for high grade spats. Your shoe dealer or haberdasher has them. The Williams Mfg. Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

FOOTBALL FANS—Tune in the BOND STREET Football Broadcasts every Friday—6.30-7.00 P. M. (E. S. T.) over Stations WLW, WOR, WMAQ. Hear Coach Roper, of Princeton, October 31; Coach Zuppke, of Illinois, November 7.

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Almost any foot is a normal foot for
$5
$6
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Shoes for Women
AAAAA to EEE - SIZES 1 to 12

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Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

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Maybe it's a little early for winter sports—but it's just the right time to start earning the prizes you need. Curtis boy salesmen can earn skates, skis, sleds—more than 300 prizes—in addition to steady cash profits! Talk it over with Dad, then make your start by mailing the coupon below. We'll coach you to succeed!

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I want to earn money and prizes. Send my first copies and full instructions quickly.

Your name .... *Age* ....
Street .... *Town* .... *State* ....
I am glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.
Signature of parent ....

change. The Communists' gains are directly attributable to Red exploitation of the unemployment situation—a procedure which, in all likelihood, will be duplicated in the next British general election.

The life of the Bruening government, which carried on during the constitutional dictatorship, depends upon the frame-up when the new Reichstag convenes on October thirteenth. At the time I write this paragraph, which is two days after the election, the indications are that the moderates may save the day with the inevitable coalition, this time as a socialist-bourgeois combine instead of the conservative-bourgeois fusion such as the Bruening régime is. In order to carry on, it will be necessary for the Chancellor to unite the Center, People's, Socialist, Economic, State and Bavarian People's parties, which would give him a total of 303. Arrayed against them would be the 107 Fascist obstructionists with their rule-or-ruin policy, the seventy-six rioting Communists, and the forty-one die-hard Nationalists, making 224 in the uncompromising opposition. It is possible that the eighteen seats of the Farmers' League and the five of the Conservatives may join with the combined Left and Right. Though agreeing with Bruening on foreign policy, there is a sharp difference on domestic issues, especially with regard to unemployment insurance. Even without this support, Bruening and moderation would be in the saddle. All this, however, is mere speculation. The future is on the lap of highly uncertain gods.

The political turmoil just described was not unaccompanied by general economic hardship. Germany has felt the effects of the international commercial reaction, but throughout it reimpressed her astonishing material vitality. While the Reichstag wrangled over the budget, she went up to second place among world exporters, displacing Great Britain.

Germany's Industrial Health

This means that despite the potentialities for unrest which lurk in the post-election situation, the country is not only fundamentally sound but marches toward the fulfillment of its economic destiny. When you realize that Germany weathered the hectic and deranging inflation crisis and has met the reparations burden, there seems to be little cause for anxiety, the extremists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The reason is not difficult to find. Lack of political coördination is offset by industrial cohesion.

More than 2000 cartels attest to the swing to the community-of-interest idea. Moreover, Germany not only initiated but is part of every international combine. She has sterilized what would have been bitter competition with the closest coöperation. There is not a waste motion in her industrial machine.

The outstanding fact is the return to foreign-trade authority. The returns for the first six months of 1930 showed that Germany ranked second among the exporting nations. Only the United States surpasses her in scope and volume of overseas business. In 1913, German exports were 10,097,000,000 marks. For 1929 they had risen to 13,483,000,000 marks as against imports of 13,436,000,000 marks, which gave her a favorable trade balance. For the first six months of 1930 exports totaled nearly 7,000,000,000 marks. If this level is maintained, the year will show an increase over 1929. The new prestige is assured because British trade continues to lag. The favorable balance of trade has continued with little interruption throughout the year. The May exports, for example, were 1,096,500,000 marks, while the imports were 830,200,000 marks.

This striking evidence of trade resiliency is not without interest for us. In the first seven months of 1930 Germany increased her sales in France by 1,078,000,000 francs — $43,120,000 — while our business with the French for the same period fell off 553,000,000 francs, or the equivalent of $22,120,000.

Franco-German Relations

It is just another instance of the growing Franco-German economic entente which may make for a new joint commercial mastery of Europe. Their only differences have been political. One by one they are being ironed out. The sole remaining issue relates to the Saar, which the French tentatively hold under the Versailles Treaty, and whose fate will eventually be decided by a plebiscite. On September twelfth the Council of the League of Nations ordered the withdrawal of the 250 French and Belgian troops who have acted as railway guards in the Saar, and whose presence irritated the Germans.

Furthermore, Germany and France are seeing eye to eye with regard to Russia, which makes for still closer harmony. Each has tried the Bolshevik out and found him wanting; the Germans in the matter of concessions and general business, and the French in a $1,000,000,000 debt to the nation.

That the Germans are determined to entrench themselves in the foreign-trade field is shown by a scheme devised during my stay in Europe. The plan is to make a general 10 per cent cut in the prices of all articles which Germany sells to the world. It is expected to bring this about through reduction of wage scales and the lowering of the price of coal. In framing the raid on the international market place—for such it is—the Germans follow their old-time overseas business policy. They have always believed in getting goods planted, regardless of the initial sacrifice.

In order to aid this program, which the Germans hail as a piece of brilliant economic strategy, the Reichsbank will revise its charter so as to be able to bestow more liberal export credits. This procedure, by the way, is becoming the European habit. Even the conservative Bank of England has entered the business of first aid to the producer, going so far as to finance a company devoted exclusively to installment selling. In Britain it is called the hire-and-purchase system.

The elastic export credit feature is only part of a reorganization of the Reichsbank which will more closely coördinate business and banking. In March, Doctor Schacht, peeved at the so-called Hague protocol, which is an annex to the Young Plan enabling the creditor powers to act as they see fit, in case any attempt is made to destroy the Plan, resigned as president of the bank and was succeeded by Dr. Hans Luther, who is being groomed as Hindenburg's successor. No choice could have been more opportune.

Luther, the son of a middle-class Berlin merchant, has demonstrated his fitness in trying times. A protégé of the late Doctor Stresemann, he was Finance Minister at the close of the inflation era. He was the father of the rentenmark, the first step in the stabilization of the battered currency. He is also a former Chancellor. When the International Advertising Association met in the German capital in August, 1929, Doctor Luther addressed the delegates with equal facility in French and English. One of Luther's first acts as head of the Reichsbank was to warn the government against the indiscriminate admission of foreign loans into Germany—an admonition well worth heeding.

The limitations of space prevent any detailed account of German industry. One significant advance this year must be emphasized, however. It is the working partnership between the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American lines. The pact, which at the start is a comprehensive pooling agreement, is on a strict parity basis and runs for fifty years. Each concern gets half of the profits. The arrangement will end the costly rivalry between the two leading German shipping companies and will make for reduction of overhead in the shape of single offices everywhere.

Two final details have a distinct bearing on American exports. The first grows out of the continued expansion of the German Dye Trust, the vast corporation called "I. G." for short, whose production in 1929 amounted to the equivalent of $1,000,000,000. No phase of its work is more significant than the progress made in the manufacture of synthetic gasoline. From 100 tons a day the output has grown to more than 300 tons. The process has long since reached the commercial stage. You can see tank wagons hauling the synthetic gasoline on the streets of Berlin and other cities. Though the price is not yet lower than that of gasoline made from real crude petroleum, it is giving Germany an increasing independence of American juice.

A Move Against Movies

The second is the crimp put into our motion pictures through a revision of the German film-quota law. Under the former restrictions, 210 foreign feature films were admissible each year, whether talking or not. This year the "*Kontingent*," as the Germans call it, was revised, the stipulation being made that 120 must be silent. Comparatively few of the German picture houses are wired for sound.

The hardship on our product is obvious because both in California and in France, American motion-picture producers have begun to film stories in foreign languages on a big scale. At Joinville, a suburb of Paris, I visited the Paramount plant, where I saw and heard films being made in fourteen different tongues. It is a modern Babel.

On the Babel note I can well conclude this attempt to diagnose the new Teutonic crisis. Instead of clearing the air and opening up the way for financial reform through orderly legislative action, the election further complicated the situation. Minority government will be obliged to cling to precarious power, with a constitutional dictatorship lurking around the corner. Politically, Germany has hopped from the frying pan into the fire. The outside world can only trust to the inherent sense and sanity of the great mass of German people to conserve the republic and all that it means.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next and last will be devoted to the new world economic line-up.

MILES OF HALLS

MILES OF WALLS

The terrazzo floors, tapestry-faced brick-walls and marble wall-bases of the new Western Union Building in New York are cleaned regularly with Wyandotte Detergent.

AND THEY MUST BE KEPT SPOTLESSLY CLEAN. . . . SUPPOSE YOU HAD TO DECIDE WHAT CLEANING-MATERIAL WOULD BE THE VERY BEST TO USE!

YOU have a charming home, of course, and you like to keep it as spotless and attractive as you can. You use a cleanser which probably seems adequate enough, more than likely because you considered it a general characteristic of cleansers to leave lots of little scratches and discolorations.

But what if your home were many times its size . . . what if it were as large as the largest hotel in your city, or a great hospital, or a skyscraping office-building? Your cleaning-problem would still be the same as it is now, only greatly intensified because of the vast spaces and the many other things to be cleaned.

Leading building owners and managers faced the same situation many years ago. They realized that a harsh, scouring cleanser, or one which depended on strong chemical reactions, could cause thousands of dollars' damage in short order. They needed something which was absolutely safe, yet would clean quickly, thoroughly and economically.

So they brought their problems to The J. B. Ford Company, just as the leaders in other industries have done. The result was WYANDOTTE DETERGENT—a cleaning-material which operates on the scientific principle of "lifting off the dirt," instead of scraping it away or dissolving it chemically. Today most of the great buildings of the world use Wyandotte Detergent exclusively for cleaning porcelain, enamel, tile, marble, polished metal, and painted surfaces. They know there is nothing better.

The J. B. Ford Company is the world's largest manufacturer of specialized cleaning-materials. It controls every step in the production of its cleaners: raw materials, *through ownership of the mines and other basic sources;* transportation, *through its own railroad and steamship lines;* research, *through unexcelled laboratory equipment and leading chemists and scientists;* manufacture, *through factories unexcelled in equipment or personnel. Its service representatives are available throughout the world to help business men with their particular cleaning-problems. A telephone call to our nearest branch or a letter direct to us will bring one promptly. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.*

Trade Mark

WYANDOTTE CLEANS THE WORLD

WITH CONFIDENCE..

Primitive commerce clung to tangible things . . . modern business rests upon a foundation of confidence. And in this country it finds its firm footing in paper—money . . . checks . . . billions of checks a year . . .

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Does your bank favor you with La Monte checks? George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway . . . New York City.

LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER
FOR CHECKS

The wavy lines instantly identify La Monte National Safety Paper—the STANDARD in check papers.

There's at Least One at Every Table

"DO YOU mind if I sit here and just watch for a few minutes, gentlemen? . . . Thank you! It's really awfully good of you. I know just how you feel about having people crowding around you while you're playing, but I must say I appreciate watching a good game. . . . No, not at all! I mean that. Really I do! I know what some of you gentlemen think about a woman's bridge game—oh, now, yes, I do!—but I must say that while I don't play such a good game myself, I do appreciate a good game when I see one!

"Of course, I don't think we're quite as bad as you'd like to make out! I certainly don't. It's all right for you men to come down here and play all night without anything to worry about. No wonder you can concentrate! But you just don't stop to consider all the things that we have to contend—but here I am stopping your game after you gentlemen were so nice about letting me watch. . . . Really? Are you sure I'm not? Well, seriously, then, Mr. Wright, all things considered, do you think I play such a bad game? . . .

"No, I don't think so, either! Really I don't. I make a mistake now and then, of course. But we all make mistakes, don't we? We wouldn't be

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this Index.

★

The SLOGAN that FAILED

"BACK TO NORMALCY"

was the campaign cry that rang out ten years ago. It pictured business resuming the even course pursued before the fateful events of 1914 . . . before the era of million-car years in the automobile industry, and forty-million-ton years in the steel industry.

By an ironic coincidence the election returns of that very year were the first which "went on the air" to be picked up by the eager ears of a few scattered radio fans. At the moment when "Back to Normalcy" was the cry, the radio industry was born. And out of a microphone came the vibrations of new forces to make the years after 1920 different from any which had gone before.

"Back to Normalcy" is a slogan that faces the wrong way. The problems of 1930 are not those of 1920 . . . or even of 1929.

Yesterday the automobile industry bettered its condition by promoting hard-surfaced roads; today it calls for wider roads.

Normal channels of distribution a few years ago were the general stores. Then specialized outlets became the merchandising vogue. Today, with sandwiches and hardware in drug stores, with drugs and books in chain grocery stores, the general store is entering a new phase of rejuvenation.

Finding money to do the work of industry at moderate rates was the concern of finance a decade ago; finding jobs for surplus funds is the problem that faces finance today.

Each year brings its new, unprecedented problems to be solved. The charted, level road with no surprising twists and turns is always "just around the corner" yet never under the wheels. For "normalcy" like "tomorrow" never comes.

"Eyes front" is the watchword for those who cope with the external forces of business. Outside your organization and beyond your control, these external forces throw their weight for good or ill on all your major policies. Compounded of economic trends, political action, style changes, invention and discovery, these X-forces must be reckoned with every day of your business career.

★

Reporting and interpreting the X-forces is the work of Nation's Business. What they are doing to business policies and principles, for example, is outlined in O. H. Cheney's article, "Prosperity—They Didn't Know It Was Loaded"—in the November issue, on the stands today.

★

To more than 320,000 business men Nation's Business carries each month authoritative comment and opinion on what the X-forces are doing. Published at Washington, D. C., by the United States Chamber of Commerce, it is indispensable to the executive with important decisions to make—or the organization that must mould business men's buying decisions with advertising.

A single copy of Nation's Business is 25 cents; a three years' subscription mailed to your home or office is only $7.50.

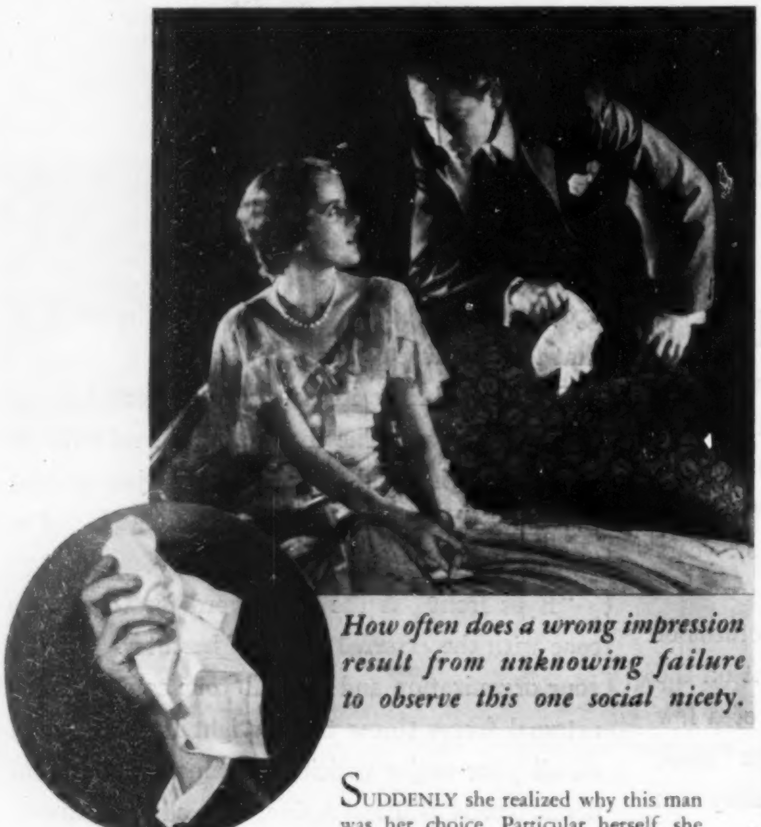
NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 320,000 circulation

MERLE THORPE, Editor

PLAY SAFE with the impression you make on others . . .



How often does a wrong impression result from unknowing failure to observe this one social nicety.

SUDDENLY she realized why this man was her choice. Particular herself, she was quick to appreciate the care which others paid to this one detail of dress.

How often are we damned in important eyes for failure to observe this one social nicety! The freshness of a clean white handkerchief! People of good taste know how largely it determines the impression they make on others—how important it is never to offend with a handkerchief that is soiled or mussy. They play safe by having constantly *two or three* handkerchiefs that are fresh laundered—white, ready to use without embarrassment should the occasion arise.

On your way, freshen up

Men and women who hold personal neatness to be important, constantly make use of the convenience of SEALPACKERCHIEF. On their way to important engagements—whenever their handkerchief is soiled or crumpled—they stop in the nearest store to buy another.

SEALPACKERCHIEF is soft-laundered and ready for use, of such fine quality and workmanship it bears comparison in any company; neatly wrapped and sealed in *a sanitary package*. SEALPACKERCHIEF in cotton and linen, on sale everywhere. For men, 10¢, 2 for 25¢, 15¢, 3 for 50¢, 25¢, 35¢, and 50¢. For women, 3 for 25¢, 10¢, 2 for 25¢, and 25¢.

SEALPACKERCHIEF
TRUE BLUE
BRAN
MEN'S
HANDKERCHIEFS

SEALPACKERCHIEF

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You can teach a parrot to say "Just as good", but he won't know what he's talking about . . .
The International Handkerchief Mfg. Co., New York City.

Not all package handkerchiefs are SEALPACKERCHIEF. To get the genuine, look for the Parrot on the Seal.

(Continued from Page 124)

human if we didn't make a mistake. Why, even the experts!

"Now, you gentlemen would hardly believe the bid I saw Mr. Lighthead make the other night. Really, I wouldn't believe it myself, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Now, I'd just like to see what you gentlemen would bid on this hand. Just for the sake of comparison! Then I'll tell you what Mr. Lighthead did. I really think that's the only way to learn, don't you think?

"Now, I'll just tell you what he had. He had four spades to the Ace, Queen, Jack; the King and two little hearts; the Ace, Queen and one club, and two little diamonds, I think. No, let's see; he didn't have the Ace, Queen of clubs! He only had the Ace and two little small ones—that was it! I know he had an honor in diamonds. He had a doubleton King of diamonds, and no Queen of clubs—that's it! Now, how many cards is that? Four spades to the Ace, Queen, Jack—that's four—and three hearts—that's seven—the Ace and two clubs—ten—and a doubleton King of —— Now, that's only twelve, isn't it? Now wait a minute and let me see. . . . Oh! I think he had five spades and not four! No. No, he didn't either. He had the Jack of hearts—that was it! Four hearts to the King, Jack. Or let me see now; I guess Mr. Richardson had the Jack. Yes, I can remember, because hearts were led and Mr. Richardson laid down three hearts to the Jack and the Ace, Jack, Ten of diamonds—that was all he had. And a spade singleton, I guess. I'm not just sure, now, whether it was a singleton spade or a doubleton spade he had. Anyway, he had the Jack of hearts. Mr. Lighthead must have had something else! Oh, no wonder! It was Mr. Creighton had the doubleton King of diamonds! Mr. Lighthead had three diamonds to the Queen, Ten. That makes it right, doesn't it? Four spades to the —— Oh, have you got it, really?

"Here I am chatting away, but I do want to get your opinion. . . . What? What's that? Well, let me assure you, I certainly do mind! And I certainly think you could be a little less rude when you're talking to a lady!"

—WILL WENNING.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Eight Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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New Ventilation System

revolutionizes school ventilation practice!

Millions of dollars will be saved in fuel, maintenance and lowered building costs

©1930, T. H. N. Corp.

OUT of many years of study, research, and practical experience in the field of school ventilation a new science has evolved which is the basis of a new ventilation art.

This art in many ways is contrary to past practice.

Most present and past practice has been based on the assumption that harmful and injurious effects resulted from the inhalation of respirated air. Therefore the object of most ventilation systems was to continuously flood the room with outdoor air in order to dissipate the so-called "crowd poison."

Scientists of today however, as a result of observation and practical experimentation, assert that the theory of outdoor air being the vital requirement of ventilation is unsound. They maintain that the indoor conditions essential to health, comfort and alertness are: 1. Atmospheric activity. 2. Relative humidity. 3. Control of room temperature.

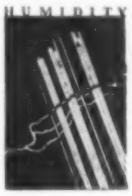
The acceptance of these facts provides a basis for the new Herman Nelson System of Ventilation. This system provides to a nicety the requirements that science now prescribes. With this system instead of introducing a fixed amount of outdoor air into a room, out-of-door air is admitted only when required to control temperature and dissipate odors.

With the Herman Nelson System, proper indoor atmospheric conditions may be maintained automatically through proper air motion, humidity limitations, and temperature control. Such outdoor air as may be required for the removal of excess body heat and odors is tempered to just the right degree through inter-mixture with room air—but is not preheated.

It is estimated that the Herman Nelson System of Ventilation will save approximately half the fuel bill, for it is no longer necessary to heat the large volume of cold outside air, that in the past was admitted into the schoolroom during the winter months.

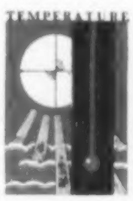
Further economies result in building construction, through the use of smaller boilers, reduced pipe size, and through the elimination of vent flues.

The Her-Nel-Co Ventilator is the principal equipment used in the Herman Nelson System of Ventilation. This machine together with the required amount of direct radiation will amply serve the schoolroom.



The cabinet is finished in beautiful morocco enamel with bronzed fittings. The cabinet contains the Herman Nelson Wedge Core radiator for heating the room air which circulates through it—a fan motor for quietly forcing air circulation, a filter for cleansing air of dust and dirt, a steam jet humidifier and dampers either automatically or hand controlled for regulating the admission and intermixture of indoor and outdoor air.

While the Herman Nelson System of Ventilation is a new and radical departure from all previous schoolroom ventilation practices, it is based on fundamental scientific facts long recognized by leading hygienists and engineers. It is welcomed as the most practical solution of the school ventilating problem, for it is the most positive application of the laws which modern research has discovered.



The Herman Nelson Corporation are makers of the *Univent System of Ventilation* for schools, hospitals, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem.

The *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator* for residences, apartments, hotels, offices and monumental structures.

The *Herman Nelson hiJet Heater* for the economical distribution of heat for factories, mills, garages, warehouses and similar buildings.

Send coupon for the book "School Ventilating Practice, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow."

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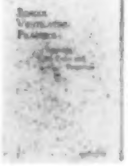

THE HERMAN NELSON CORPORATION
Moline, Illinois

Without obligation send me your book, "School Ventilating Practice, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow", which points the way to greater comfort and economy in school ventilation.

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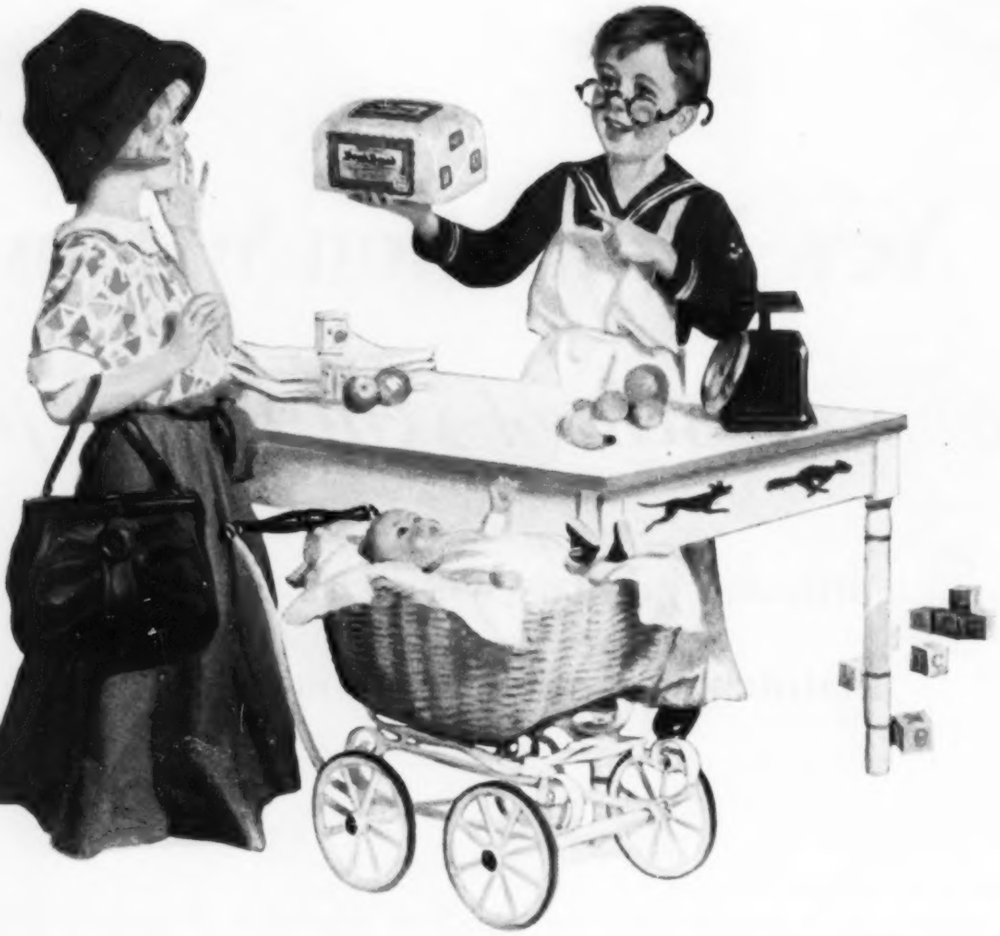
Address ……………………………………
City ………………………… *State* …………………
Name of school ……………………………………



"Madam...*you can't buy a* better *loaf*"

FIFTEEN years ago the typical American loaf was blown-up and puffy. When housewives bought bread, they accepted fluffiness without substance. Little was known in those days about the kind of bread materials the baker was in the habit of using.

Then along came Bond Bread. It came with a guarantee that only the purest and best ingredients were used. Within the well-browned, crisp crust came texture that was even, close-knit, substantial. It was light rather than fluffy, and amazingly tender. But above everything else, Bond Bread had a *flavor* never before equalled in any loaf except the best home-baked.

It took courage to create and continue to bake a loaf that was so different and so superior to ordinary bread, but the result is that the number of loaves has grown from a few thousand to more than 6,000,000 a week. 43,040 home bakers helped perfect Bond Bread. That's why,

After all...
there is no bread like Bond

Bond Bread *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

Albany, N. Y.
Allentown, Pa.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Canton, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
Enid, Okla.
Hartford, Conn.
Hutchinson, Kans.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kansas City, Kans.
Kansas City, Mo.
Louisville, Ky.
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GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

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PLEASURE

is always
on your side
when you smoke

Camels

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
CIGARETTES

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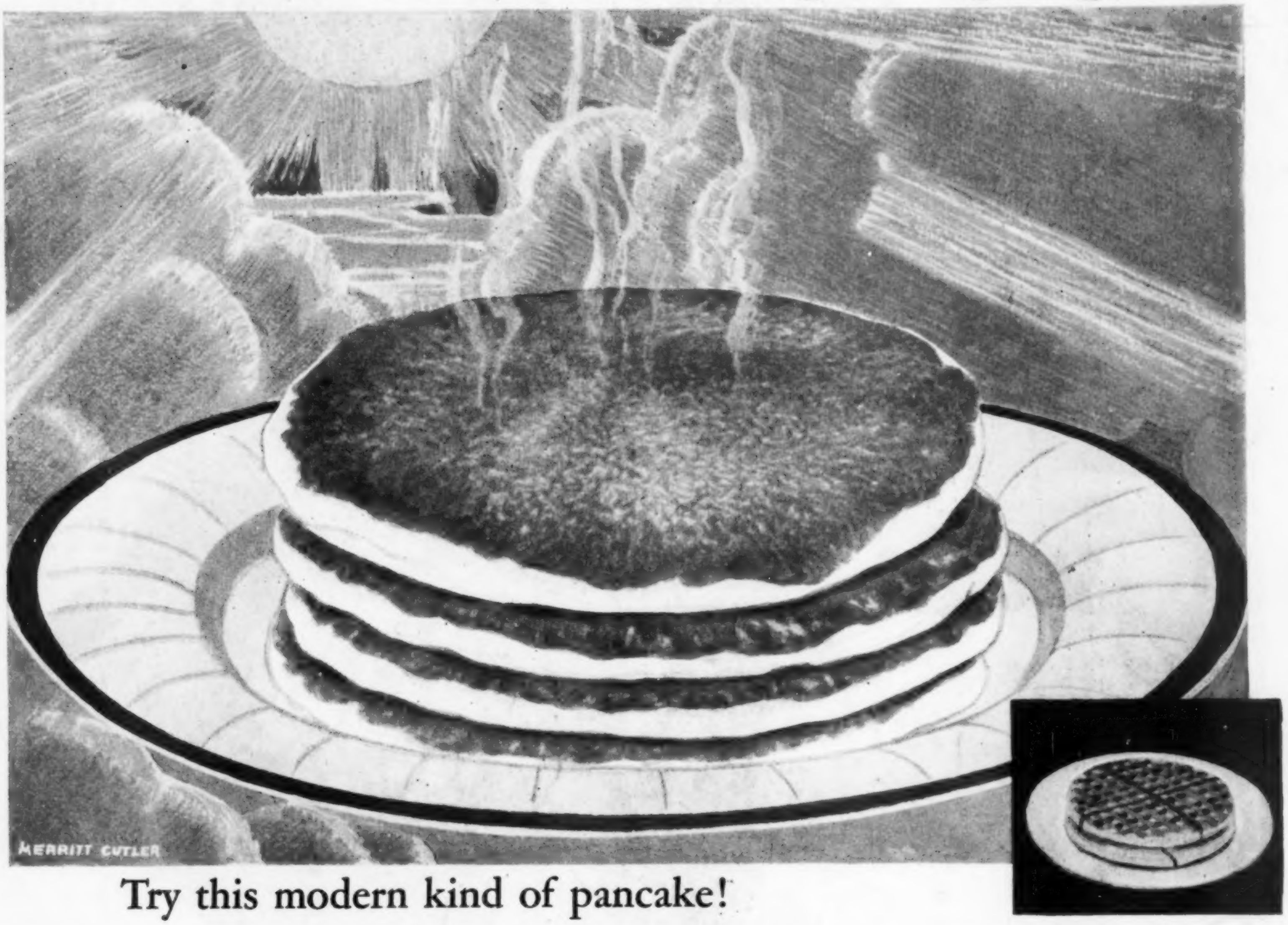
It's almost fun to get up… when breakfast is worth getting up for!



Try this modern kind of pancake!

Nobody except a starving man has ever grown excited about mere "food." And a little excitement in the morning is a valuable thing. Our spirits need a little jogging up. One of these good, wholesome, thoroughly dull breakfasts won't serve the purpose. It requires a good, wholesome, *interesting* breakfast. Tomorrow morning have these "modern" Pillsbury's pancakes. Here's a breakfast that brings a sparkle to a man's eye. And don't think a sparkle in the morning isn't important—it's really just as important as proper nourishment.

Try Pillsbury's pancakes. They're easy to prepare—simply add water or milk, stir and bake. See how much better these "modern" pancakes taste—so much better than the old-fashioned kind—so light and tender, warm and delicious. Notice what a difference this breakfast makes in your ideas of life—see how much brighter the morning seems when breakfast is good cheer as well as good food!

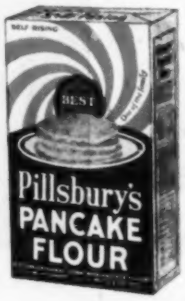
"Modern" may seem a queer word for a pancake

—but it's exactly the right word for Pillsbury's pancakes. The fine, soft, delicate flours used in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour are different from the flour used in old-fashioned pancakes. They produce a pancake that is unusually light and tender, extremely easy to digest, yet completely nourishing. The sort of breakfast ideally suited to modern life—rich in energy, quickly digestible, easy to prepare. Your grocer has Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—in the blue and red whirligig package.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flour

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour



Made according to a modern improved recipe